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THE

VOCAL MAGAZINE.

CONTAINING

A SELECTION

OF

THE MOST ESTEEMED

ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISH SONGS,

ANTIENT AND MODERN:

ADAPTED FOR THE HARPSICHORD OR VIOLIN.

VOL. I.

O decus Phœbi, et dapibus ſupremi
Grata teſtudo Jovis, o laborum
Dulce lenimen! HOR.

Edinburgh:
PRINTED BY C. STEWART & CO.
1797.
[*PRICE*—10*s.* 6*d. bound.*]

TO

MISS HENRIETTA HUNTER,

THIS VOLUME

OF

THE VOCAL MAGAZINE,

WHICH HAS BEEN HONOURED WITH THE APPROBATION

OF ONE WHO IS SO EMINENTLY QUALIFIED

TO JUDGE OF ITS MERIT,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE EDITORS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AMONG the relaxations from the fatigues and buſineſs of life, there are none more innocent or more delightful than Muſic. Among the accompliſhments of modern education, and particularly that of the fair ſex, none are more elegant or more attractive, and conſequently none more juſtly faſhionable than ſkill in the practice of Muſic, whether vocal or inſtrumental. But beſides the expence which attends the acquiſition of that ſkill, the purchaſe of engraved Muſic and the choice and ſelection of proper pieces are obſtacles in the way of many performers, eſpecially of ſuch as live in the country or at a diſtance from the advice of perſons of taſte.

On conſidering the ſtate of Vocal Muſic, it appeared to the Editors that there was wanting in this country, ſome ſelect collection, at a cheap rate, of antient and modern Songs, with claſſical and appropriate words. Of ſingle ſongs there are in the Muſic ſhops a very great number; but comparatively few of real and approved merit. A ſet of theſe, even though choſen with care and taſte, cannot be had uniform; and the expence is conſiderable. Our modern compoſers are very indifferent as to the choice of words; which are often inſignificant, and ſometimes abſurd. The engravers of muſic are generally illiterate, and where the correctneſs is left to them, which ſeems to be too often the caſe, the errors we find in their works often acquire a currency among thoſe whoſe education is imperfect.

The object therefore of this publication is to remedy as much as poſſible theſe inconveniencies. A ſelect collection of good Muſic, with words by the beſt Engliſh Authors, is they believe, no where elſe to be found. Some works ſimilar to the following, ſuch as the Muſical Miſcellany, met with very great ſucceſs and are now grown ſcarce. Theſe, however, are all inferior, in point of execution at leaſt, to the Vocal Magazine; while the invention of printing the Muſic with moveable types enables the Editors to afford it at a price infinitely below that of engraved Muſic.

With regard to the ſelection, they have endeavoured to give variety, that the taſte of different people might be gratified. They hope, that though in a collection every piece cannot be of equal merit, yet that they have admitted none which

will

will not pleaſe judges. The words are choſen from the works of the beſt authors; and they hope they have avoided every thing that can give offence even to the moſt delicate.

In this northern part of our iſland, vocal harmony, it muſt be confeſſed, is but little cultivated; moſt young ladies contenting themſelves with ſinging alone or with a harpſichord accompaniment, but few attempting to ſing in parts. Of late indeed, among ſome of the beſt ſingers, attempts have been made to introduce the practice, and it is now becoming faſhionable. To encourage this taſte, a few of the moſt favourite duos and trios, have been inſerted in the following volume, which, it is hoped, may be uſeful in removing from our fair countrywomen, the reproach of being behind their ſouthern neighbours in ſo elegant an accompliſhment.

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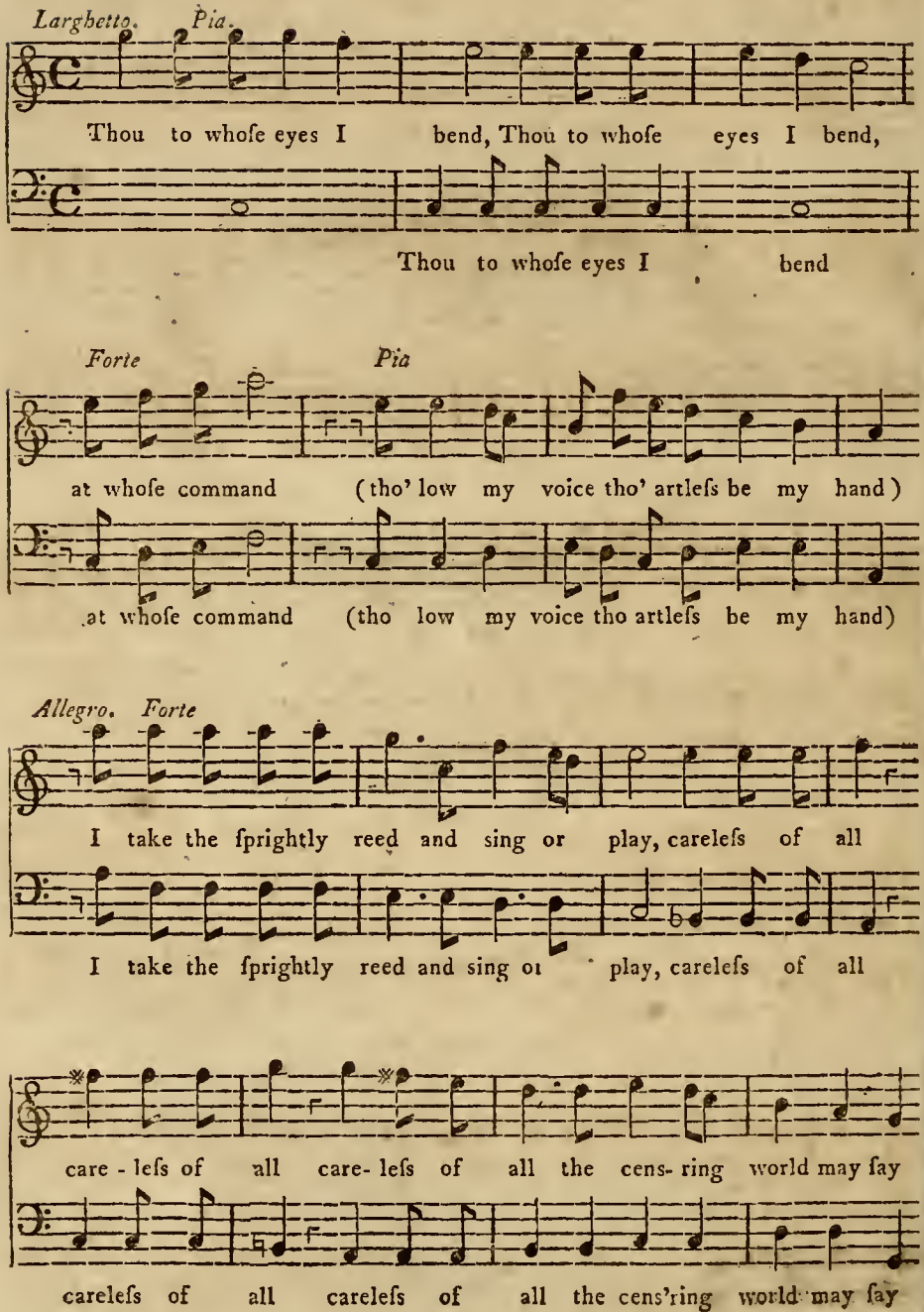
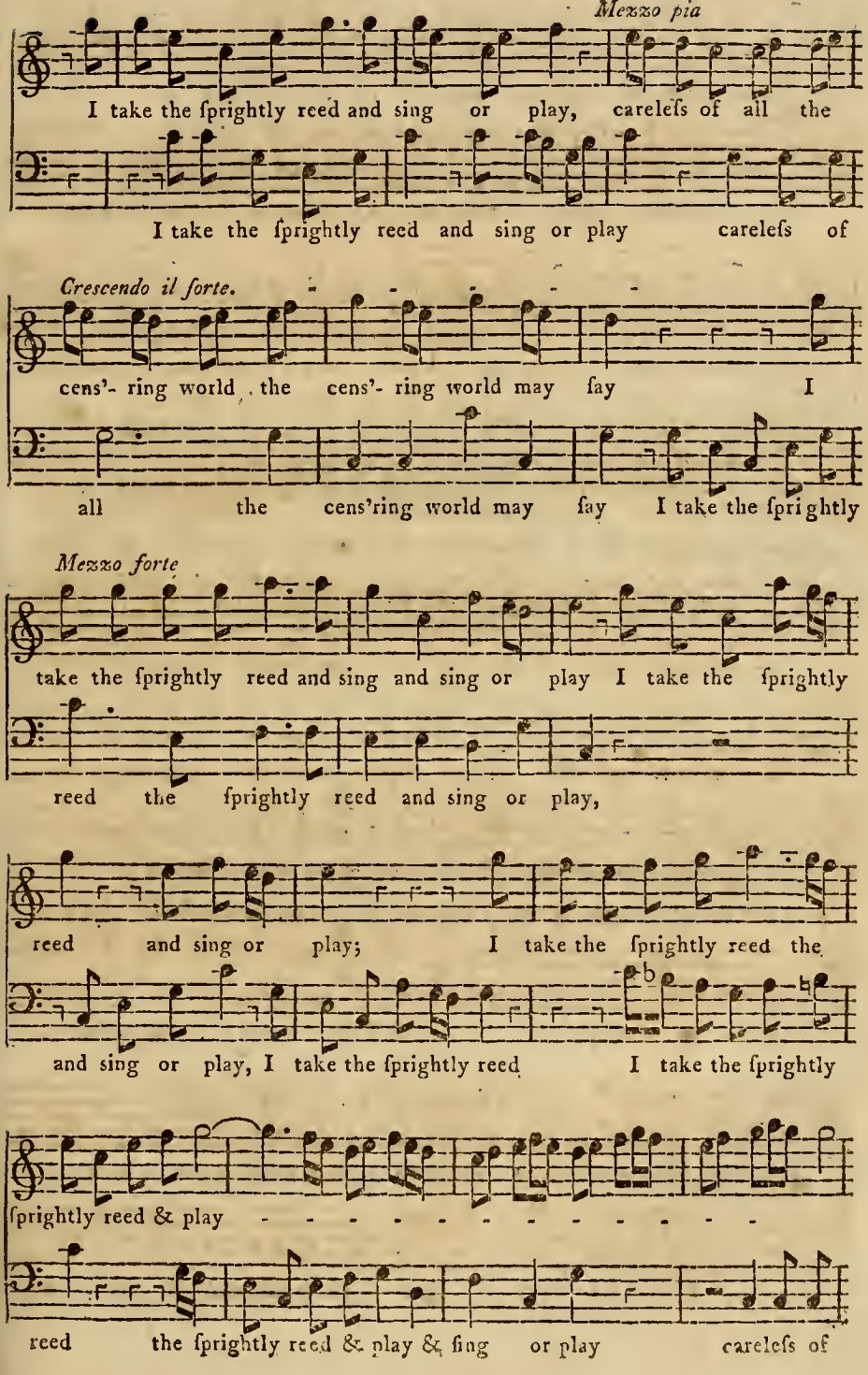
The Vocal Magazine.

Vol. I.

INVOCATION.

BY WILLIAM JACKSON




Mezzo pia
I take the ſprightly reed and ſing or play, careleſs of all the
I take the ſprightly reed and ſing or play careleſs of
Crescendo il forte.
cens'- ring world the cens'- ring world may ſay I
all the cens'ring world may ſay I take the ſpri ghtly
Mezzo forte
take the ſprightly reed and ſing and ſing or play I take the ſprightly
reed the ſprightly reed and ſing or play,
reed and ſing or play; I take the ſprightly reed the
and ſing or play, I take the ſprightly reed I take the ſprightly
ſprightly reed & play
reed the ſprightly reed & play & ſing or play careleſs of

Larghetto

careleſs of all the cens'ring world may ſay O faireſt of thy ſex! O faireſt

all all the cens'ring world may ſay. O faireſt of thy ſex! O faireſt

of thy ſex be thou my Muſe, deign on my work thy influence to dif- fuſe

of thy ſex be thou my Muſe, deign on my work thy influence to dif- fuse

Allegro Forte

ſo ſhall my notes to future times to future times pro- claim unbounded

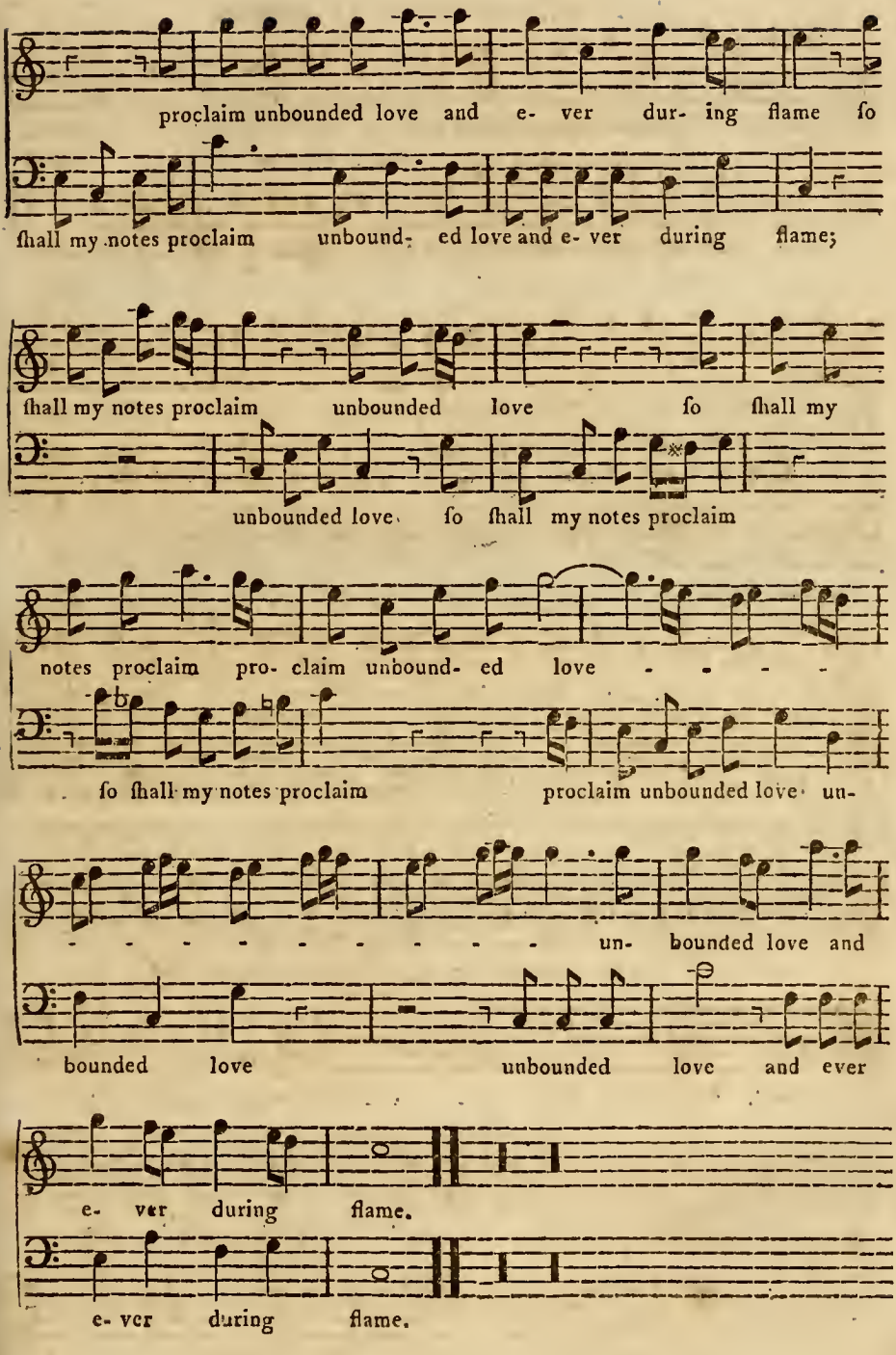
ſo ſhall my notes to future times to future times pro- claim unbounded

love and e- ver during flame; ſo ſhall my notes proclaim unbounded love

love and e- ver during flame; ſo ſhall my notes proclaim unbounded

ſo ſhall my notes proclaim unbound- ed love un- bounded love

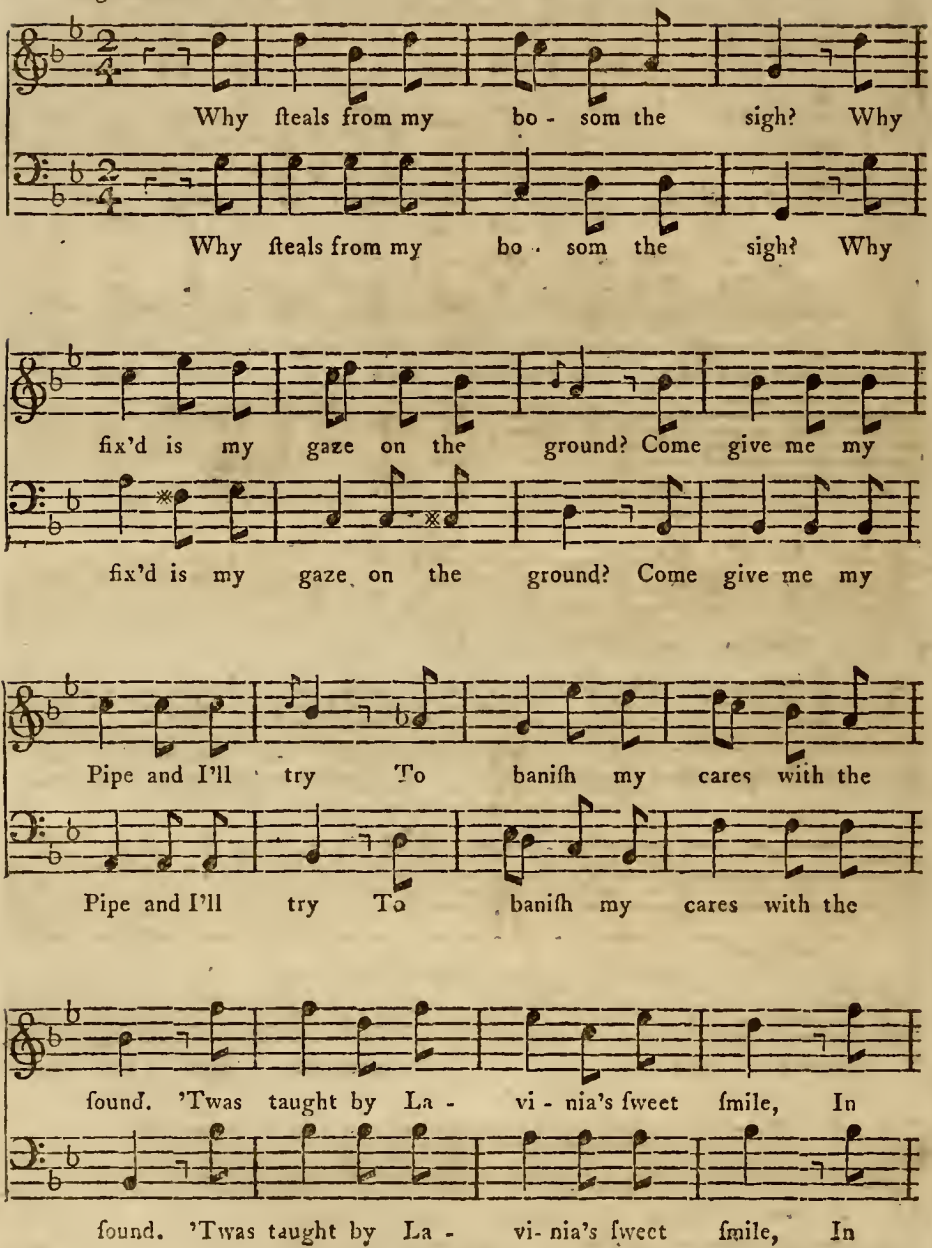
love; ſo ſhall my notes | pro - claim unbound - ed love, ſo

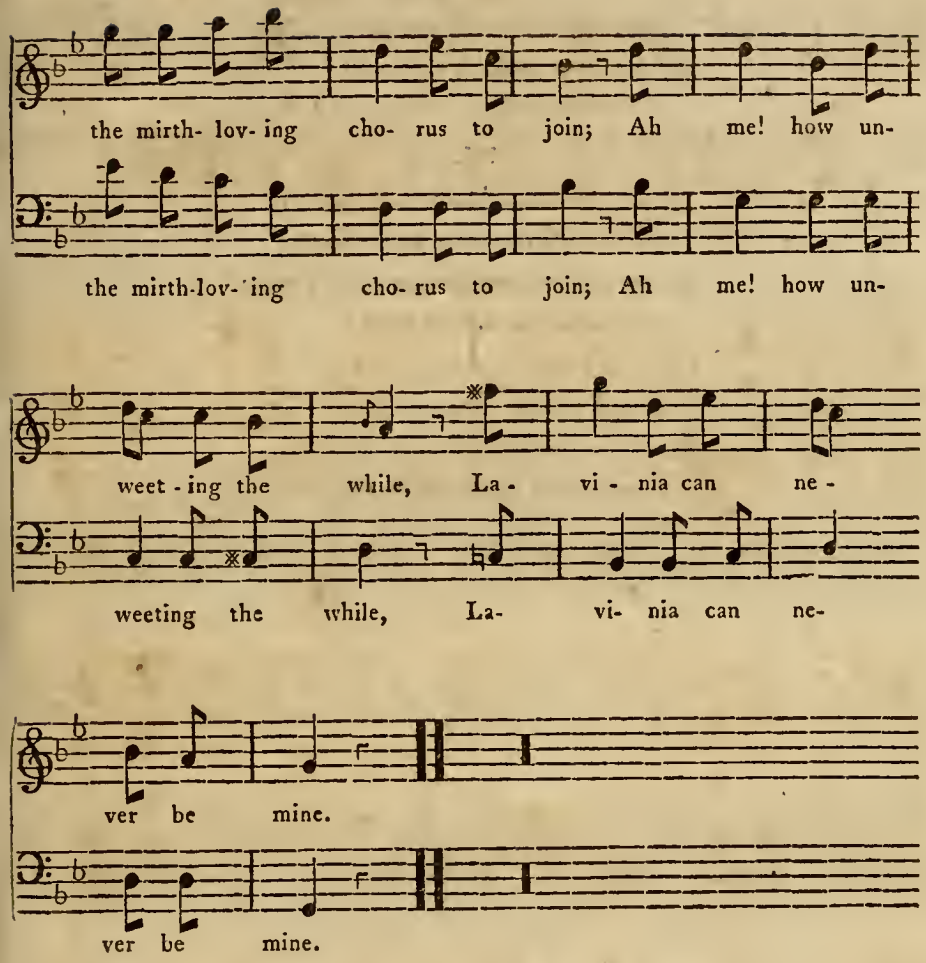

proclaim unbounded love and e- ver dur- ing flame ſo
ſhall my notes proclaim unbound- ed love and e- ver during flame;
ſhall my notes proclaim unbounded love ſo ſhall my
unbounded love ſo ſhall my notes proclaim
notes proclaim pro- claim unbound- ed love - - - -
ſo ſhall my notes proclaim proclaim unbounded love un-
- - - - - - - - - - un- bounded love and
bounded love unbounded love and ever
e- ver during flame.
e- ver during flame.

SONG II.

WHY STEALS FROM MY BOSOM.

Larghetto





II.

I lean on my hand with a ſigh;
My friends the ſoft ſadneſs condemn;
Yet methinks, tho' I cannot tell why,
I ſhould hate to be merry like them.

When I walk'd in the pride of the dawn
Methought all the region look'd bright:
Has ſweetneſs forſaken the lawn?
For methinks, I grow ſad at the ſight.

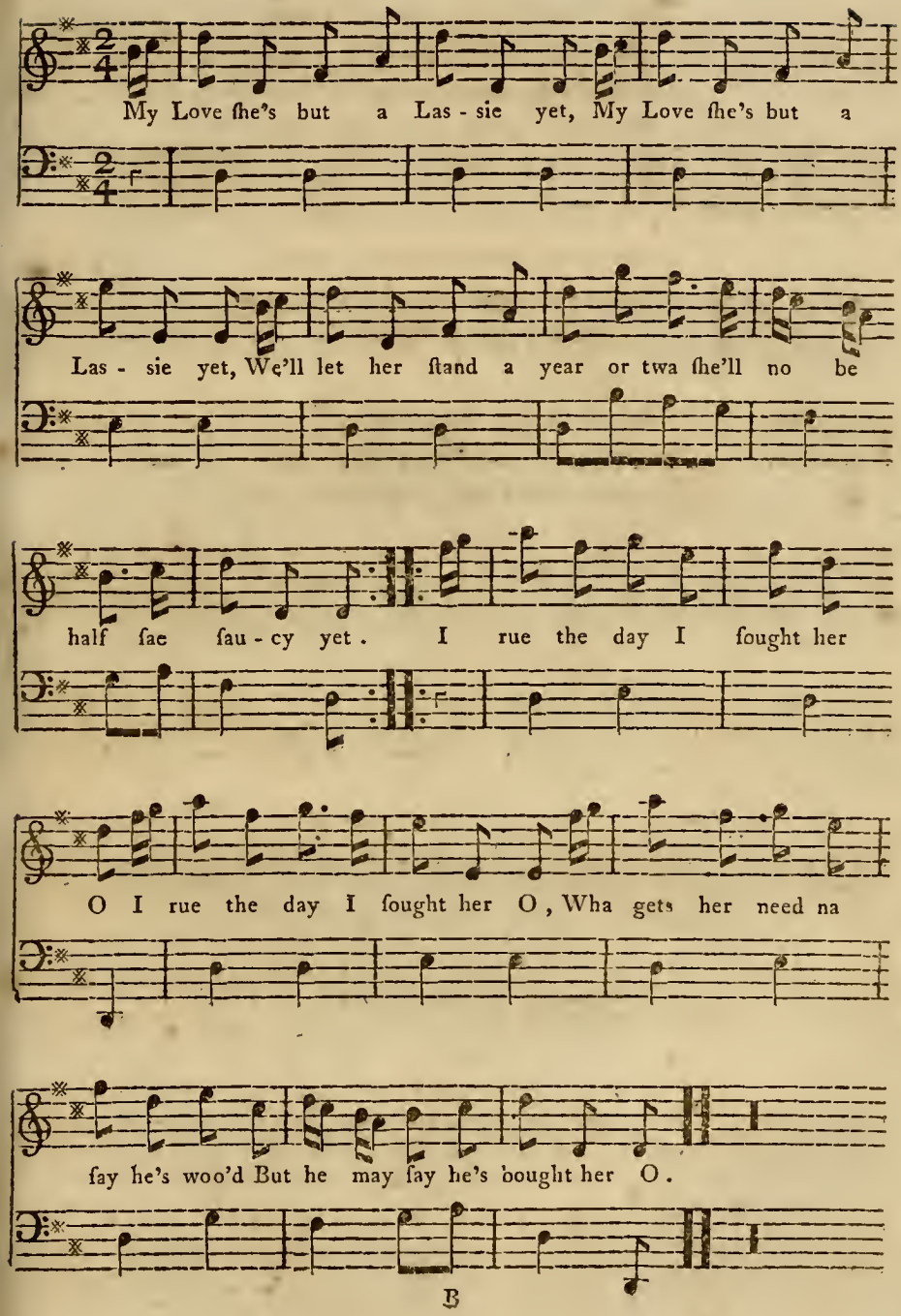
III.

Let me walk where the ſoft-riſing wave
Has pictur'd the moon on its breaſt;
Let me walk where the new cover'd grave
Allows the pale lover to reſt!

When ſhall I in its peaceable tomb,
Be laid with my ſorrows aſleep!
Should Lavinia but chance on my tomb
I could die if I thought ſhe would weep.

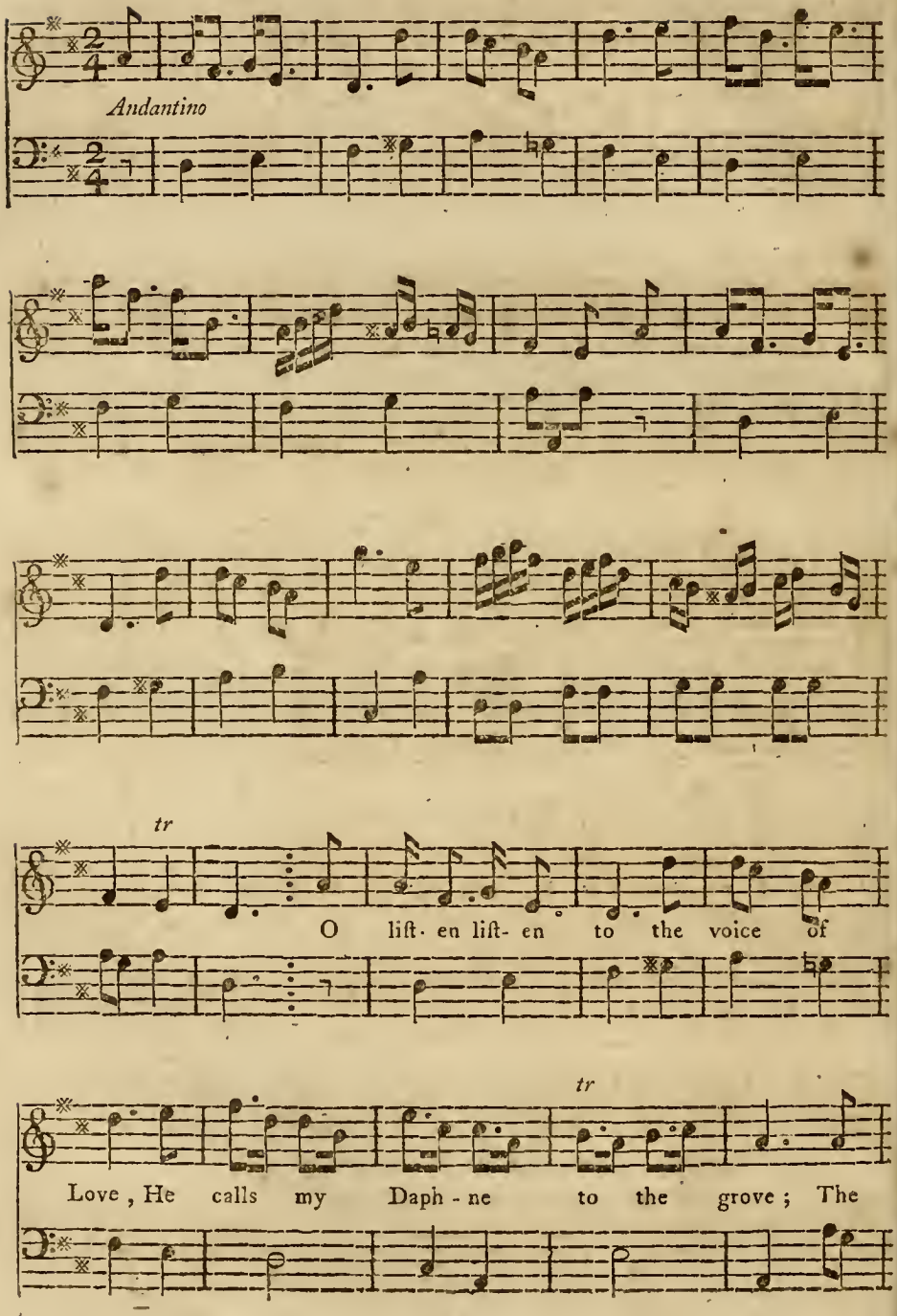
SONG III.

MY LOVE IS BUT A LASSIE YET.



SONG IV.

LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE. *Music by Hook*



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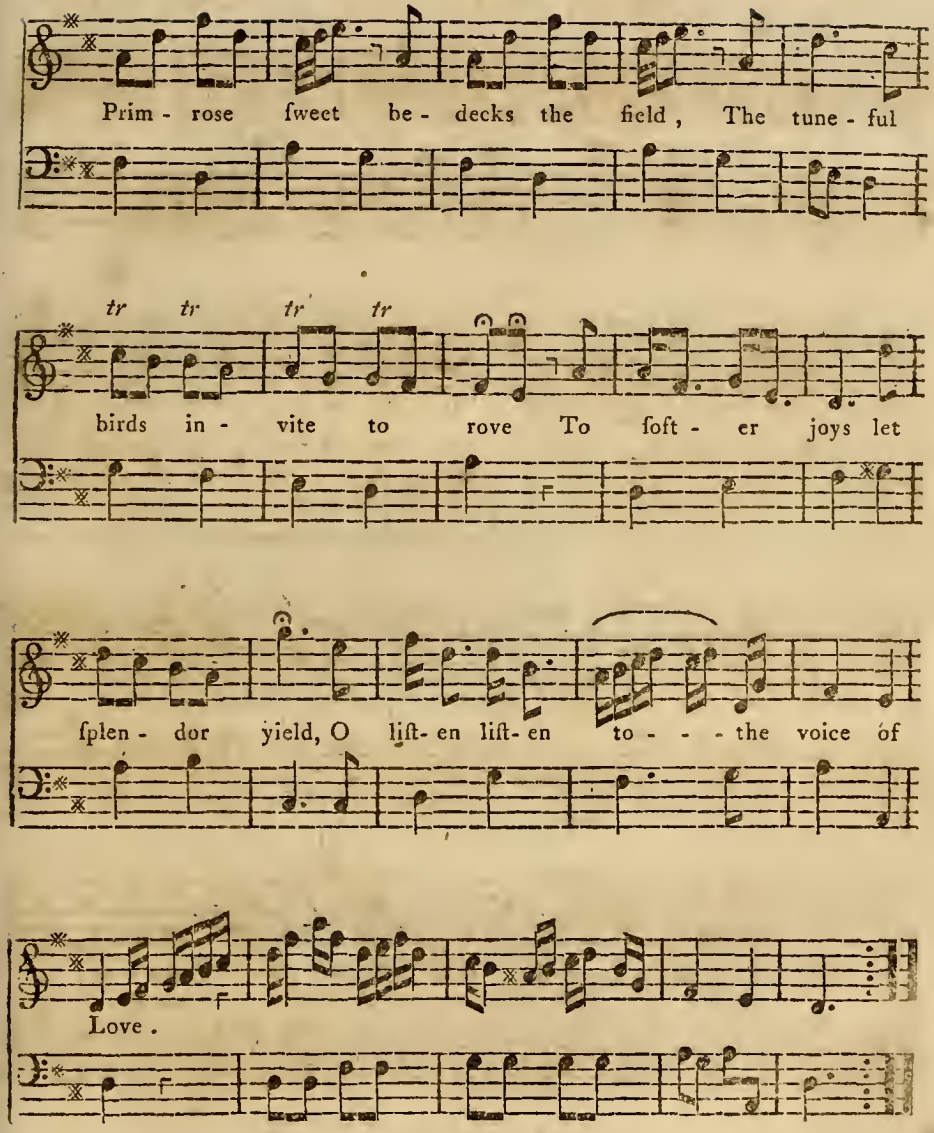
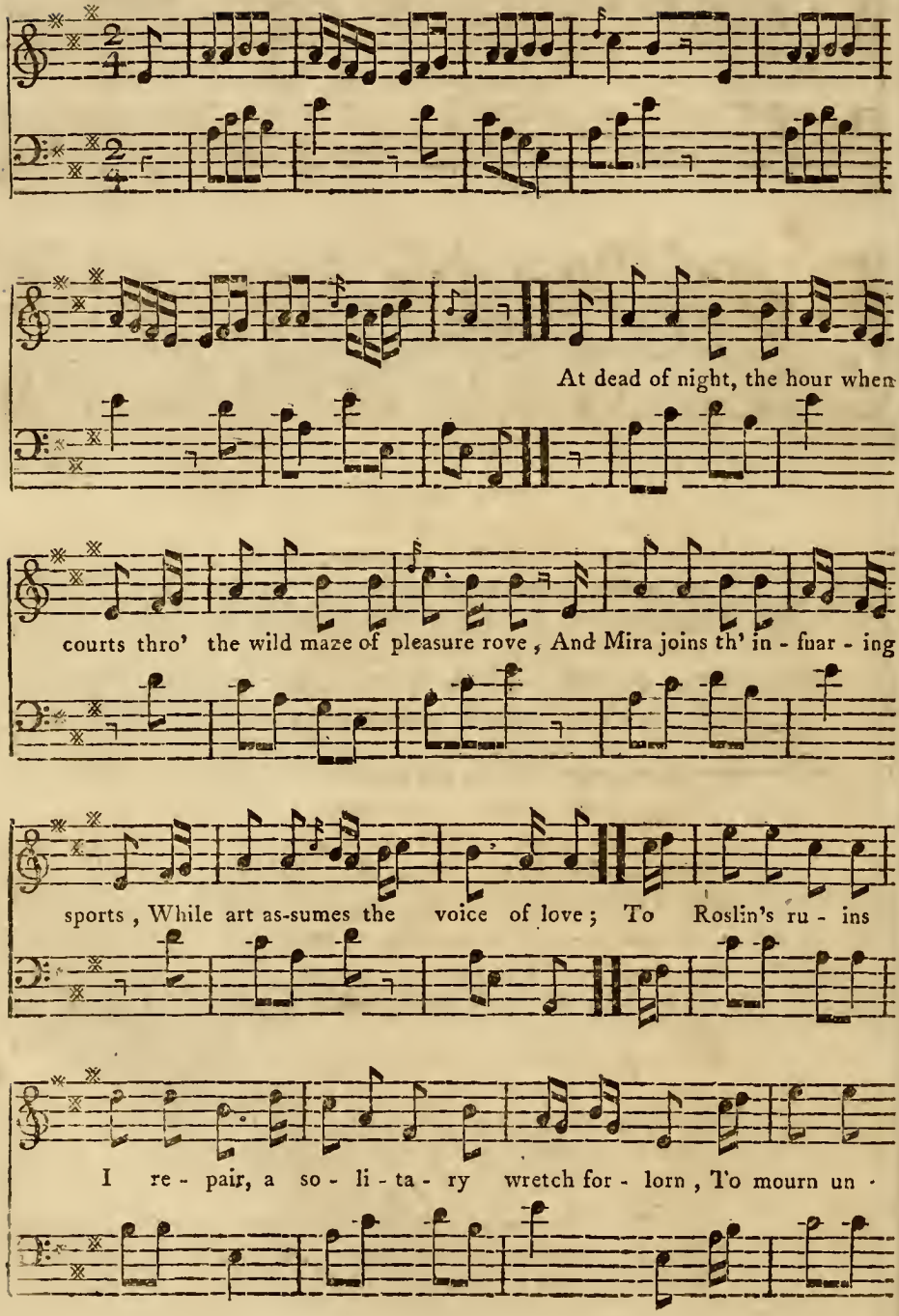


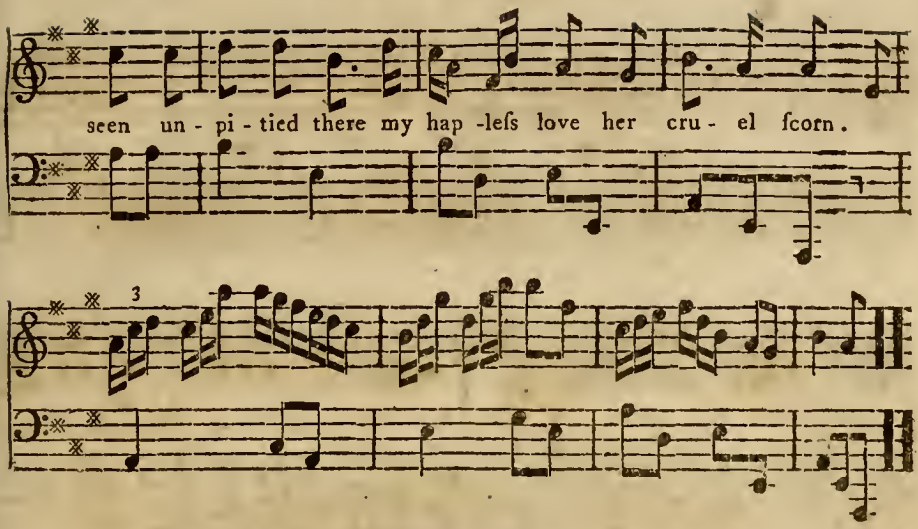
Where flow'rs their blooming ſweets exhale,
My Daphne, let us fondly ſtray,
Where whiſp'ring love breathes forth his tale,
And ſhepherds ſing their artleſs lay,
O liſten to the voice of Love,
He calls my Daphne to the grove.

SONG V.

ROSLIN RUINS. *PLEYEL.*

Andante.





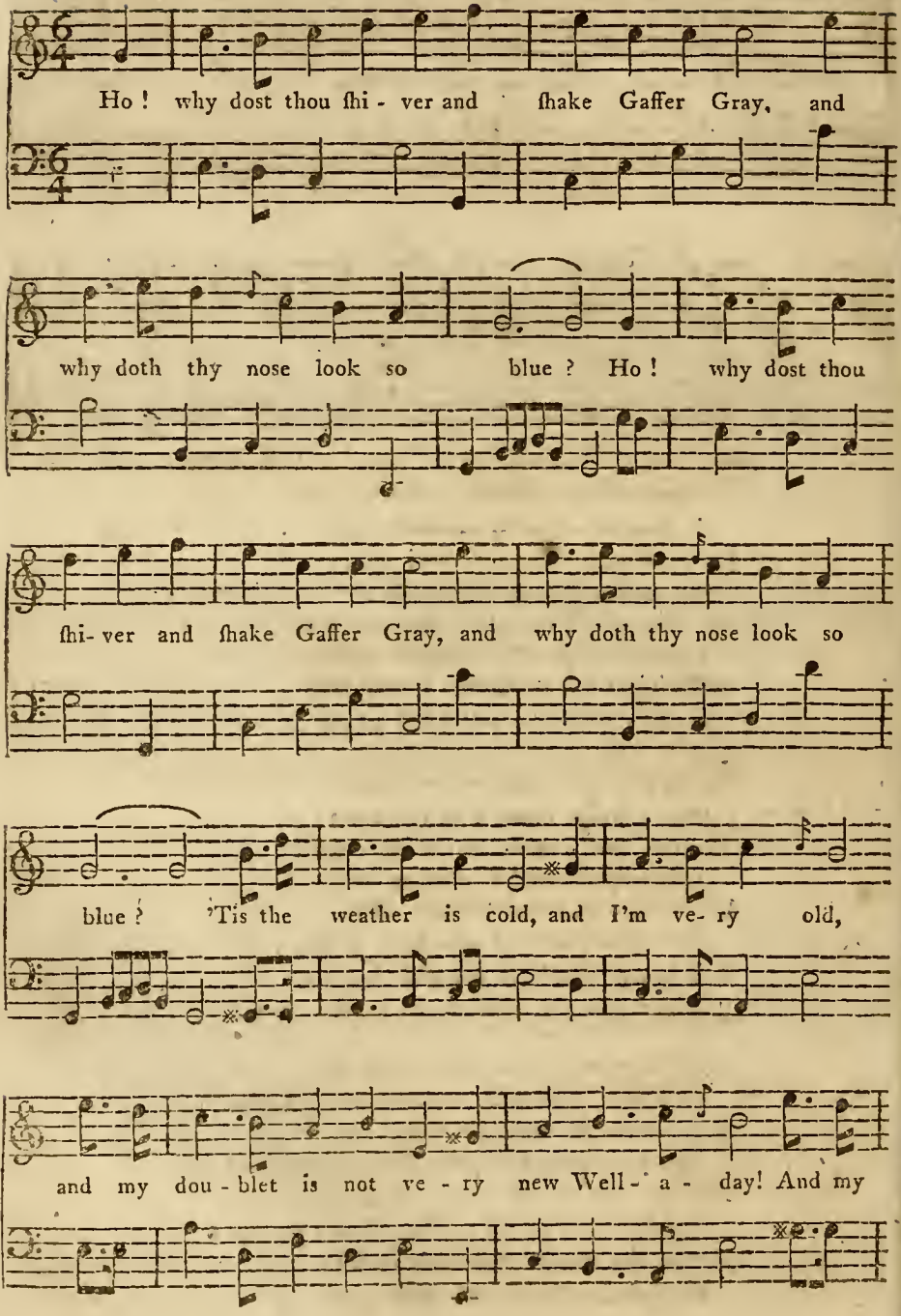
No ſound of joy diſturbs my ſtrain,
No hind is whiſtling on the hill;
No herdſman winding o'er the plain,
No maiden ſinging by the rill.
Eſk, murm'ring thro' the darkſome pines,
Reflects the moon's uncertain beams;
While thro' the clouds ſhe faintly ſhines,
In fancy's eye the pale ghoſt gleams.

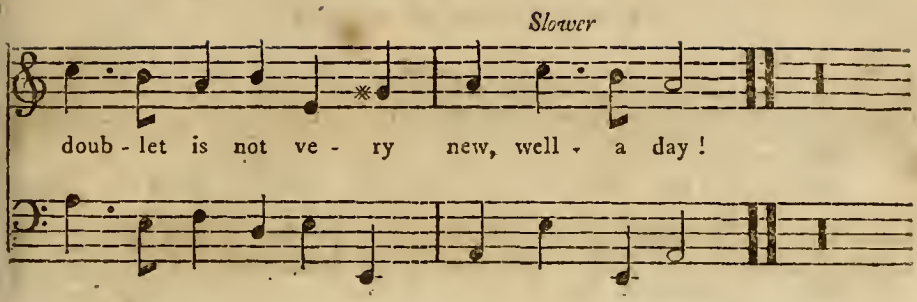
Not ſo the night that in thy halls
Once, Roslin! danc'd in joy along;
The owl now ſcreams within thy walls,
That echoed mirth's inſpiring ſong.
Where bats now flit on duſky wings,
Th' empurpled feaſt was wont to flow;
And beauty danc'd in graceful rings,
Where now the dank weeds baleful grow.

What now avails how great! how gay!
How fair! how fine, their matchleſs dames
Here sleeps their undiſtinguiſh'd clay;
The ſtone effac'd has loſt their names.
And yon gay crowds muſt soon expire,
Unknown, unprais'd, their fair one's name;
Not so the charms that verſe inſpire,
Increaſing years increaſe their fame.

SONG VI.

GAFFER GRAY.





Then line thy worn doublet with ale, Gaffer Gray!
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
"Nay, but money I've none,
"And my credit's all gone,
"Then say how may that come to paſs? Welladay!

Hie away to the houſe on the brow, Gaffer Gray!
And knock at the jolly Priest's door.
"He has often ſupplied me,
"And never denied me;
"But — I dare not go there any more; Welladay!

The Lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray!
For candour and juſtice rever'd;
"He will faſten his locks,
"And hint that the ſtocks,
"For vagrants and rogues are prepar'd; Welladay!

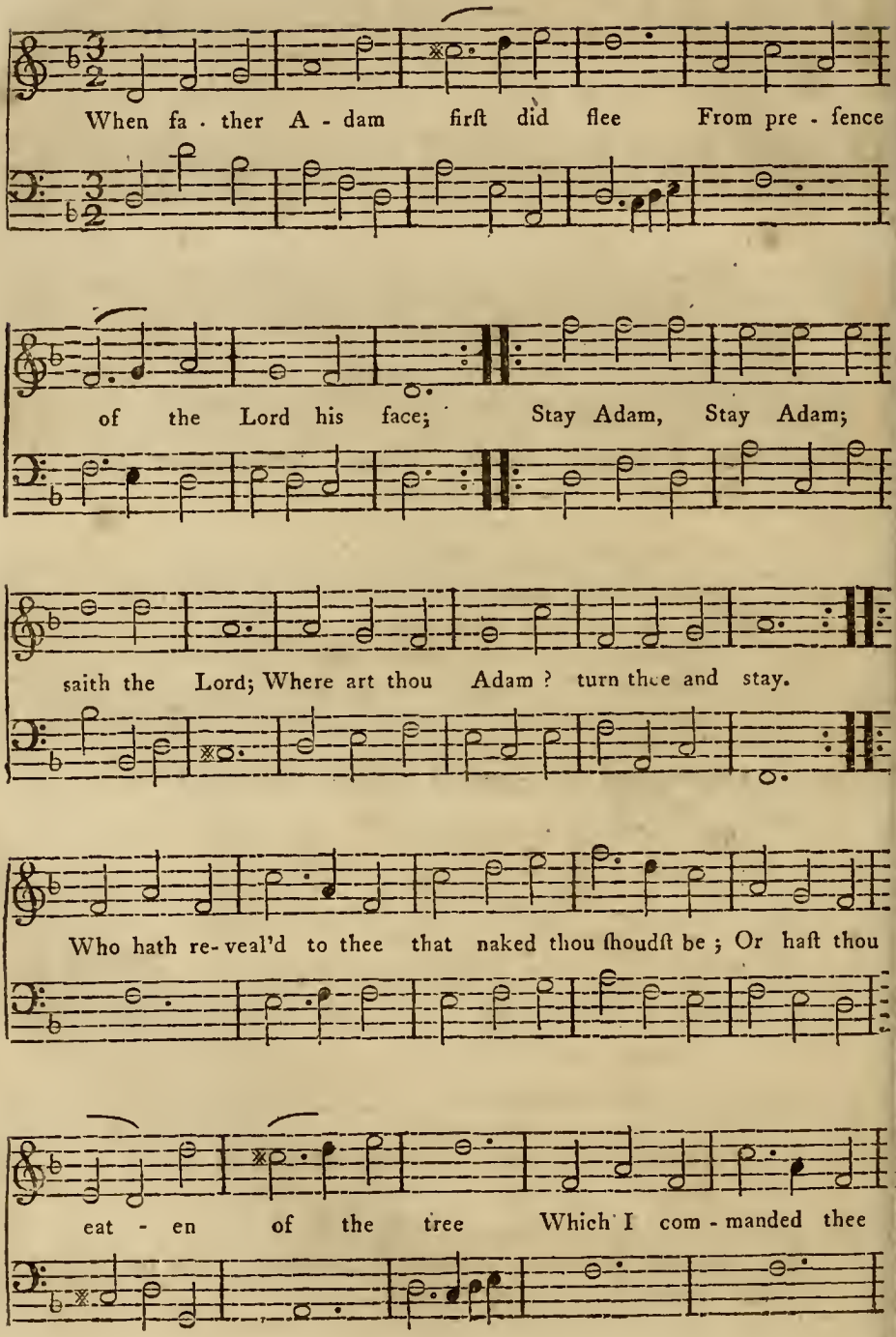
The Squire has fat beeves and brown ale, Gaffer Gray?
And the ſeason will open his ſtore,
"His fat beeves and his beer,
"And his merry new year,
"Are all for the honeſt tho' poor; Welladay!

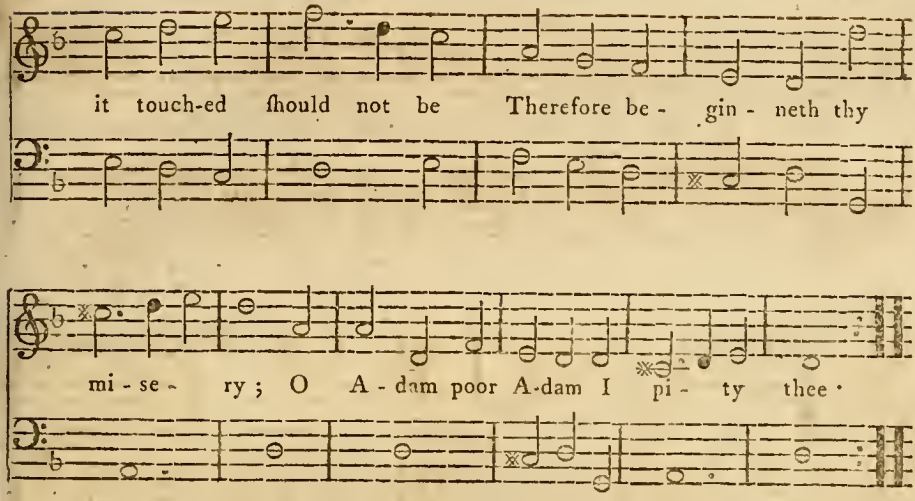
The wicked and idle in youth, Gaffer Gray!
Muſt expect to be poor when they're old.
"Alas 'tis my fate,
"To feel when too late,
"The truth I have ever been told; Welladay!

The Music by Mr. Stephen Clarke, of Edinburgh; and the Words, with a few alterations, by Holcroft.

SONG VII.

FATHER ADAM.





☞ This and the following Song are given as ſpecimens of old Muſic. They are extracted from a Song-book publiſhed at Aberdeen by one Forbes, in the year 1682 intitled Songs and Fancies. It contains, fifty-five Songs, with the Muſic; or ſimple air alone, without baſs or other accompaniment. It is remarkable, that in this collection, there is not one of thoſe commonly known at preſent by the name of Scots tunes. The words according to the taſte of the times, are in general on religious ſubjects, and often abſurd enough, as appears by the firſt verſe of the above Song, which is to be ſung as follows; the words in italics, being uſed at the repeats.

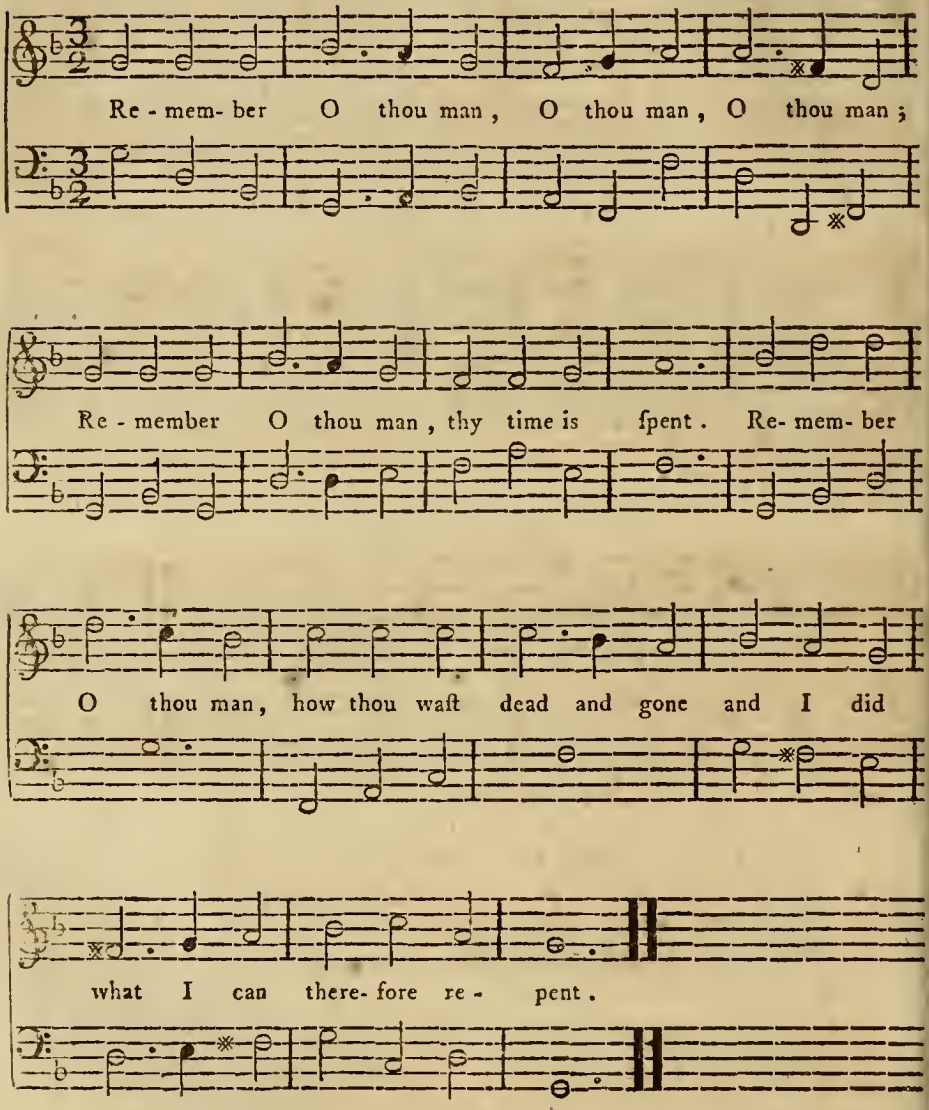
When Father Adam firſt did flee,
From preſence of the Lord his face,
His cloaths was ſhort, ſcarce cover'd his knee,
The great God cry'd, and held him in chace.
Stay Adam, ſtay Adam, ſaith the Lord
Where art thou Adam? turn thee and ſtay:
I was afraid to hear thy voice,
And naked thus to come in thy way:
Who hath reveal'd &c.

In the Gentleman's Magazine about two years ago, an inveſtigation took place concerning the author of the popular air of God ſave the King, and at laſt in the Magazine for July 1795, it was finally aſcribed (on the authority of one Smith a Muſician at Bath) to Henry Carey, the author of Sally in our Ally, Chrononhotonthologos &c. who had come to Smith with the air to have it harmonized. The reſemblance in the 2d ſtrain of the following ſong, to that of God ſave the King, is ſo ſtriking that we thought our giving it here, might gratify the curious, and perhaps enable them to judge of Carey's title to be thought the author.

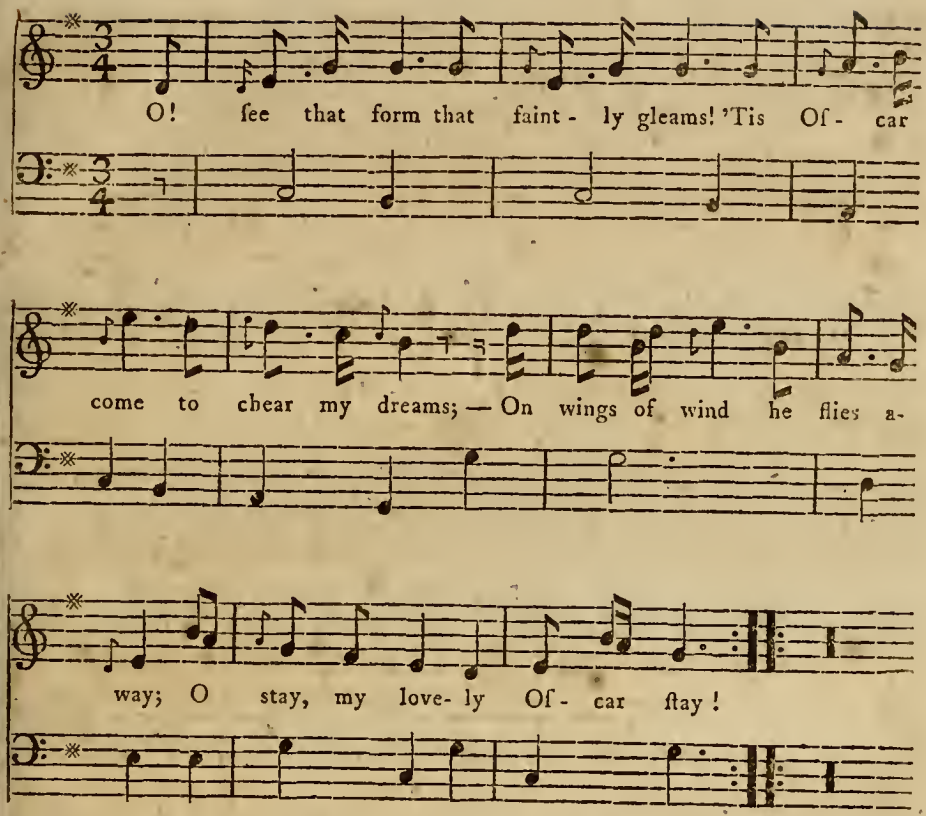
The baſses we have added, as we ſhall hereafter do to any other we may occaſionally ſelect from the ſame, or ſimilar works.

SONG VIII.

REMEMBER O THOU MAN.



Remember Adam's fall, O thou man, O thou man,
Remember Adam's fall from heaven to hell.
Remember Adam's fall, how we were condemned all,
In hell perpetual therein to dwell. &c. &c.

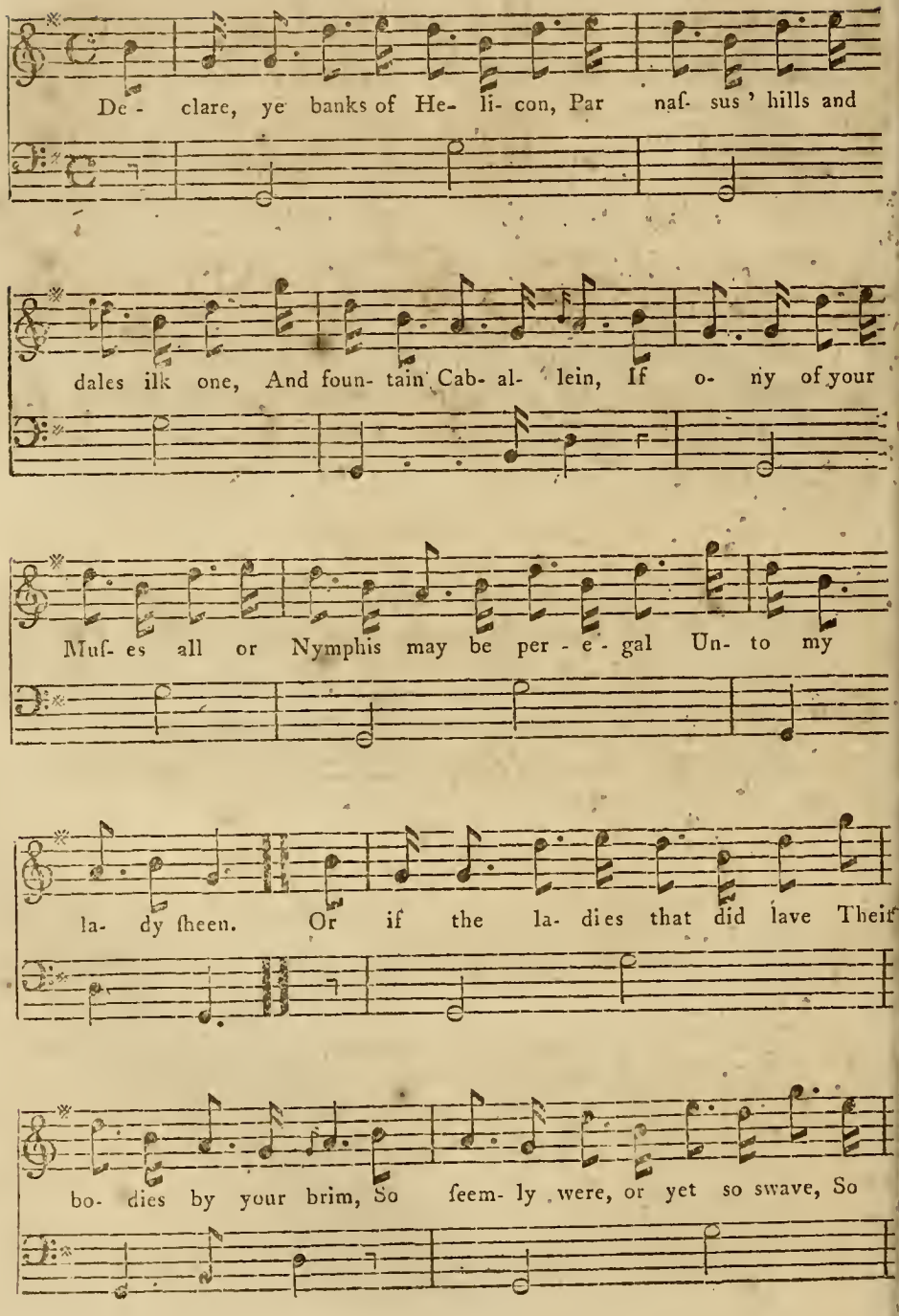


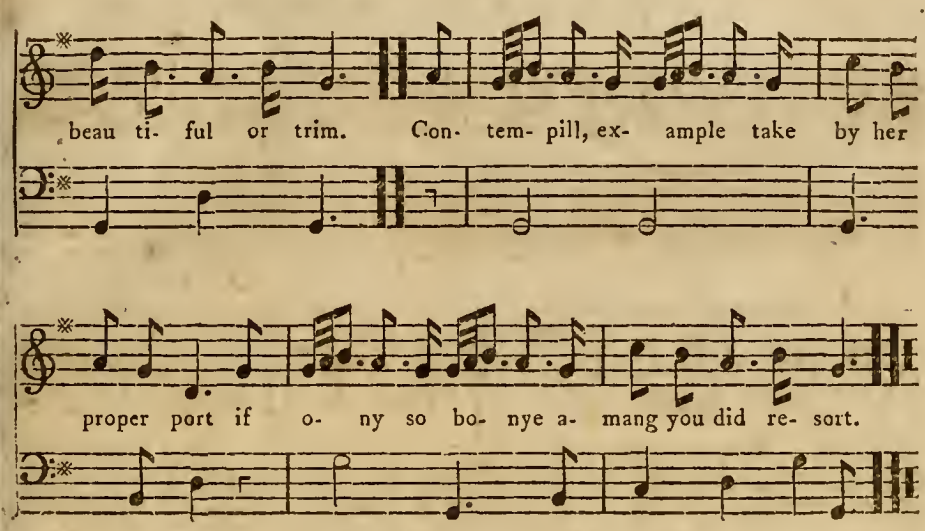
Wake, Oſsian! laſt of Fingal's line,
And mix thy tears and ſighs with mine;
Awake the harp to doleful lays,
And ſooth my ſoul with Oſcar's praise.

The ſhell is ceas'd in Oſcar's hall,
Since gloomy Cairbar wrought his fall;
The roe on Morven lightly bounds,
Nor hears the cry of Oſcar's hounds.

SONG X.

THE BANKS OF HELICON.

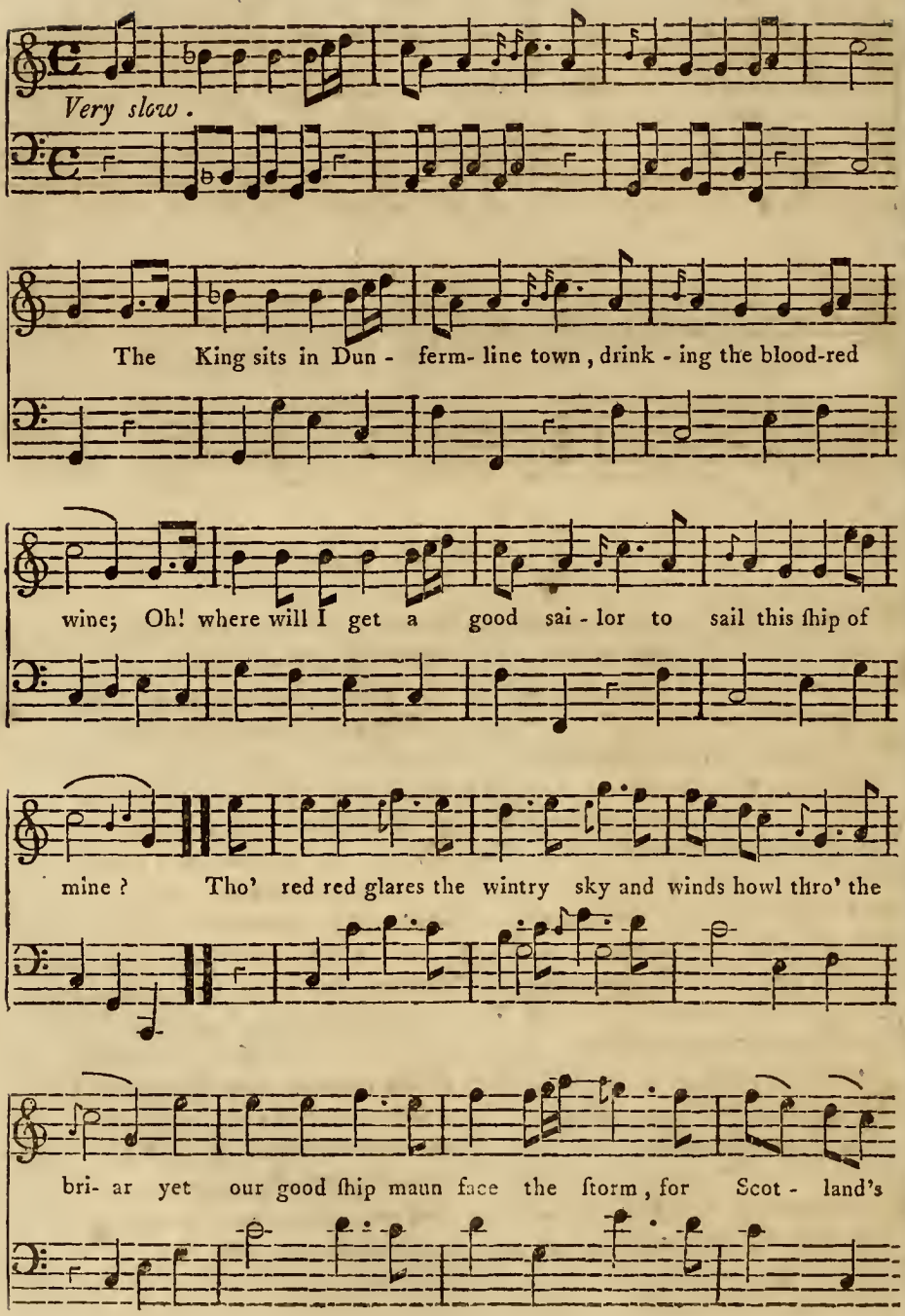


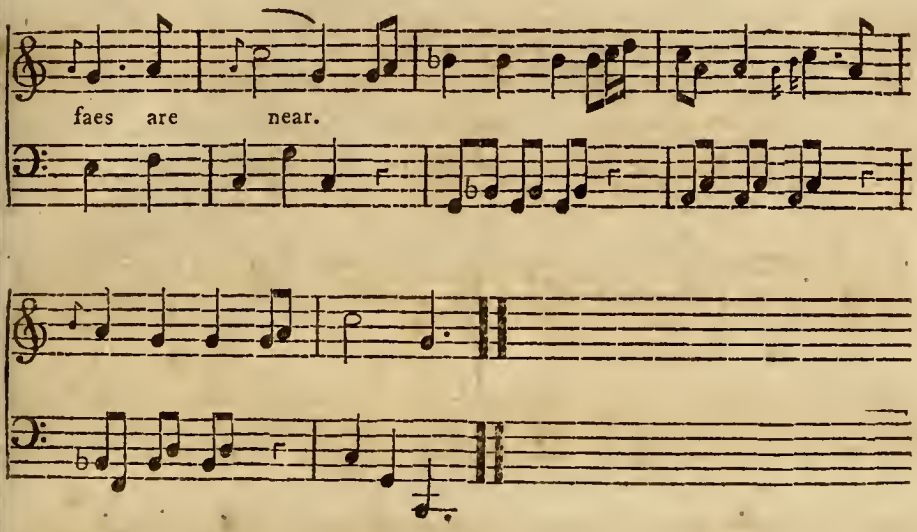


No, no. Forſooth was never none,
That with this perfect paragon
In beauty might compare;
The Muſes would have given the gree
To her as to the A per se,
And peerleſs pearl preclare;
With qualities and form divine,
By nature so decored;
As Goddeſs of all feminine,
Of men to be adored;
So bleſsed that wiſhed
She is in all mens thought,
As rareſt and faireſt
That ever Nature wrought.

It would exceed our limits to give the reſt of the words: the original is in the Pepys Collection in the University of Cambridge. The melody muſt have been a favourite with our anceſtors; for the ſtanza is a very common one in the works of our early poets; many compoſitions, to the tune of The Bánks of Helicon, are to be found in the Bannatyne MS preſerved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, compiled in 1568. It is, probably, the moſt ancient Scots tune of which the original words remain.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.





2

Then up and ſpak an eldren knight,
Sat at the King's right knee;
"Sir Patrick Spence is the beſt ſailor
"That ſails upon the ſea."
The King has written a braid letter,
And ſign'd it wi' his hand;
And ſent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the ſand.

3

The firſt line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughed he;
The next line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.
O wha is this has done this deed,
This ill deed done to me;
To ſend me out this time o' the yeir,
To ſail upon the sea?

4

Mak haſte, mak haſte my merry men all,
Our gude ſhip ſails the morn.—
O ſay na sae my maſter dear,
For I fear a deadlie ſtorm.
Late late yeſtreen I ſaw the new moon,
Wi' the auld moon in her arme;
And I fear, I fear, my maſter dear,
That we will come to harme.

5

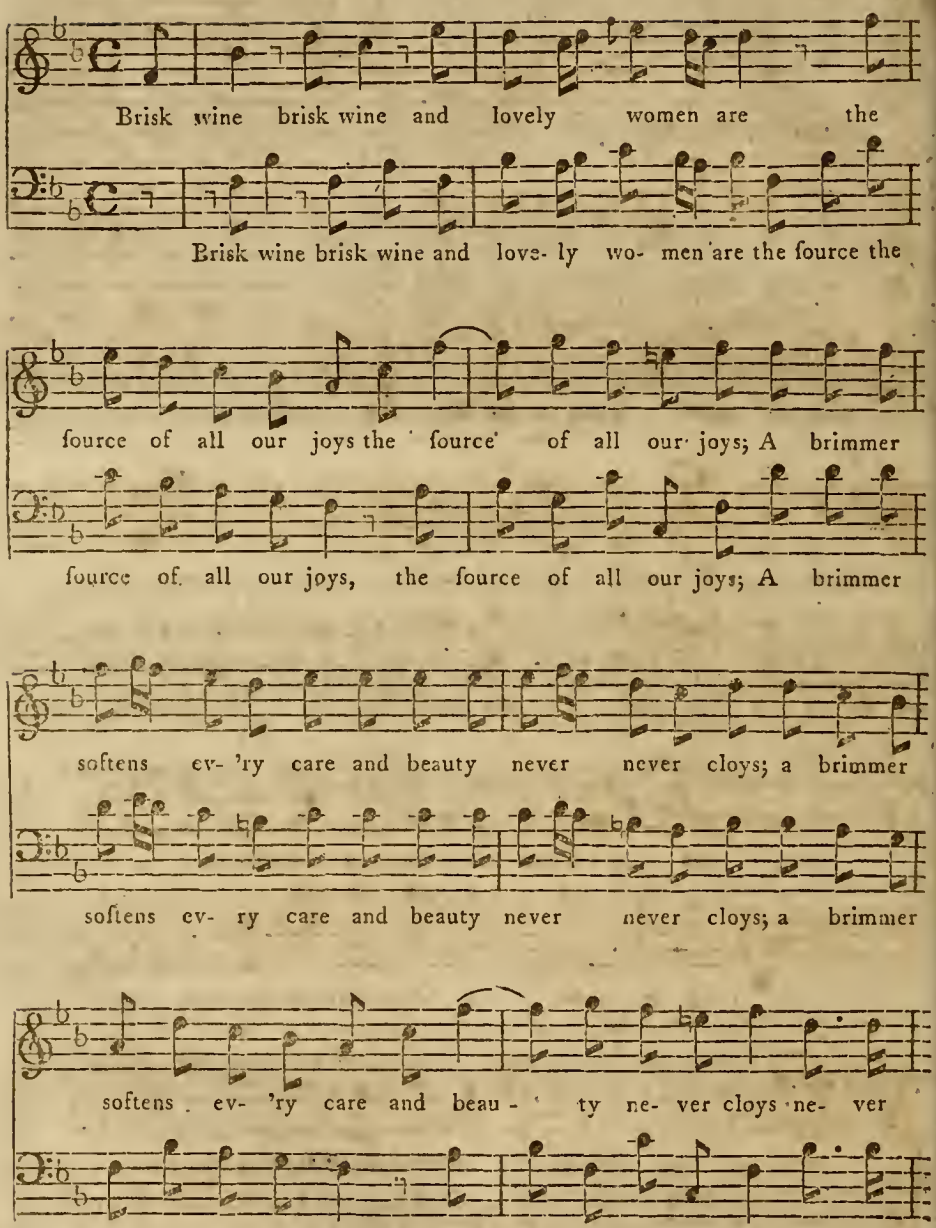
O our Scots nobles were right laith
To weet their cork-heel'd ſhoon;
But lang or a' the play were play'd,
They wat their heads aboon.
O lang lang may their ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Or they see gude Sir Patrick Spence
Cum ſailing to the land.

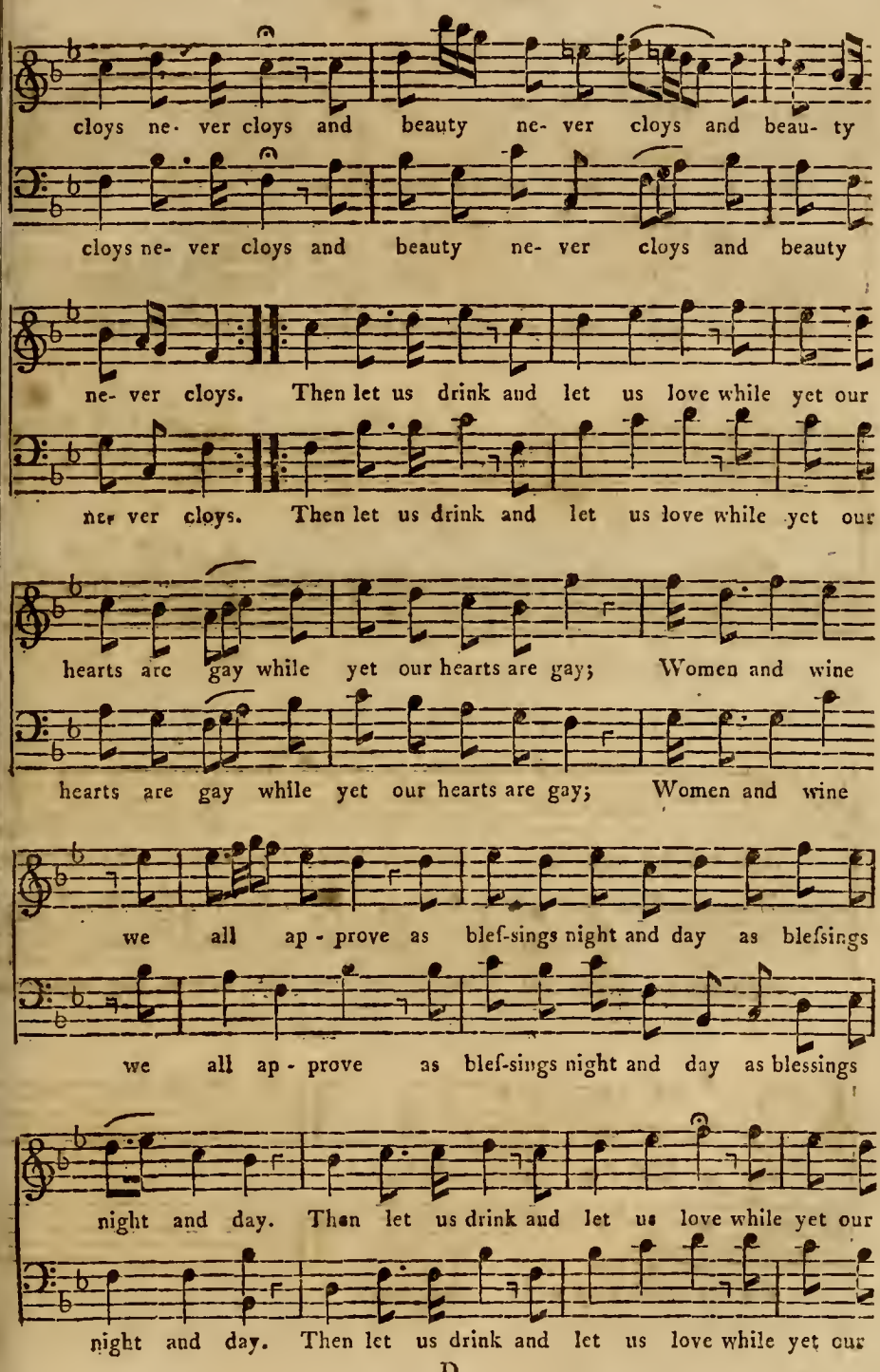
6

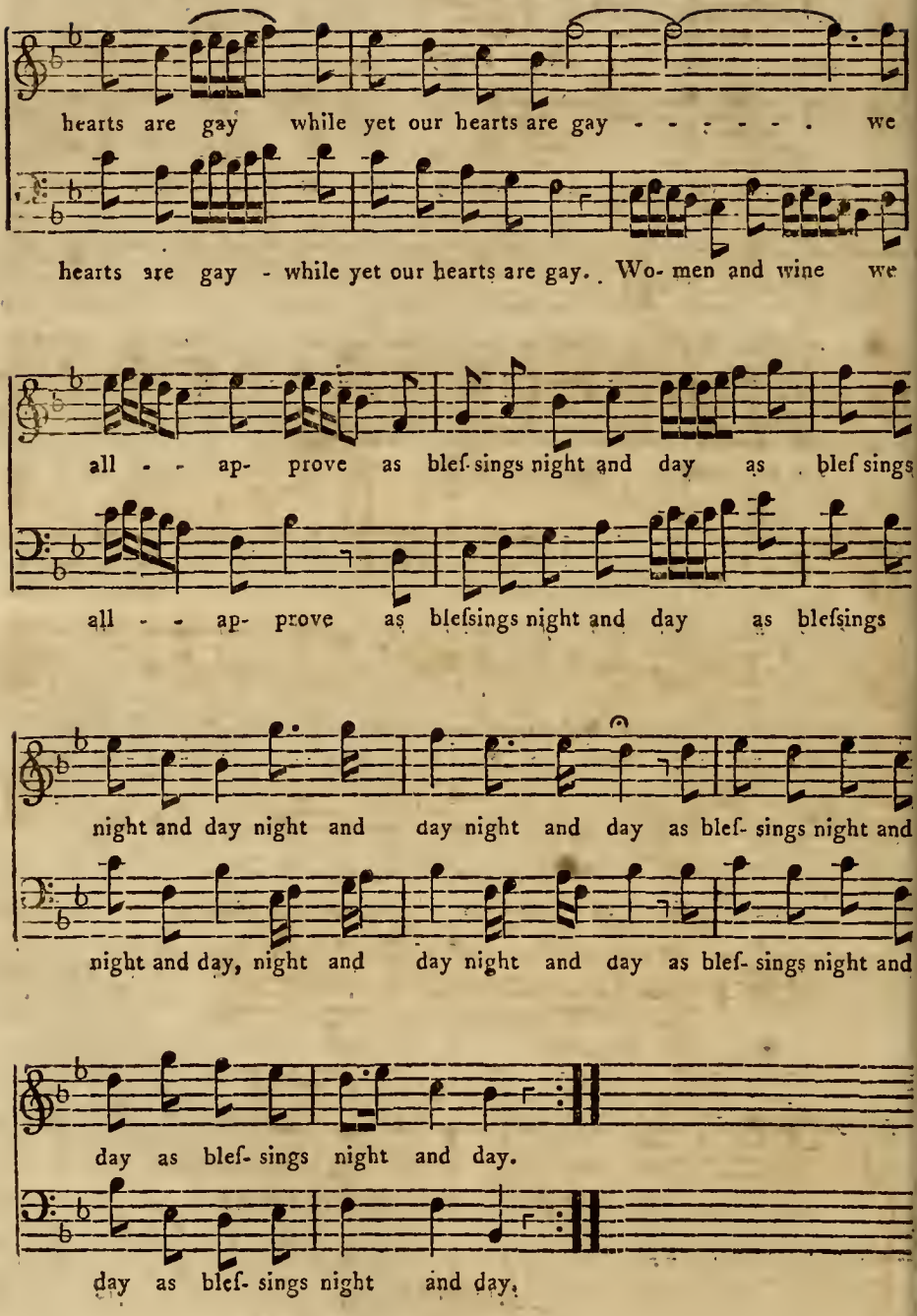
O lang lang may their ladies ſtand
Wi' their gold kems in their hair,
Waiting to ſee their ain dear lords
For they'll see them nae mair.
Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathom deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

SONG XII.

BRISK WINE. *Dr. Arnold.*

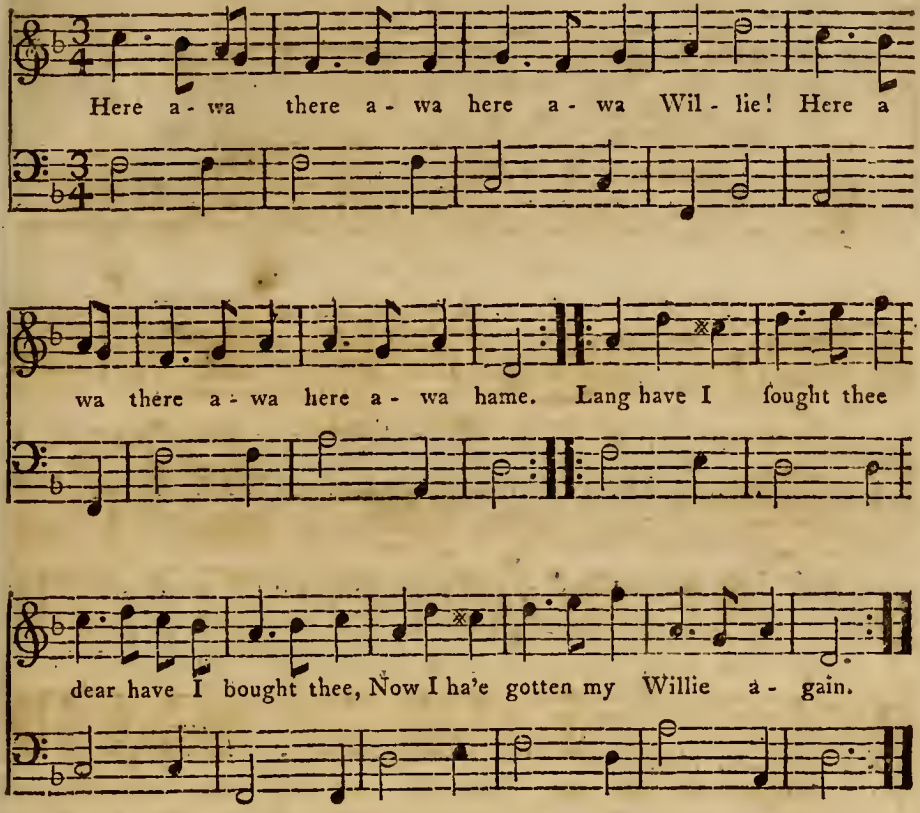



cloys ne- ver cloys and beauty ne- ver cloys and beau- ty
cloys ne- ver cloys and beauty ne- ver cloys and beauty
ne- ver cloys. Then let us drink and let us love while yet our
ne- ver cloys. Then let us drink and let us love while yet our
hearts are gay while yet our hearts are gay; Women and wine
hearts are gay while yet our hearts are gay; Women and wine
we all ap - prove as bleſ-sings night and day as bleſsings
we all ap - prove as bleſ-sings night and day as blessings
night and day. Then let us drink and let us love while yet our
night and day. Then let us drink and let us love while yet our


hearts are gay while yet our hearts are gay - - - - - - we
hearts are gay - while yet our hearts are gay. Wo- men and wine we
all - - ap- prove as bleſ-sings night and day as bleſ sings
all - - ap- prove as bleſsings night and day as bleſsings
night and day night and day night and day as bleſ- sings night and
night and day, night and day night and day as bleſ- sings night and
day as bleſ- sings night and day.
day as bleſ- sings night and day.

SONG XIII.

HERE AWA WILLIE.



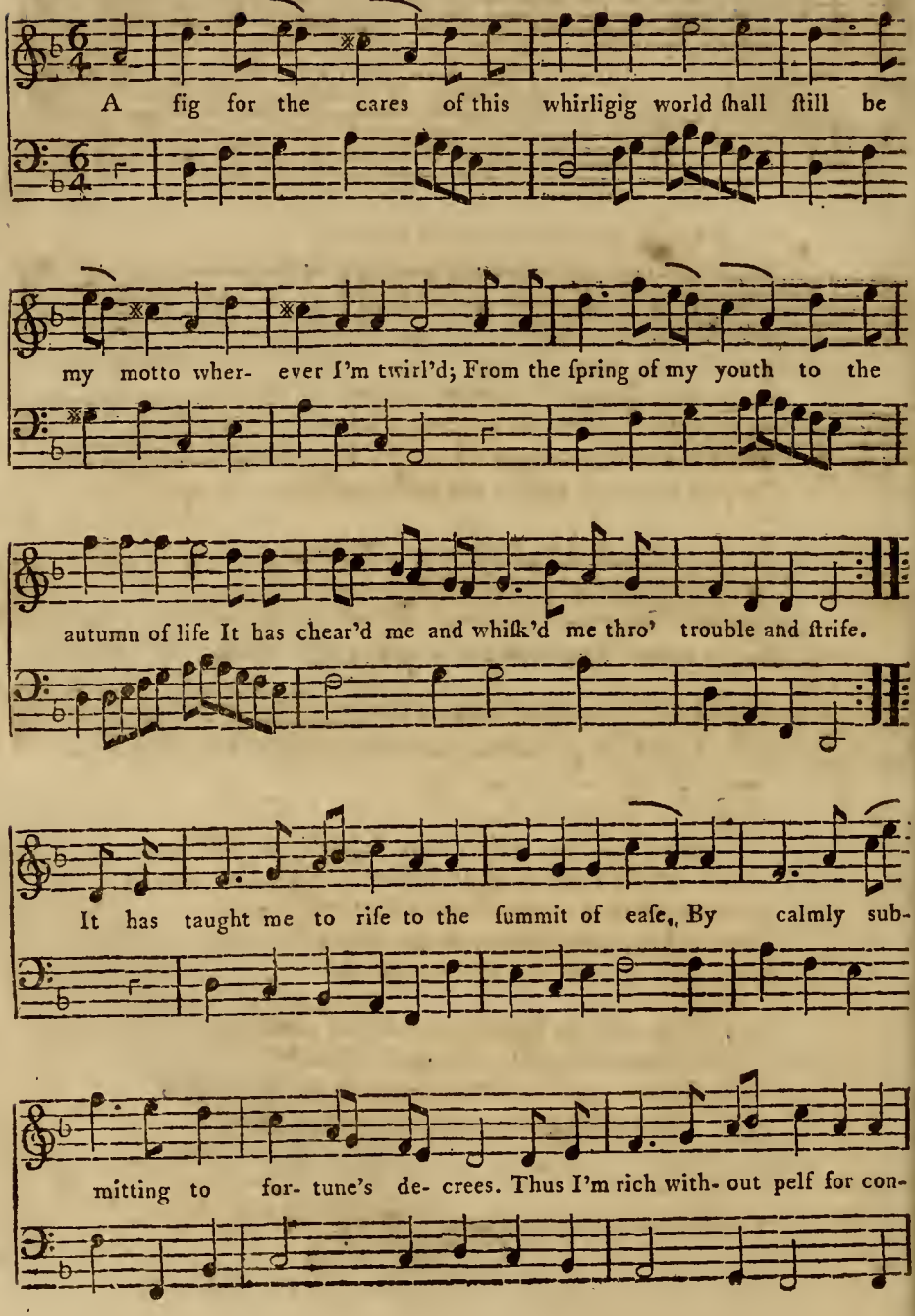
Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;
Whate'er betide us nought ſhall divide us,
Love now rewards all my ſorrow and pain.

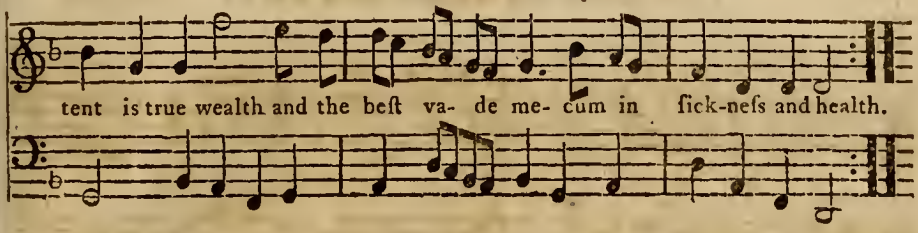
Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie!
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame.
Come, Love, believe me naething can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleaſes when Willie's at hame.

SONG XIV.

PASTHEEN FUEN. *Iriſh.*

Andantino





Juſt as full of defects as the reſt of my kind,
" Give and take" is my meaſure, for *ſpecks* in the mind ;
For who in another ſhould pry for a ſpot,
When he knows in his heart he has blot upon blot ?

In the mere War of Poſts 'twixt the Inns and the Outs,
It but little boots me, who is routed or routs ;
Still I gain by their ſallies, whene'er they combine
To give ſalt to my Muffin, and zeſt to my Wine.

At peace with all ſects, I aſk no man his *Credo*
In points of real import to none I ſay *Cedo*,
Content if my courſe, from the day-break of youth,
Has been ſteer'd by the compaſs and rudder of truth.

Full of life, fun and glee, with a jig in my heel,
Once I revel'd with Bacchus, and joined in the reel ;
But theſe frolics are paſt, and their relics declare,
There's no jig in a crutch, and no reel in a chair.

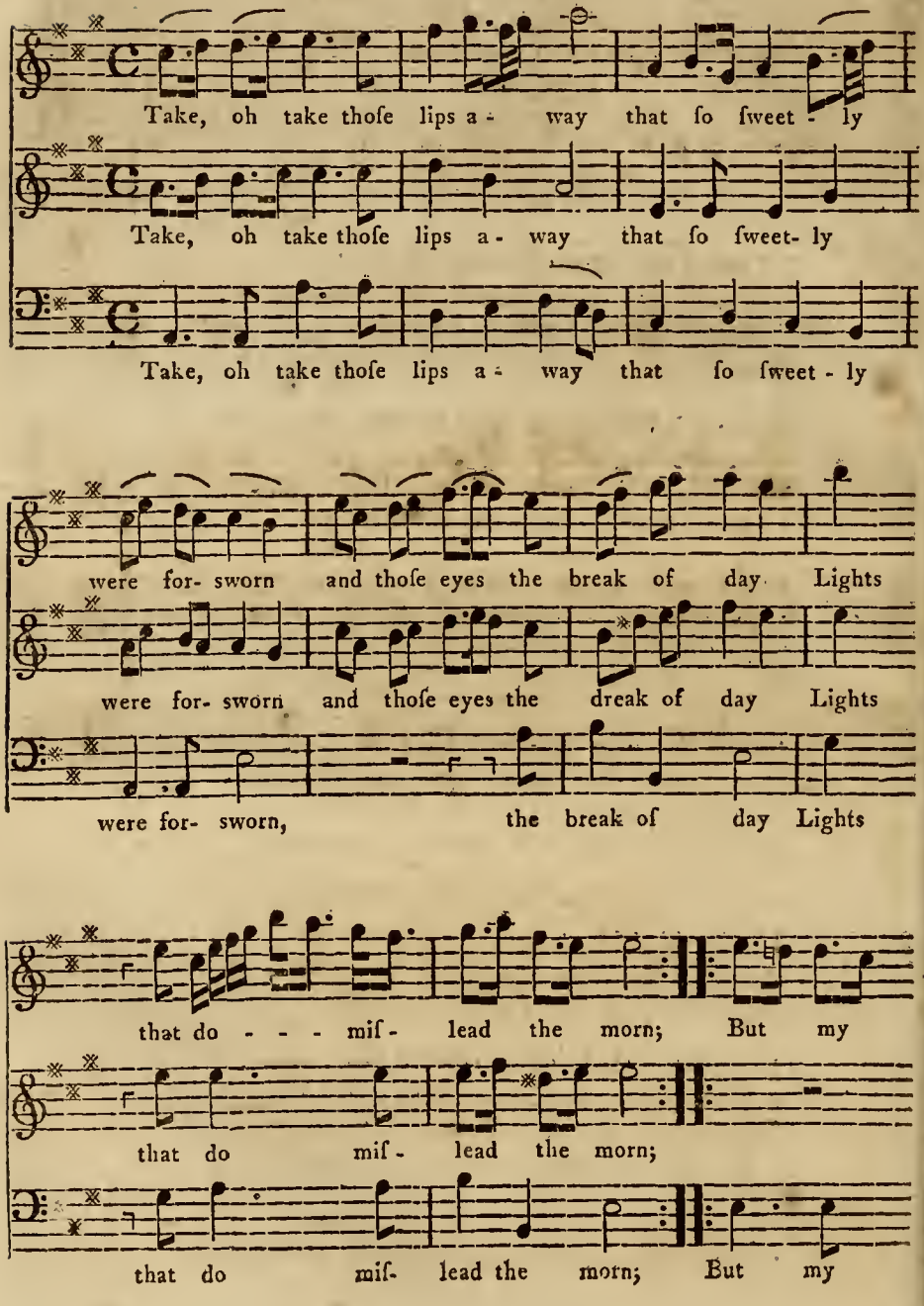
From a Prodigal, now grown a miſer of Pleaſure,
I begin with Anacreon, to hug my laſt treaſure ;
And the better to manage, and ſpin out my ſtore,
I make one go as far as I uſed to make four.

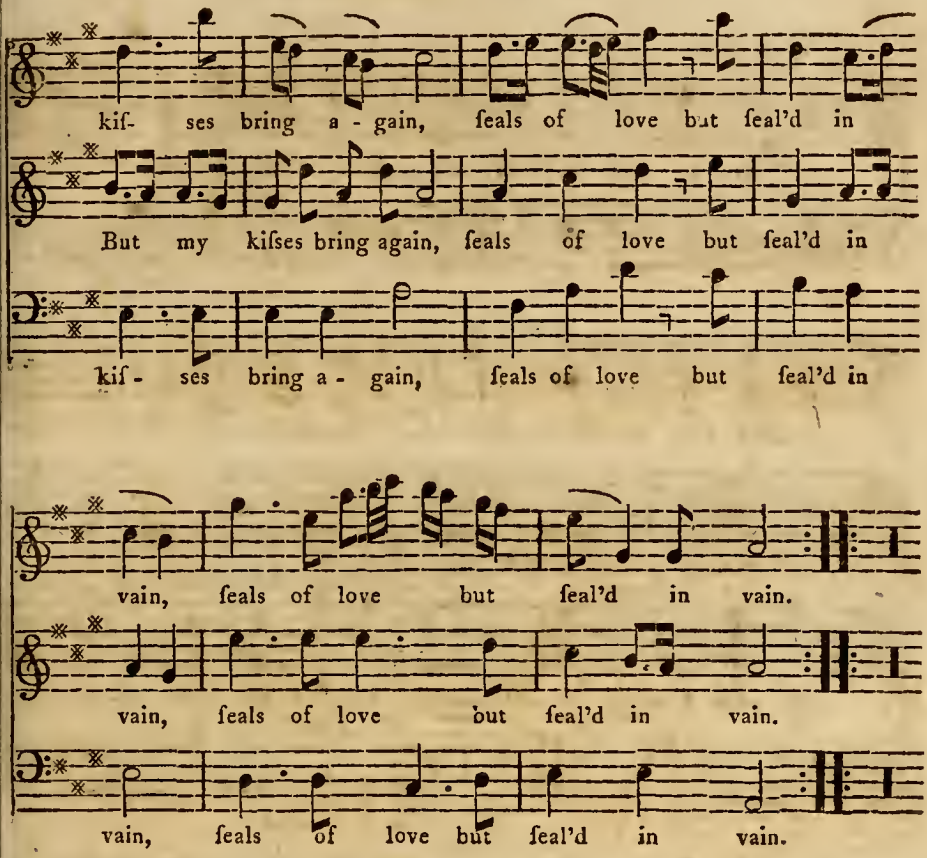
Light in freight as a Cutter return'd from a cruize,
" Finding little to gain, having little to loſe,*
My anchor is caſt, and my ſails are all furl'd,
" So a fig for the cares of this whirligig world.

* Sancho Panza's conſolatory Proverb—" If little I gain, as little I loſe."

SONG XV.

TAKE OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY. *Smith.*



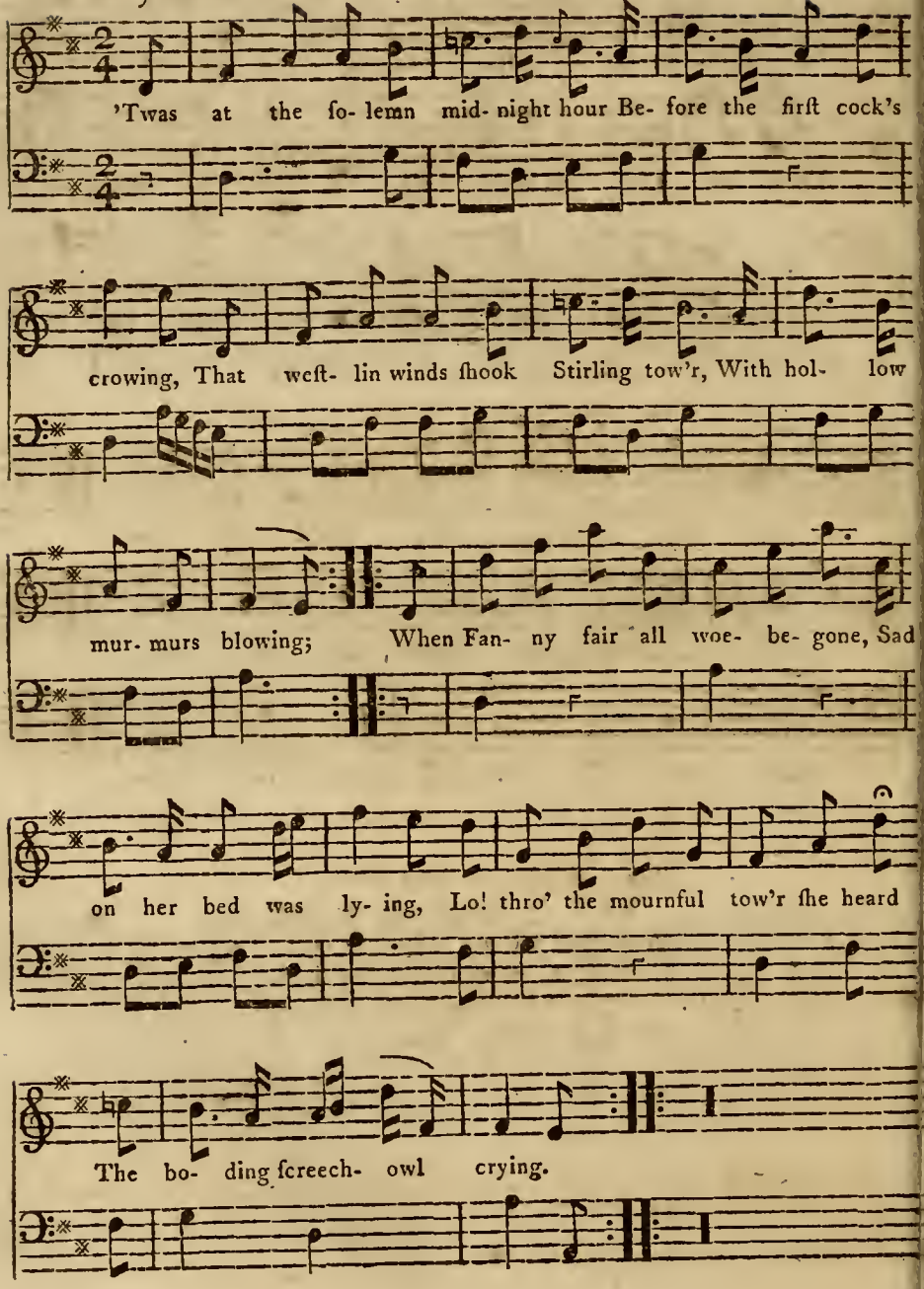


Take, oh take my fears away,
Which thy cold disdain has bred;
And grant me one auſpicious ray,
From thy morn of beauties ſhed:
But thy killing beams reſtrain,
Leſt I be by beauty slain.

SONG XVI.

STIRLING TOWER.

Very slow.



O diſmal night! ſhe ſaid and wept,
O night preſaging ſorrow;
O diſmal night! ſhe ſaid and wept,
But more I dread to-morrow.

For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
Each hoſt to battle bending;
At morn ſhall ſons their fathers ſlay,
With deadly hate contending.

Even now in viſions of the night,
I ſaw fell death wide ſweeping;
And all the matrons of the land,
And all the virgins weeping.

And now ſhe heard the maſſy gates
Harſh on their hinges turning;
And now through all the Caſtle heard
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghaſt, ſhe ſtarted from her bed,
The fatal tidings dreading;
O ſpeak, ſhe cry'd, my father's ſlain!
I ſee, I ſee him bleeding.

"A pale corpse on the ſullen ſhore,
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
Even at the threſh-hold of his gate,
The foe of life bereft him.

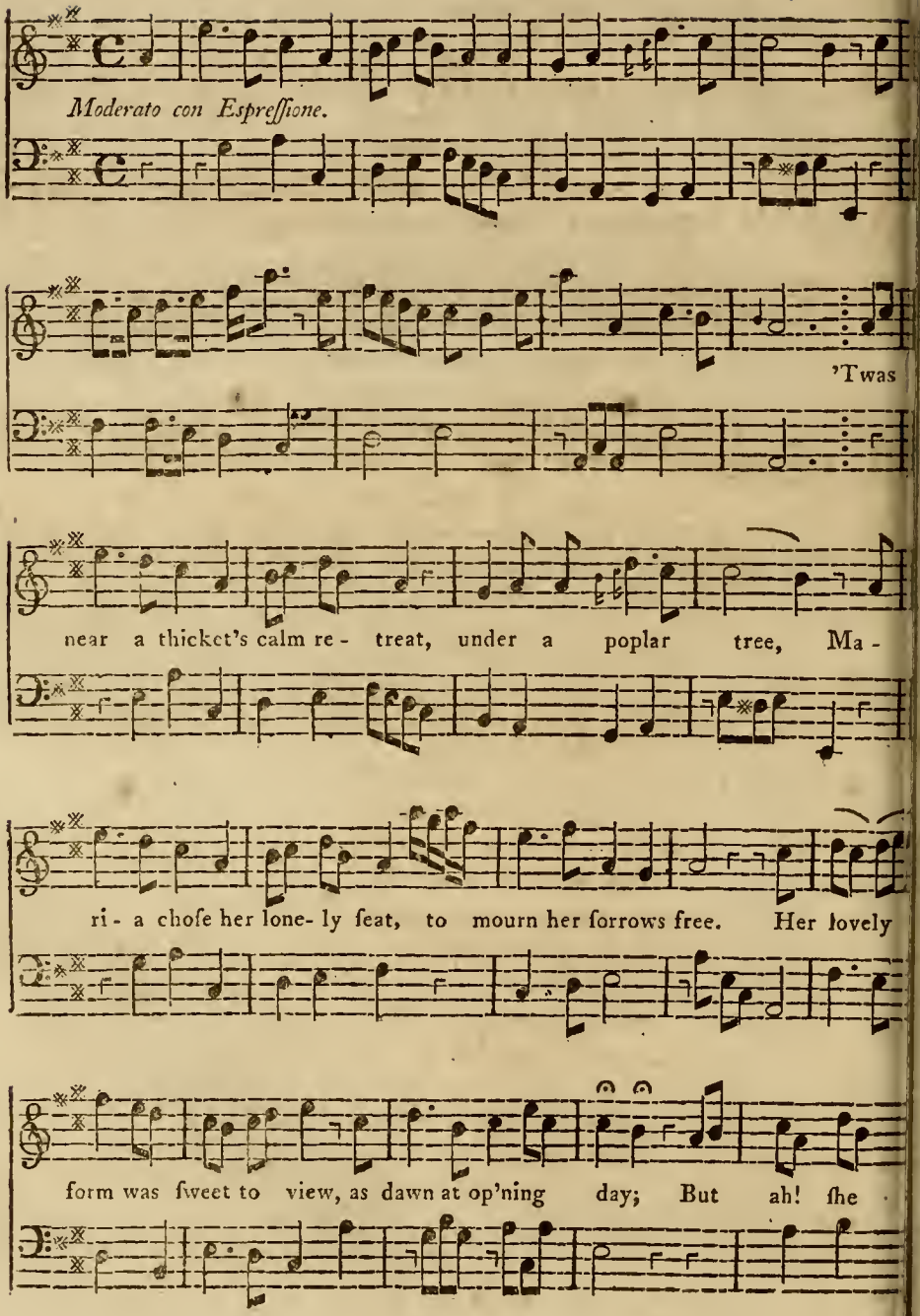
Bold in the battle's front he fell
With many a wound deformed;
A braver Knight or better man,
This fair iſle ne'er adorned."

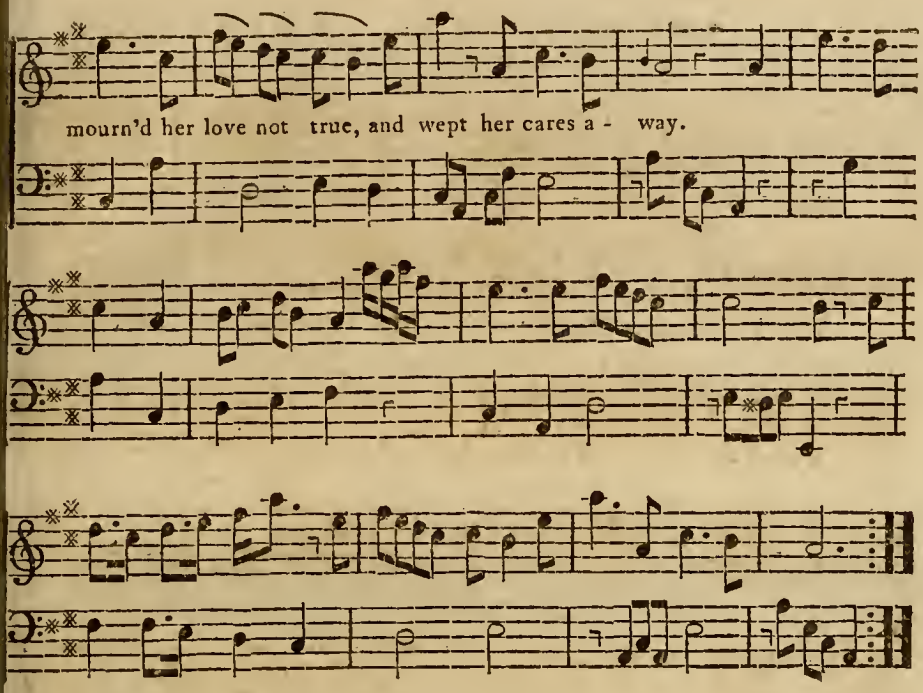
While thus he ſpoke the grief-ſtruck maid
A deadly ſwoon invaded;
Loſt was the luſtre of her eyes,
And all her beauty faded.

Theſe lines are ſaid to have been written by the late Sir G. Elliot, on occaſion of the death of the celebrated Colonel Gardner, who fell at the battle of Preſtonpans, in 1746.

SONG XVII.

MARIA.



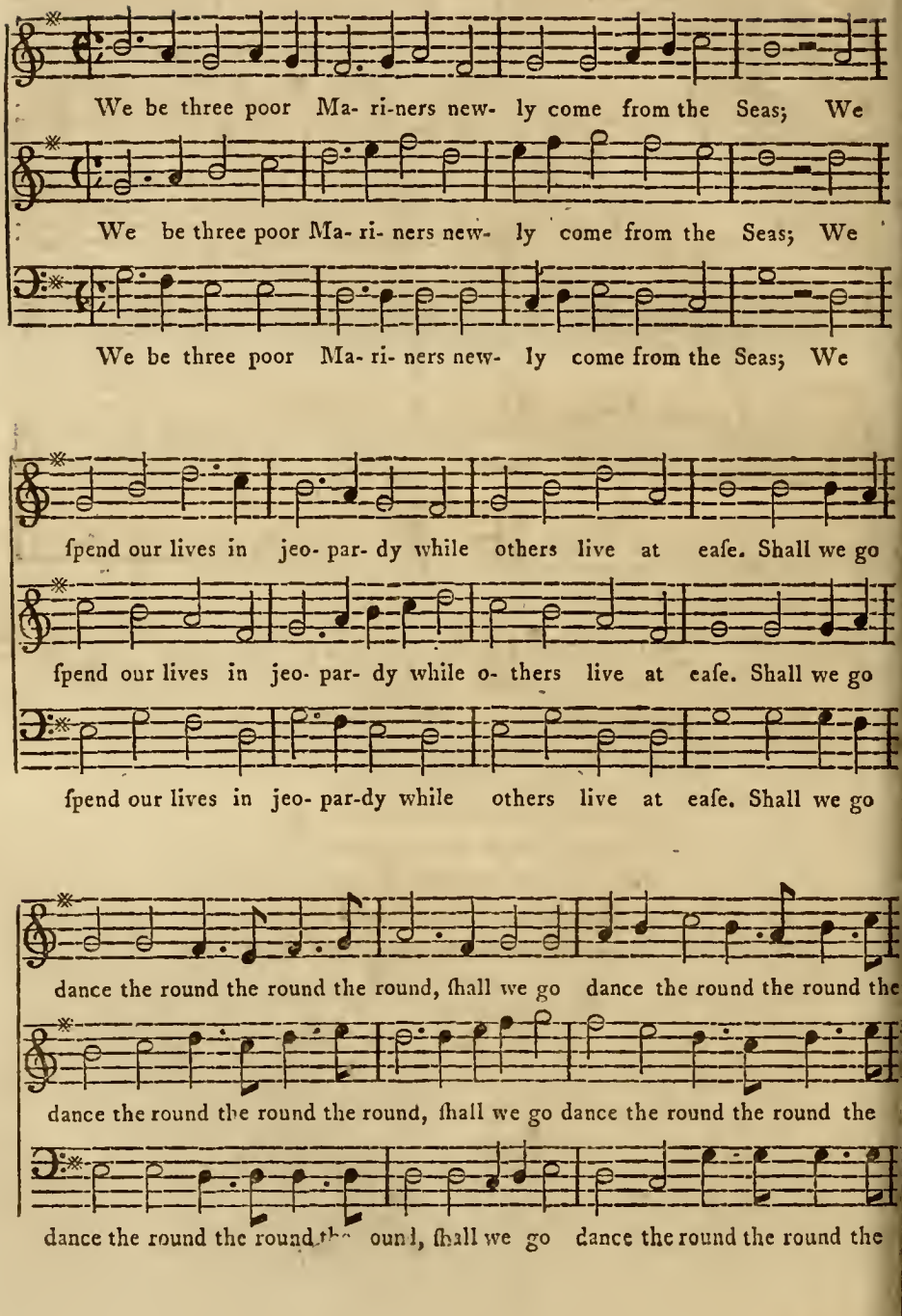


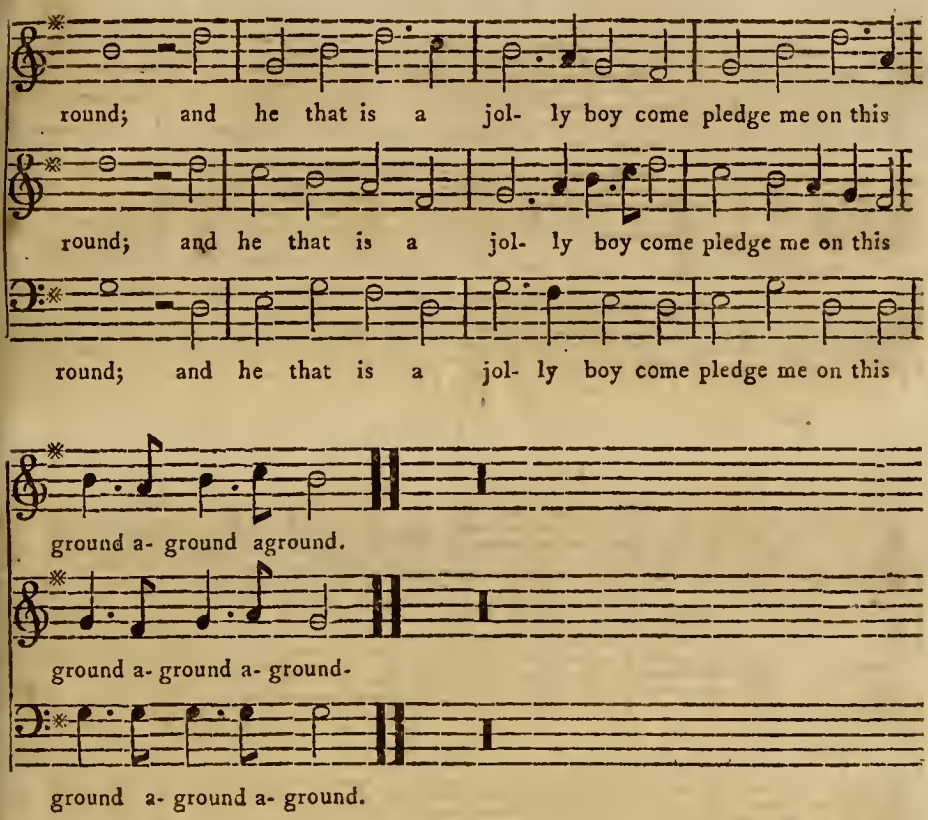
The brook flow'd gently at her feet
In murmurs ſmooth along ;
Her pipe which once ſhe tun'd ſo ſweet
Had now forgot its ſong.
No more to charm the vale ſhe tries,
For grief has fill'd her breaſt ;
Fled are the joys ſhe uſed to prize
And fled with them her reſt.

Poor hapleſs maid, who can behold
Thy anguiſh ſo ſevere,
Or hear thy love-lorn ſtory told
Without a pitying tear ?
Maria, hapleſs maid, adieu !
Thy ſorrows ſoon muſt ceaſe;
Soon heav'n will take a maid ſo true
To everlaſting peace.

SONG XVIII.

THE MARINERS. A GLEE.

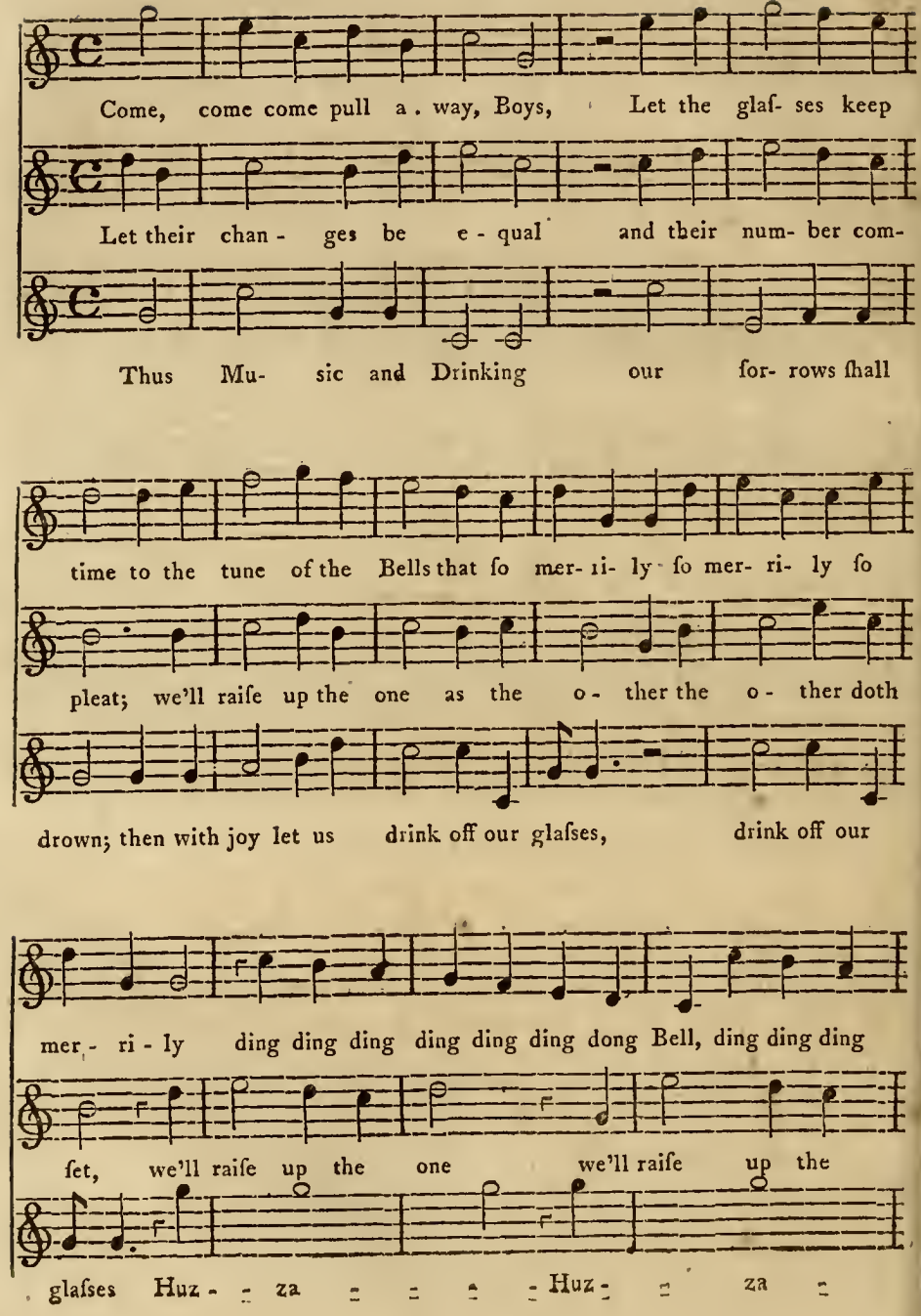




We care not for thoſe martial men
That do our ſtates diſdain,
But we care for thoſe Merchant men
That do our ſtates maintain;
To them we dance this round &c.

SONG XIX.

A CATCH.



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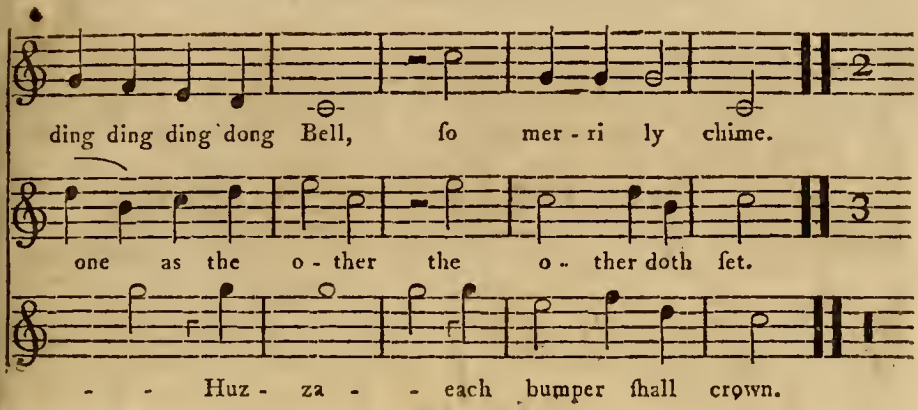
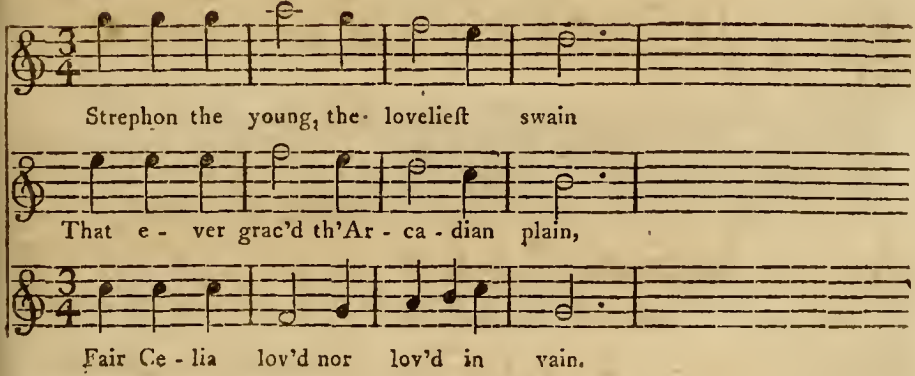


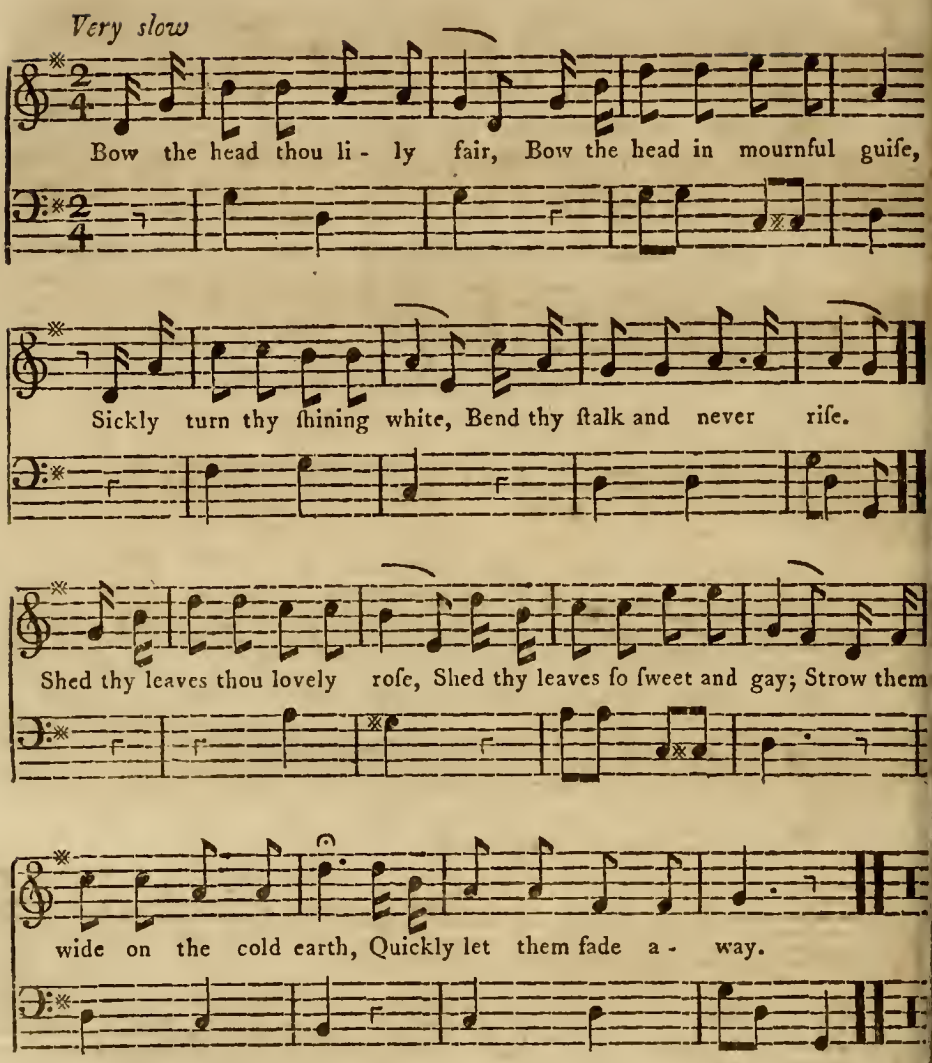
SONG XX.

A CATCH.



SONG XXI.

BOW THE HEAD, THOU LILY FAIR. — *HAYDN.*

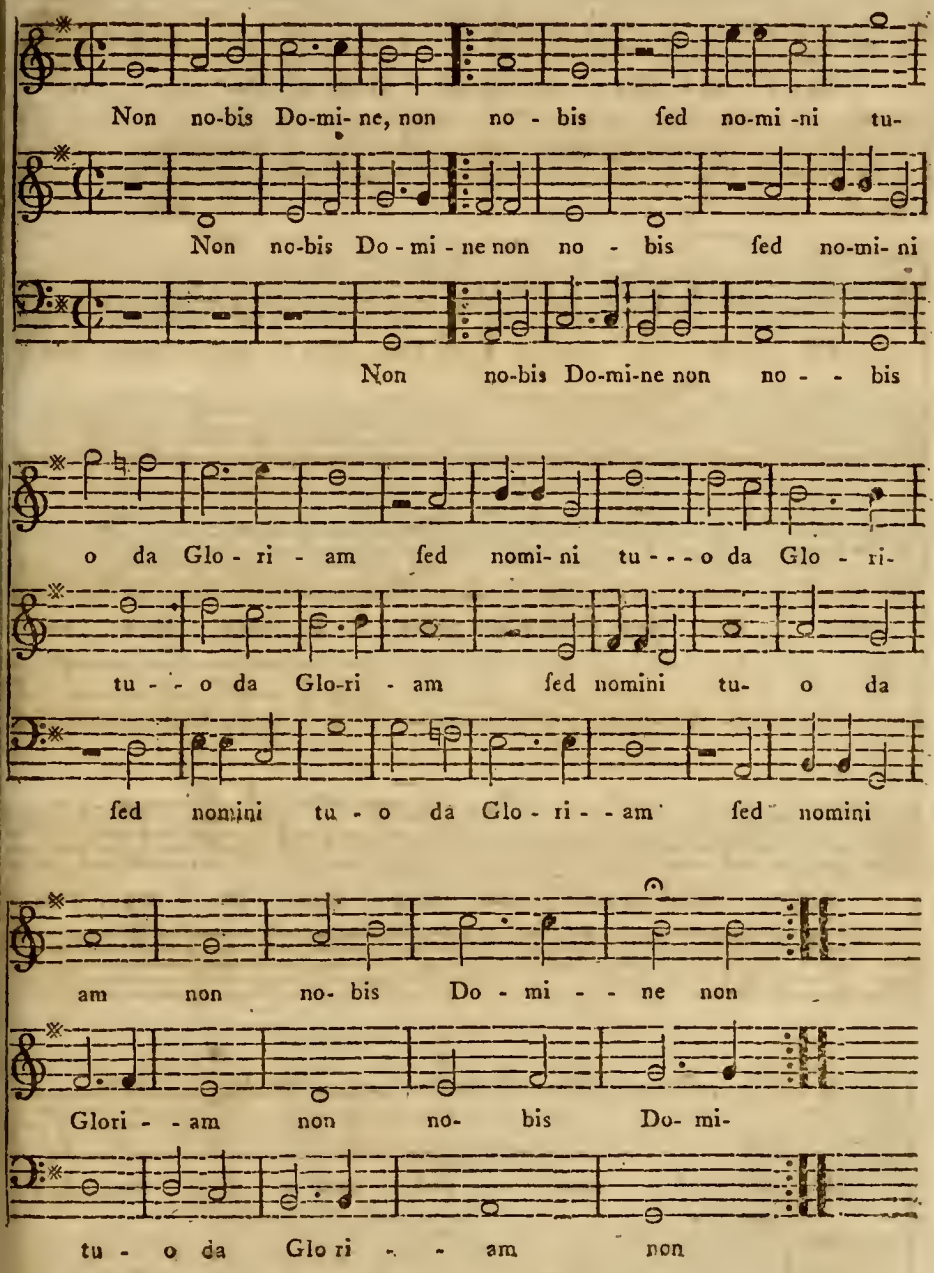


For alas! the gentle knot
So ſoftly that did bind
My Emma and her ſwain,
Cruel death has now untwin'd.
Her head with half-cloſ'd eyes
Bends upon her breaſt of ſnow;
Cold and faded are thoſe cheeks
That wont with red to glow.

Mute is that harmonious voice,
That breath'd the ſounds of love;
And lifeleſs are thoſe limbs,
That with ſuch grace did move:
And I of bliſs bereft,
Lone and ſad muſt ever moan;
Dead to all the world can give,
Alive to grief alone.

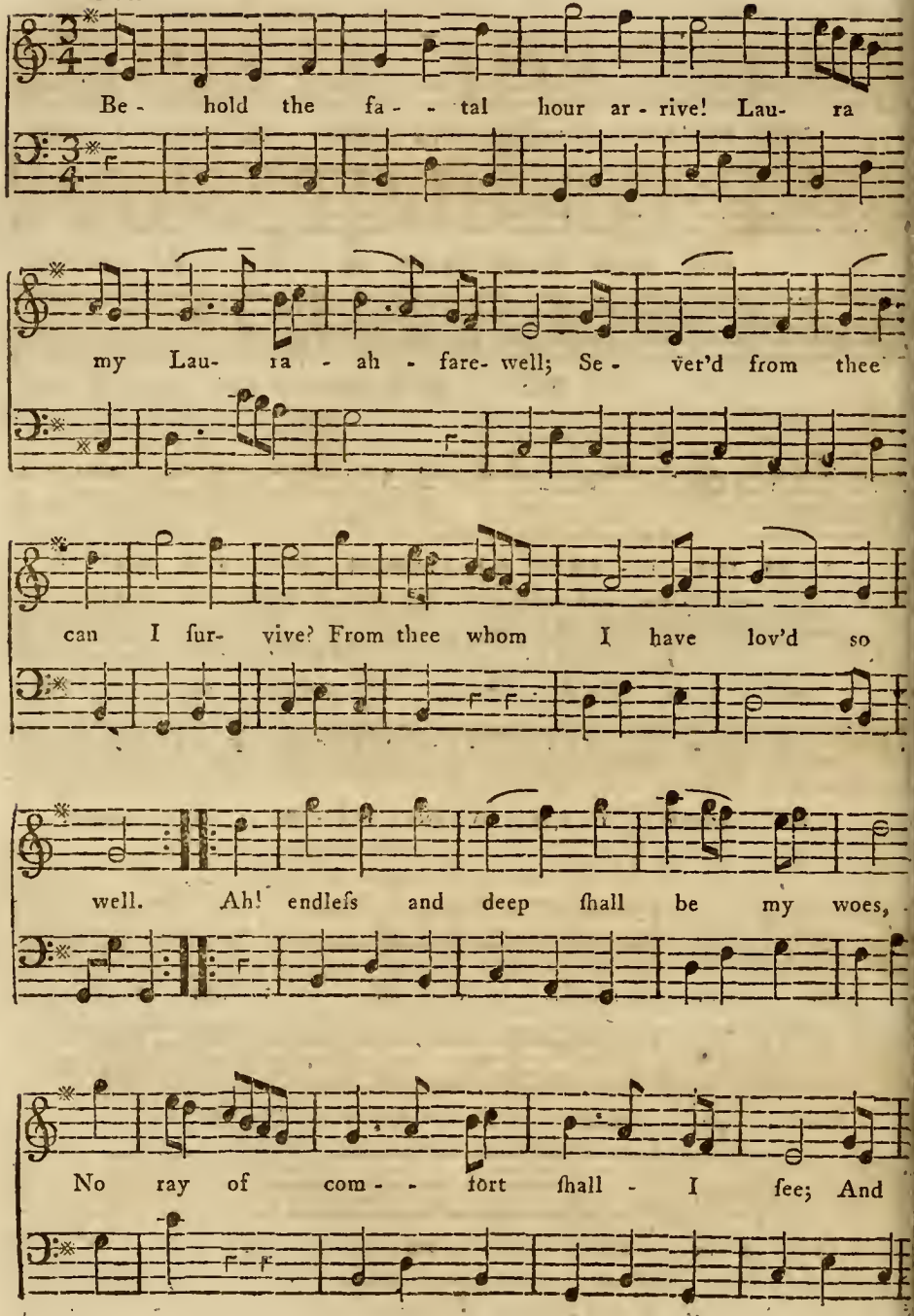
SONG XXII.

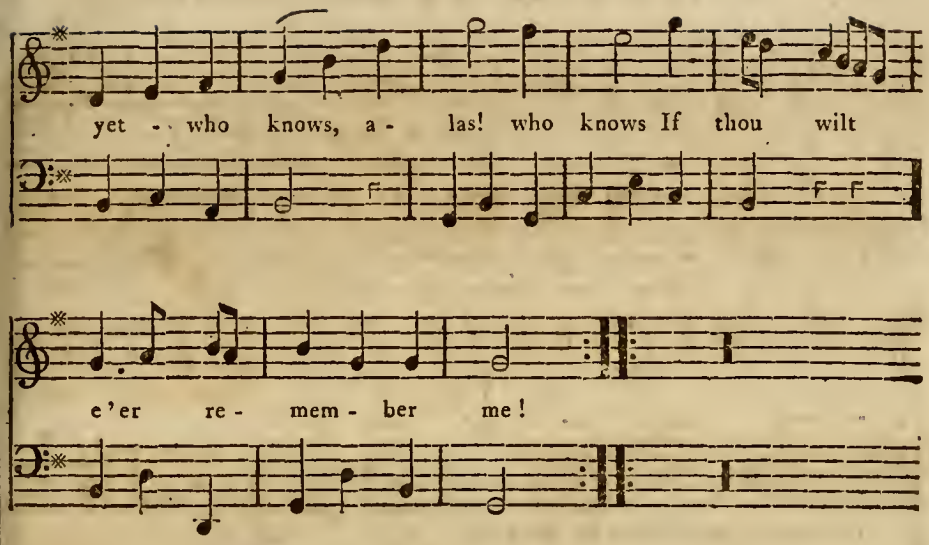
CANON. *Byrd.*



LAURA. *Iriſh Air.*

Slow.





Along the ſolitary ſhore
I'll wander, penſive and alone;
And wild re-echoing rocks implore
To tell me where my nymph is gone.
From early morn to ev'ning's cloſe
My voice ſhall ceaſeleſs call on thee;
And yet who knows, alas! who knows
If thou wilt e'er remember me!

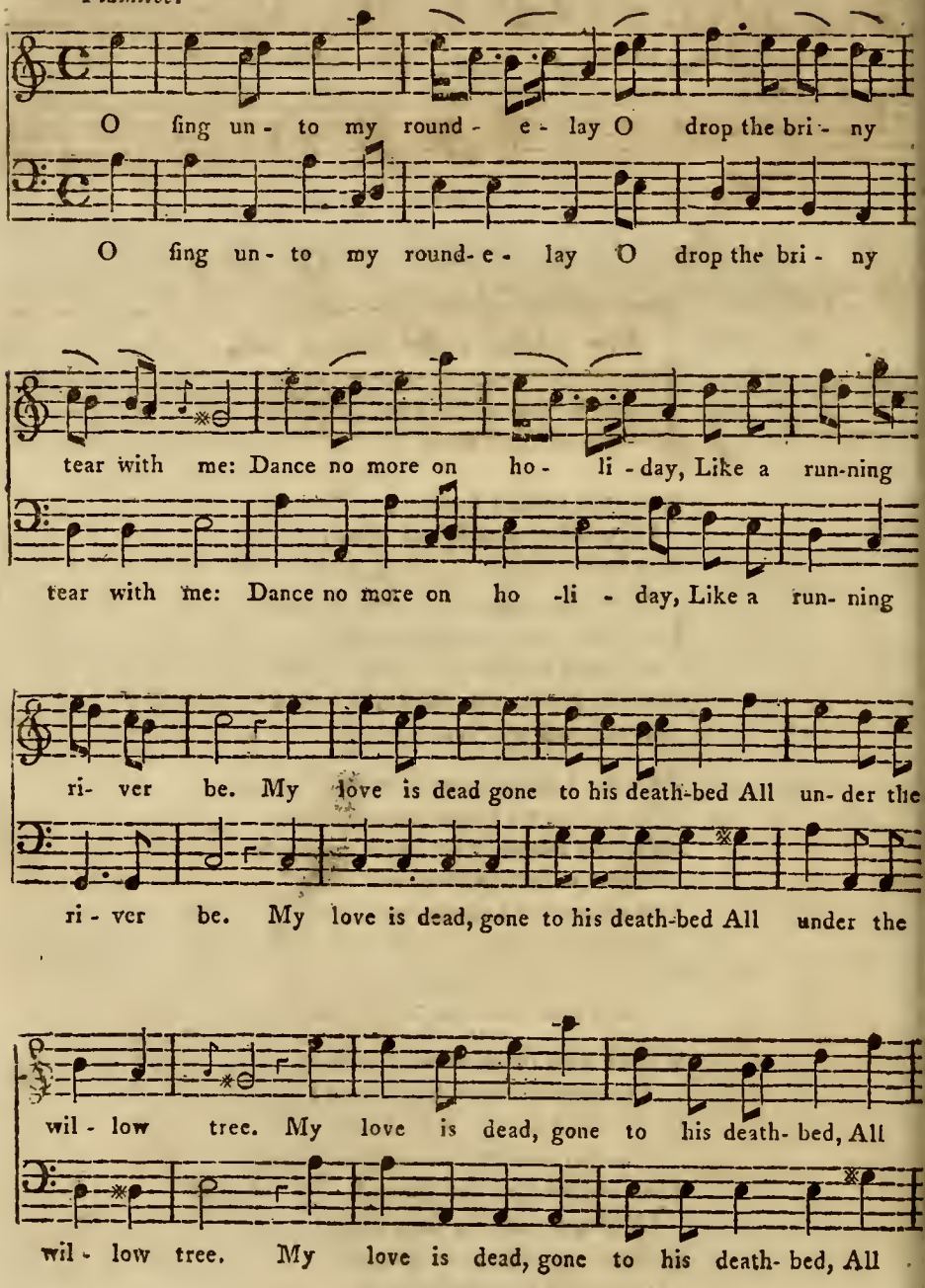
Oft times I ſhall to meads and bow'rs,
To groves, my former haunts, repair;
Delightful haunts, where once my hours
Glided in joy, for thou wert there.
There flows the fountain, will I cry,
Where, bluſhing, ſcornful ſhe would ſtand;
Then look with ſoftly pitying eye,
And let me ſeize her yielding hand.

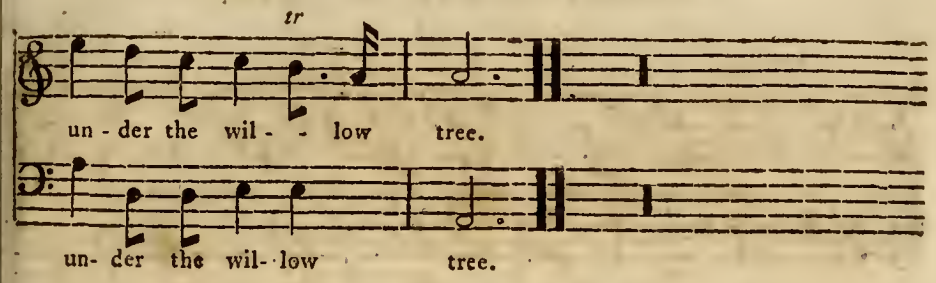
O think what ſweet tormenting ſmart
Thy poor forlorn Fileno proves!
O think how faithful is his heart
Who has no hope, yet hopeleſs loves!
Think on the ſilent ſad farewell
Of him, divided far from thee;
O think! yet who alas! can tell
If thou wilt e'er remember me.

SONG XXIV.

O SING UNTO MY ROUNDELAY.

Plaintive.

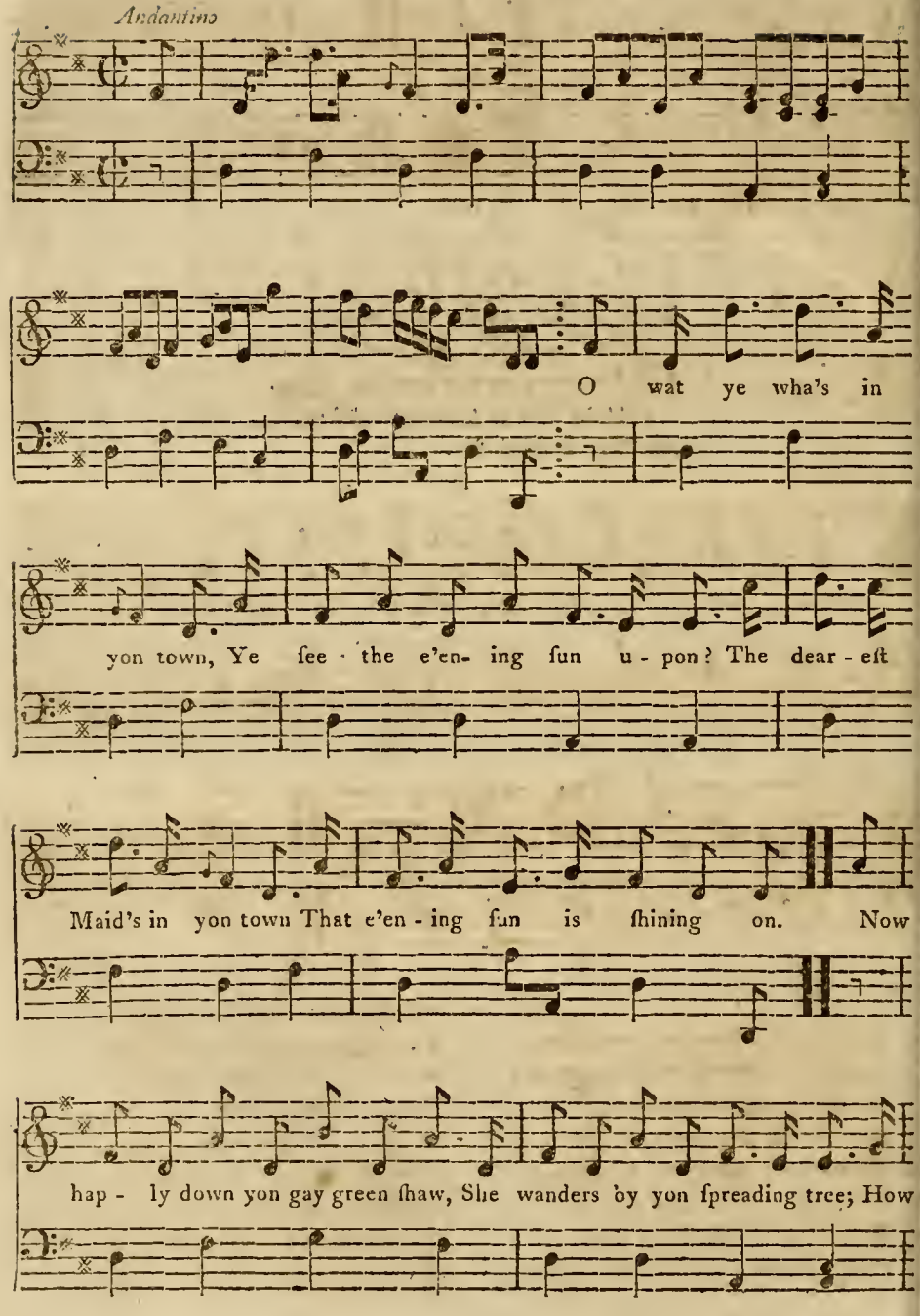


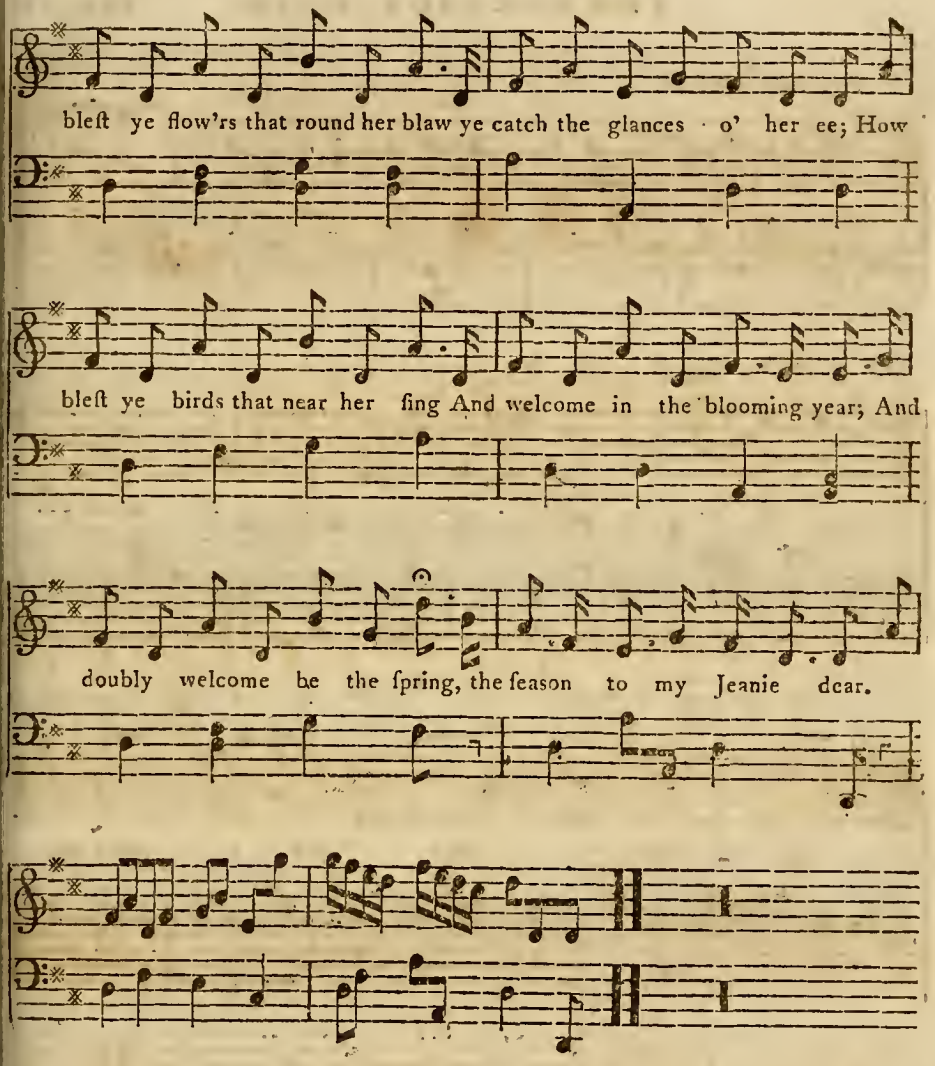


Black his hair as the winter night,
White his skin as the mountain ſnow,
Red his cheek as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead &c.

SONG XXV.

THE BONNY LASS IN YON TOWN.





2.

The ſun blinks blyth on yon town,
Amang the broomy braes ſae green;
But my delight in yon town,
And deareſt pleaſure is my Jean:
Without my fair not a' the charms,
O' Paradiſe could yield me joy;
But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary ſky;
My cave wad be a lover's bow'r,
Tho' raging winter rent the air;
And ſhe a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and ſhelter there.

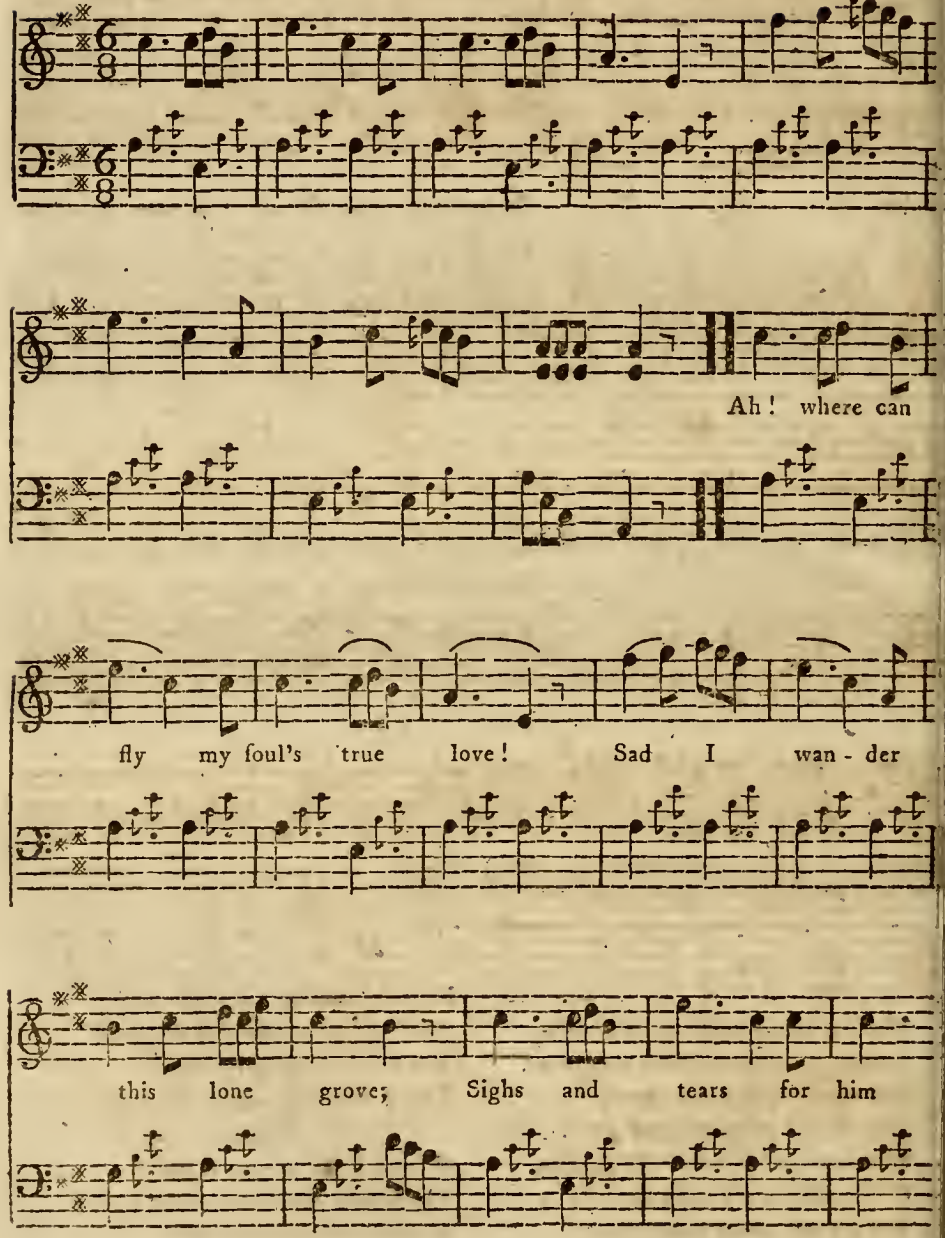
Chorus.

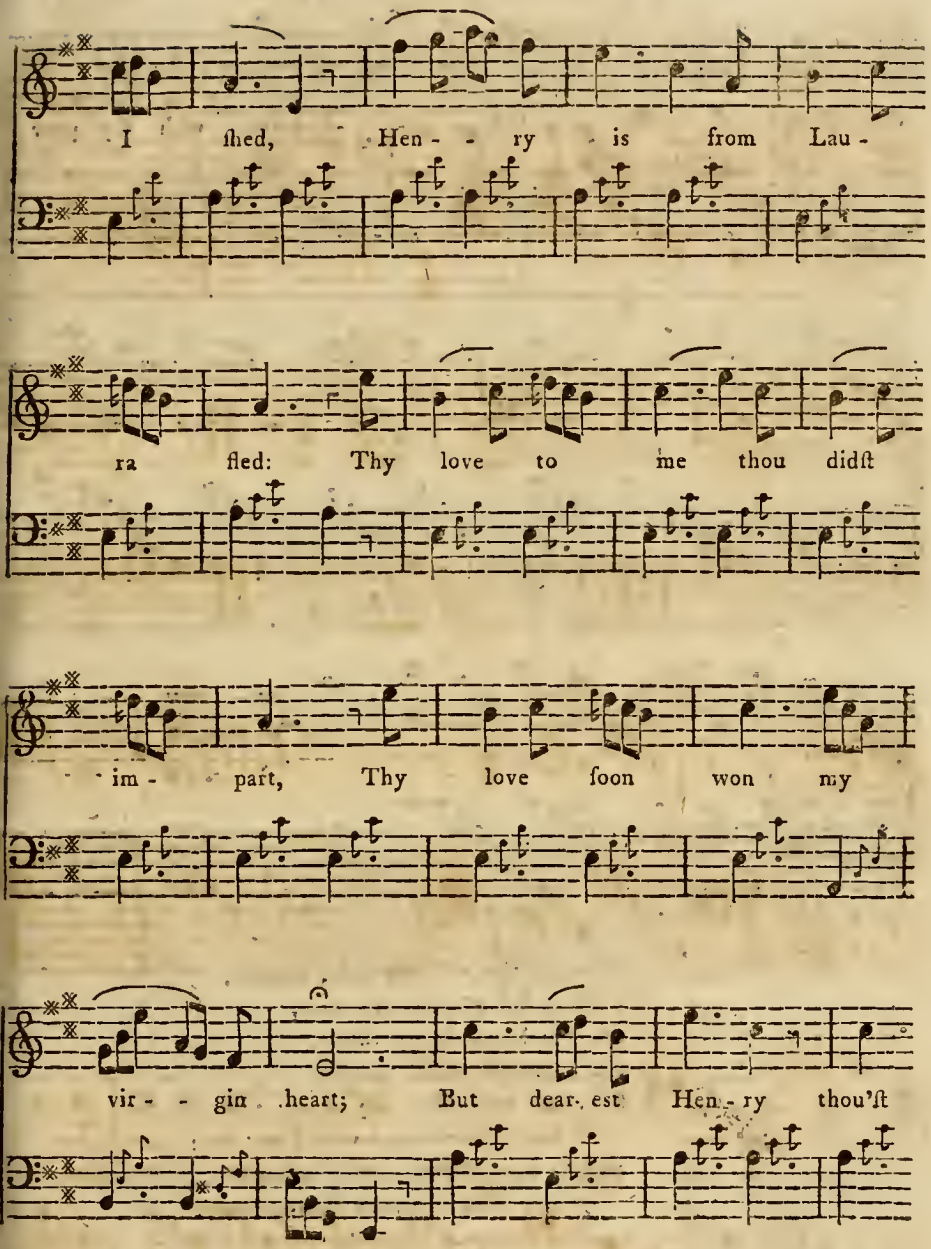
O ſweet is ſhe in yon town,
The ſinking Sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town,
His ſetting beam near ſhone upon.

SONG XXVI.

THE COTTAGE MAID. *PLEYEL.*

Pastorale, Andante.




I ſhed, Hen - - ry is from Lau -
ra fled: Thy love to me thou didſt
im - part, Thy love ſoon won my
vir - - gin heart; But dear - eſt Hen - ry thou'ſt

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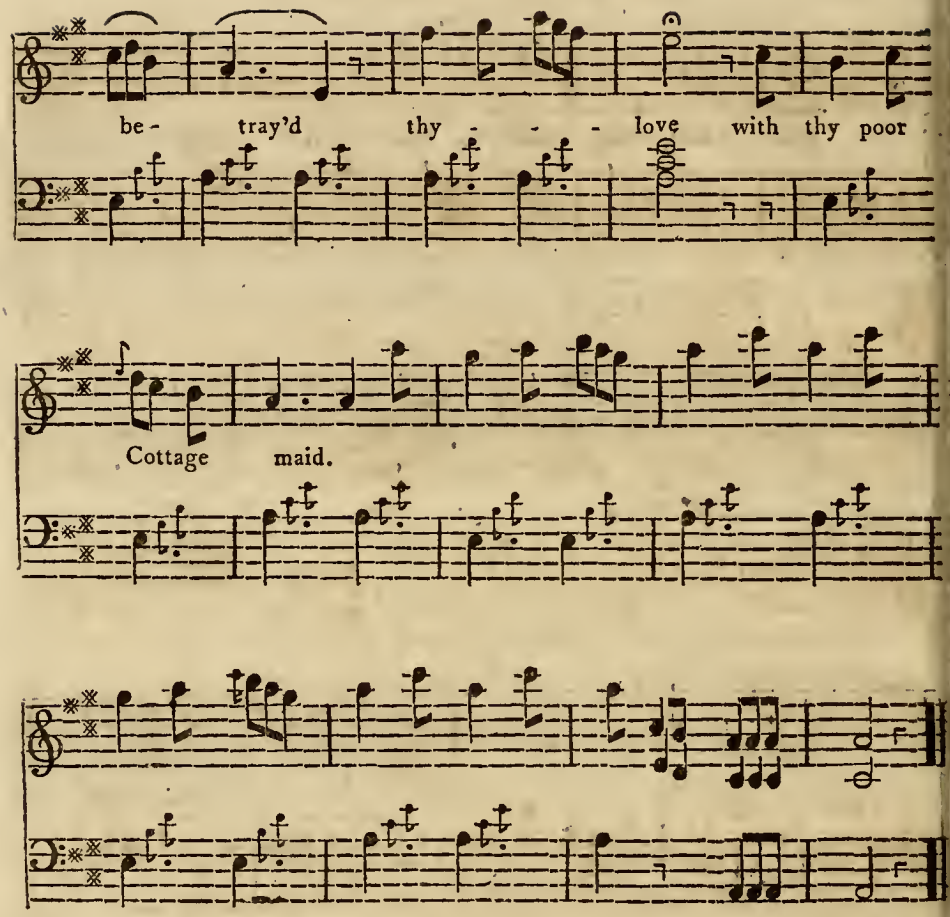
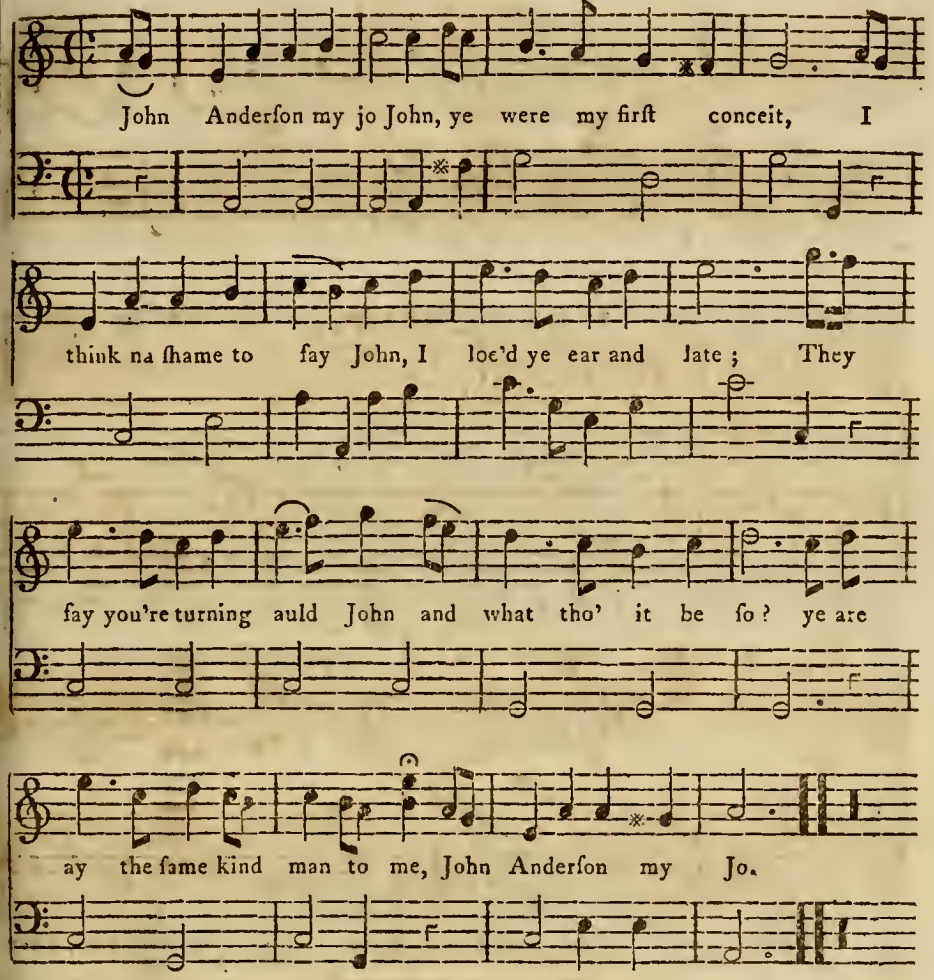


Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green;
See from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies;
For O dear Henry thou'st betray'd
Thy love with thy poor Cottage-maid.

SONG XXVII.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.



John Anderſon my jo John, when we were firſt acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven John, your bonny brow was brent;
But now ye've turned bald John, your locks are like the ſnow,
My bleſſings on that froſty pow, John Anderſon my jo.

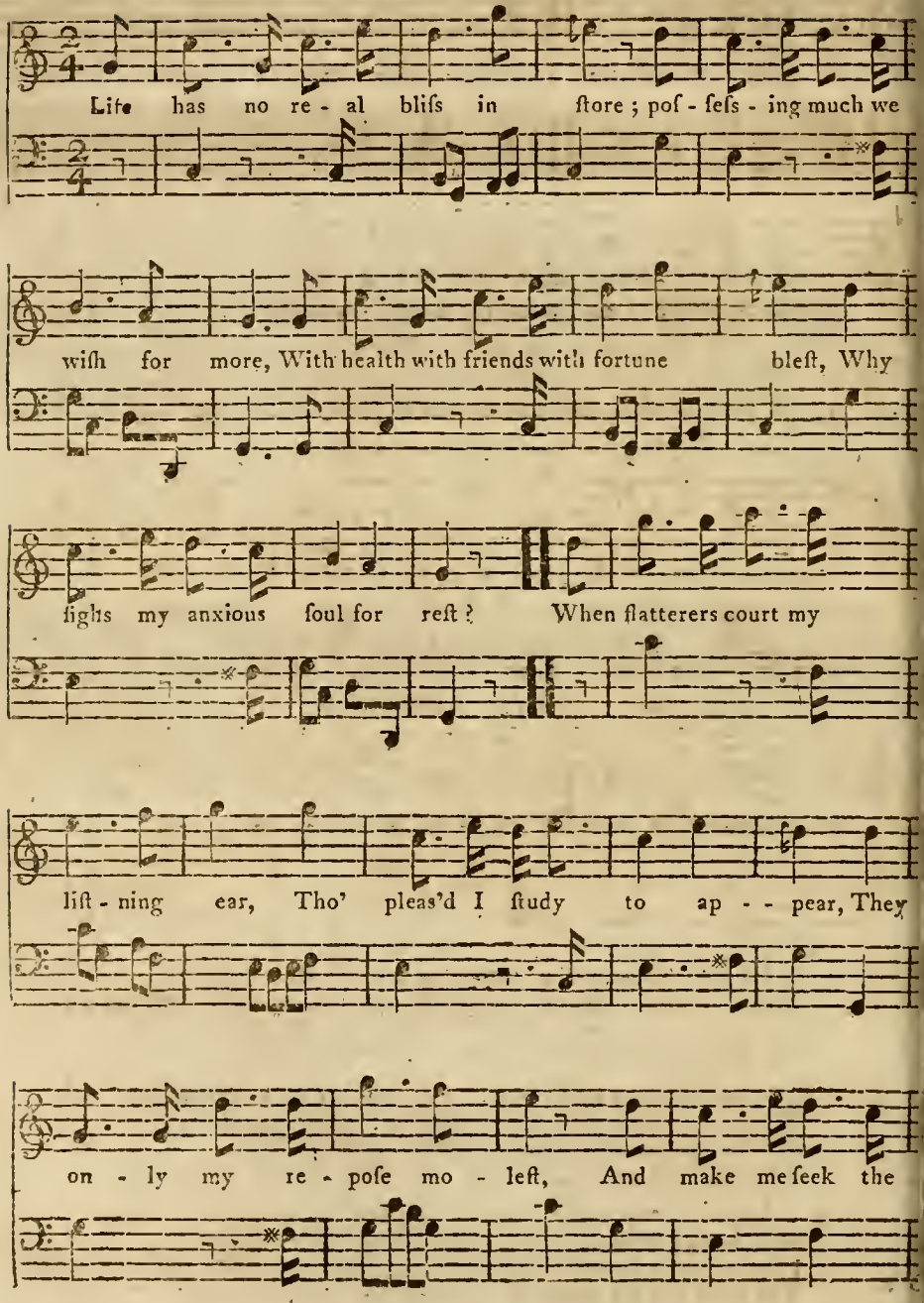
John Anderſon my jo John, we've ſeen our bairns bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderſon, I'm happy in your arms;
And ſae are ye in mine John, I'm ſure ye'll no ſay no,
Tho' the days are paſt, that we have ſeen, John Anderſon my jo.

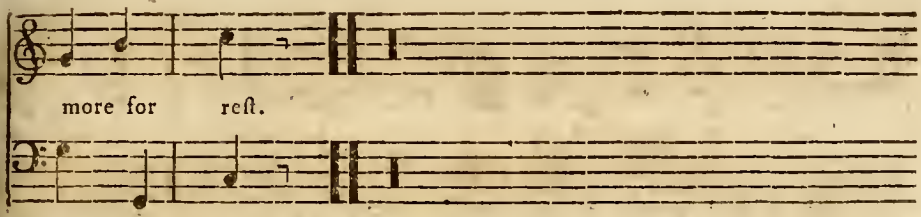
John Anderſon my jo John, we've climb'd the hill the gither,
And mony a canty day John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down John, but, hand in hand we'll go
And we'll reſt the gither at the foot, John Anderſon my jo.

SONG XXVIII.

LIFE HAS NO REAL BLISS.

Slow.





II.

But why, whenever Damon's near,
This anxious hope, this pleaſing fear?
'Tis only friendſhip fills my breaſt;
And friendſhip ne'er was foe to reſt.

To that his wiſhes ſeem'd to tend,
He only aſkt the name of friend;
But tho' by looks his flame I gueſt,
Could looks alone have hurt my reſt?

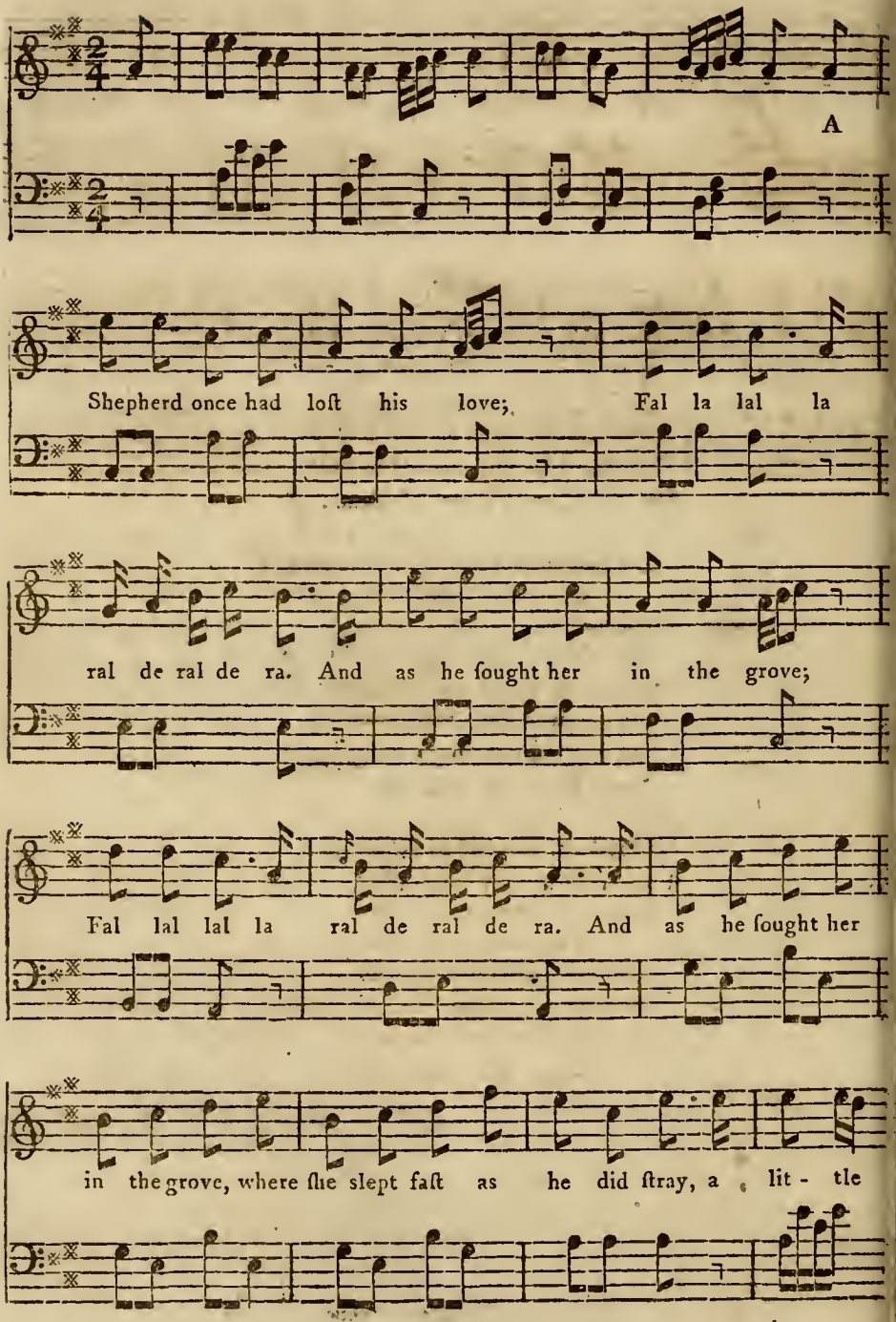
III.

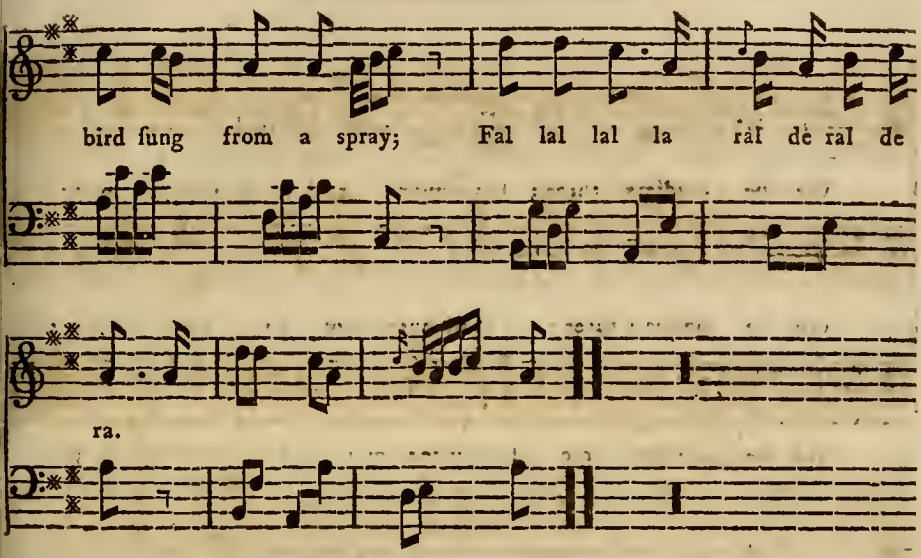
He ne'er has fought a ſtudied ſtrain,
In broken words he ſpoke his pain;
Alas! ſo much thoſe words expreſt,
I fear 'tis they have ſtol'n my reſt.

But if ſuperior to diſguiſe,
His ſoul is pictur'd in his eyes;
Of Damon's heart when quite poſſeſt,
I ſoon ſhall find my wonted reſt.

SONG XXIX.

A SHEPHERD ONCE HAD LOST HIS LOVE.



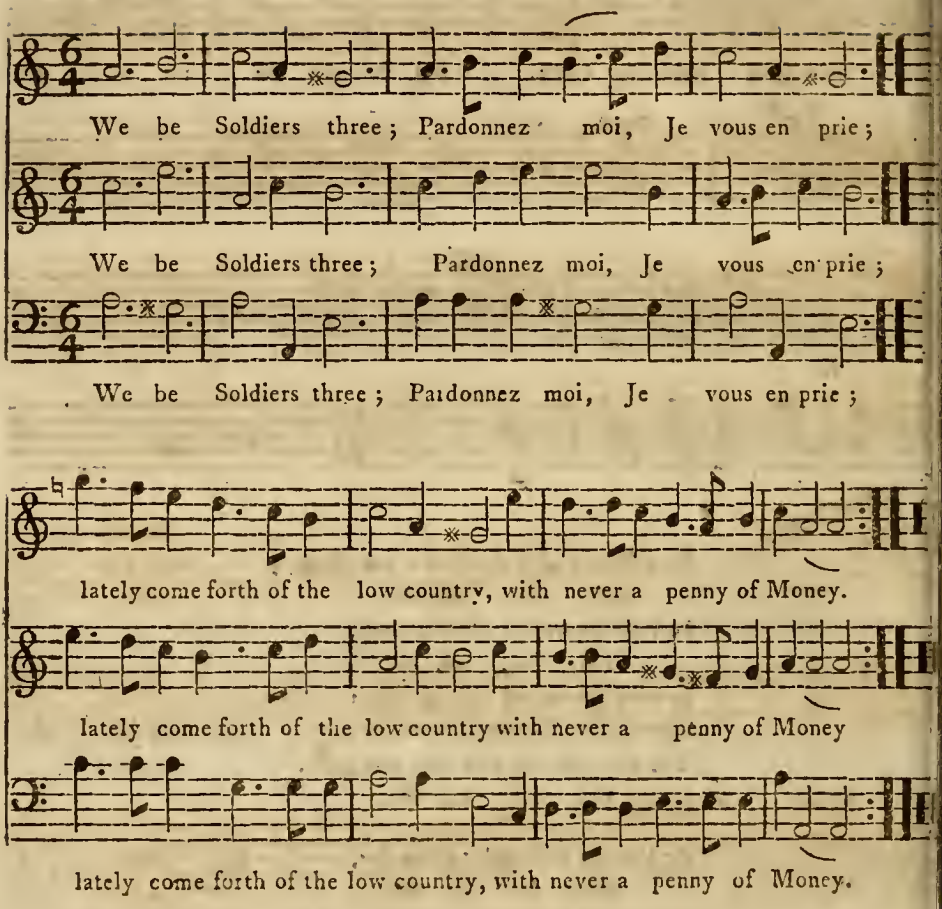


In vain this bird did ſtrain her throat;
Fal, lal, lal, &c.
In vain ſhe varied oft her note;
Fal, lal, lal, &c.
In vain ſhe varied oft her note;
The fooliſh ſhepherd wander'd on,
The fair one roſe and ſoon was gone.
Fal, lal, lal, &c.

At laſt the bird did to him ſay,
Fal, lal, lal, &c.
If you will not when you may,
Fal, lal, lal, &c.
If you will not when you may,
Oh when you will you ſhall have nay:
The little bird then flew away.
Fal, lal, lal, &c.

SONG XXX.

WE BE SOLDIERS THREE.



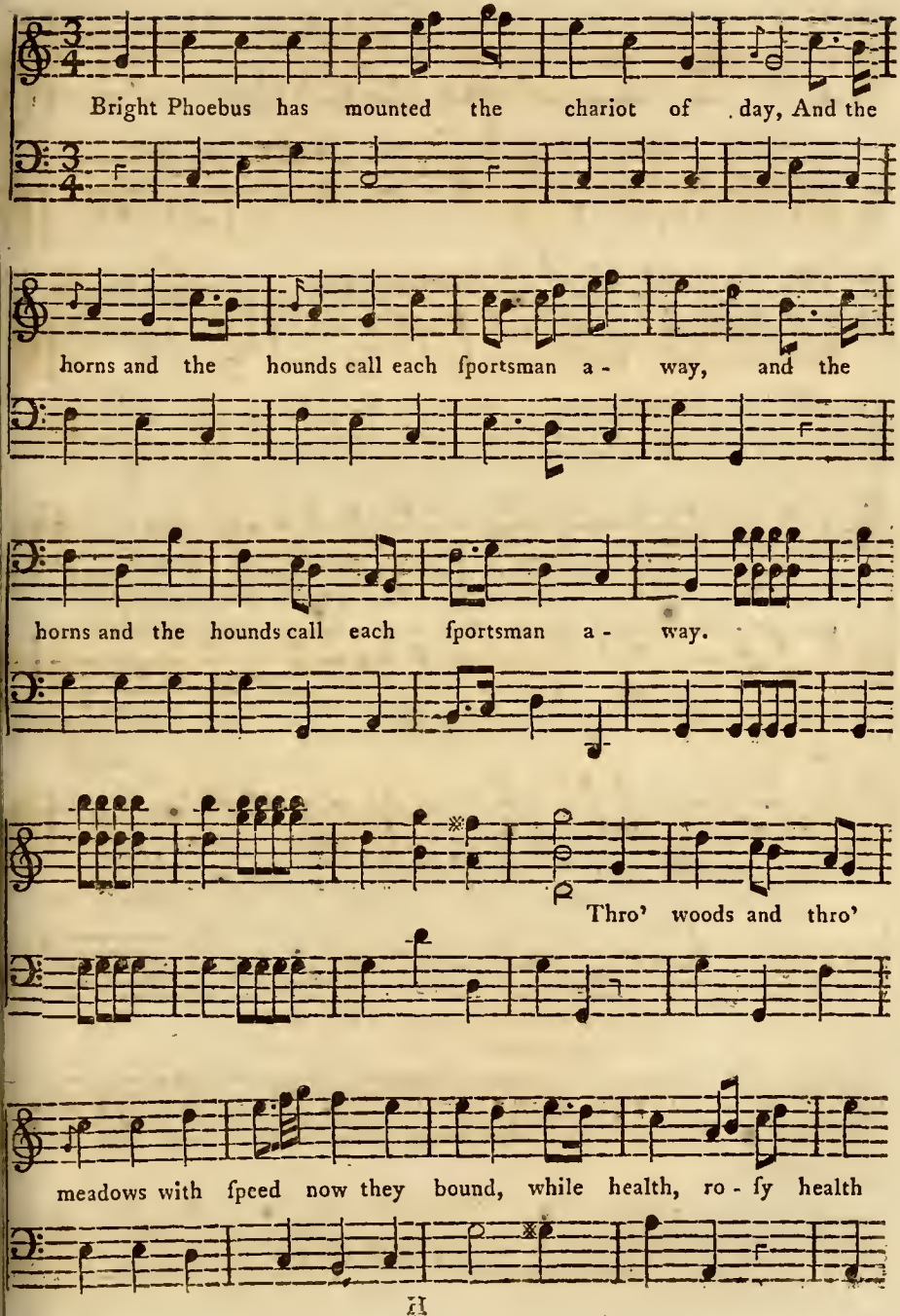
Here good fellow I drink to thee;
Pardonnez &c.
To all good fellows wherever they be;
With never &c.

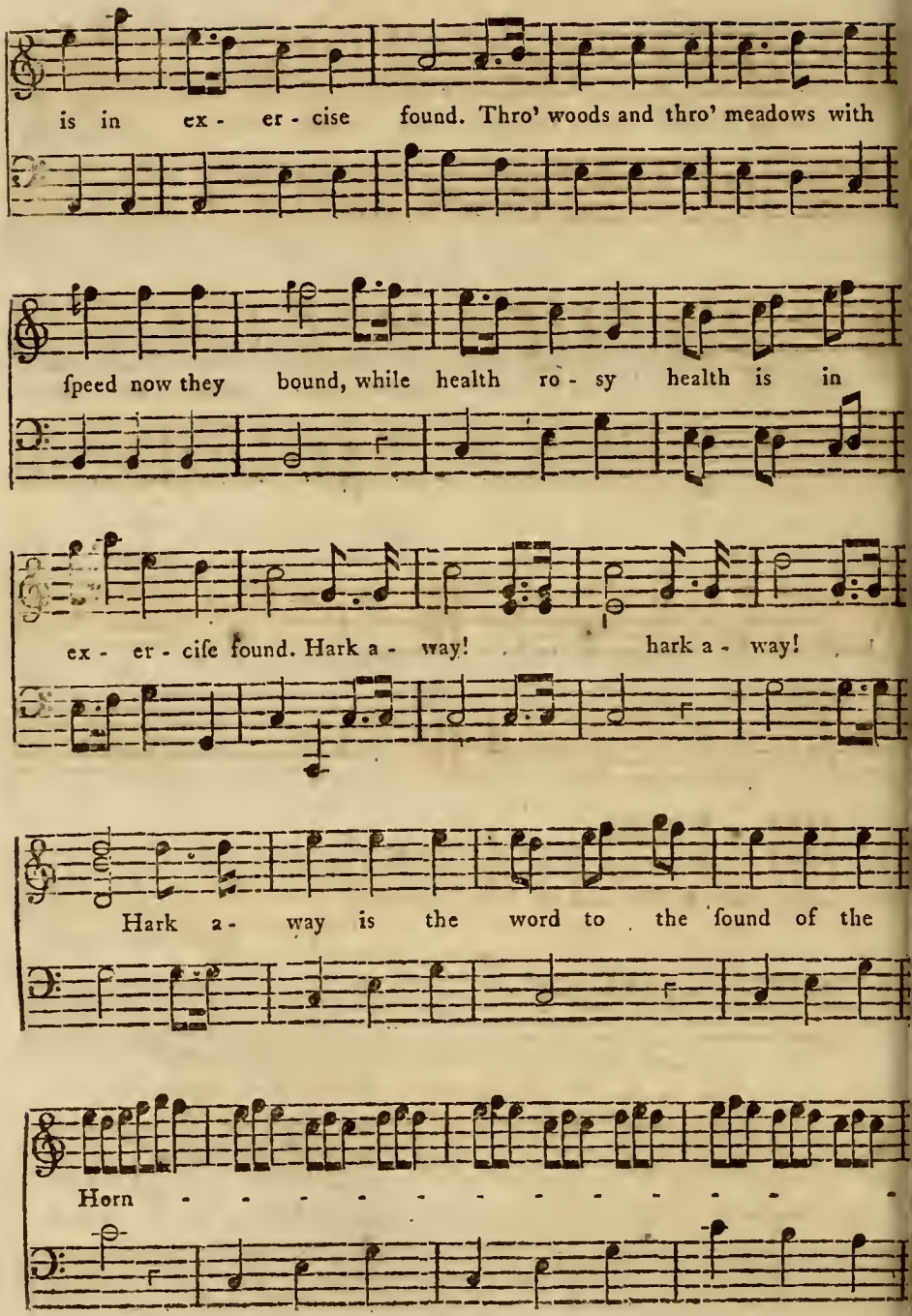
And he that will not pledge me in this,
Pardonnez &c.
Pays for the ſhot whatever it is,
With never &c.

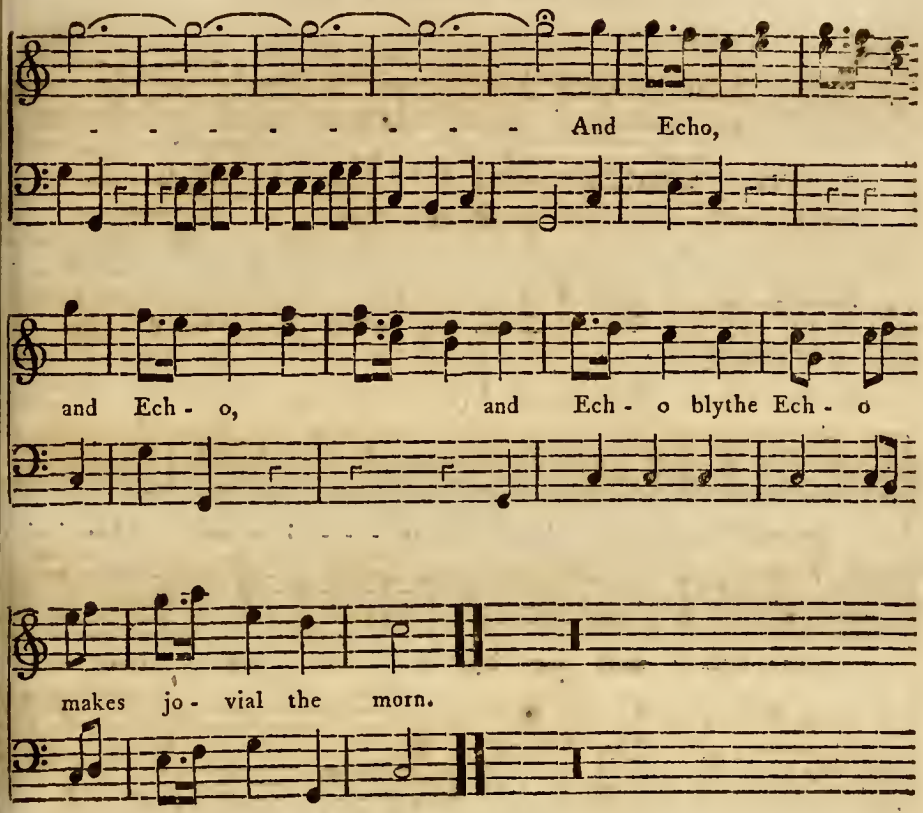
Charge it again Boys charge it again,
Pardonnez &c.
As long as there is any ink in my pen,
With never &c.

SONG XXXI.

BRIGHT PHOEBUS.




is in ex - er - cise found. Thro' woods and thro' meadows with
ſpeed now they bound, while health ro - sy health is in
ex - er - ciſe found. Hark a - way! hark a - way!
Hark a - way is the word to the ſound of the
Horn

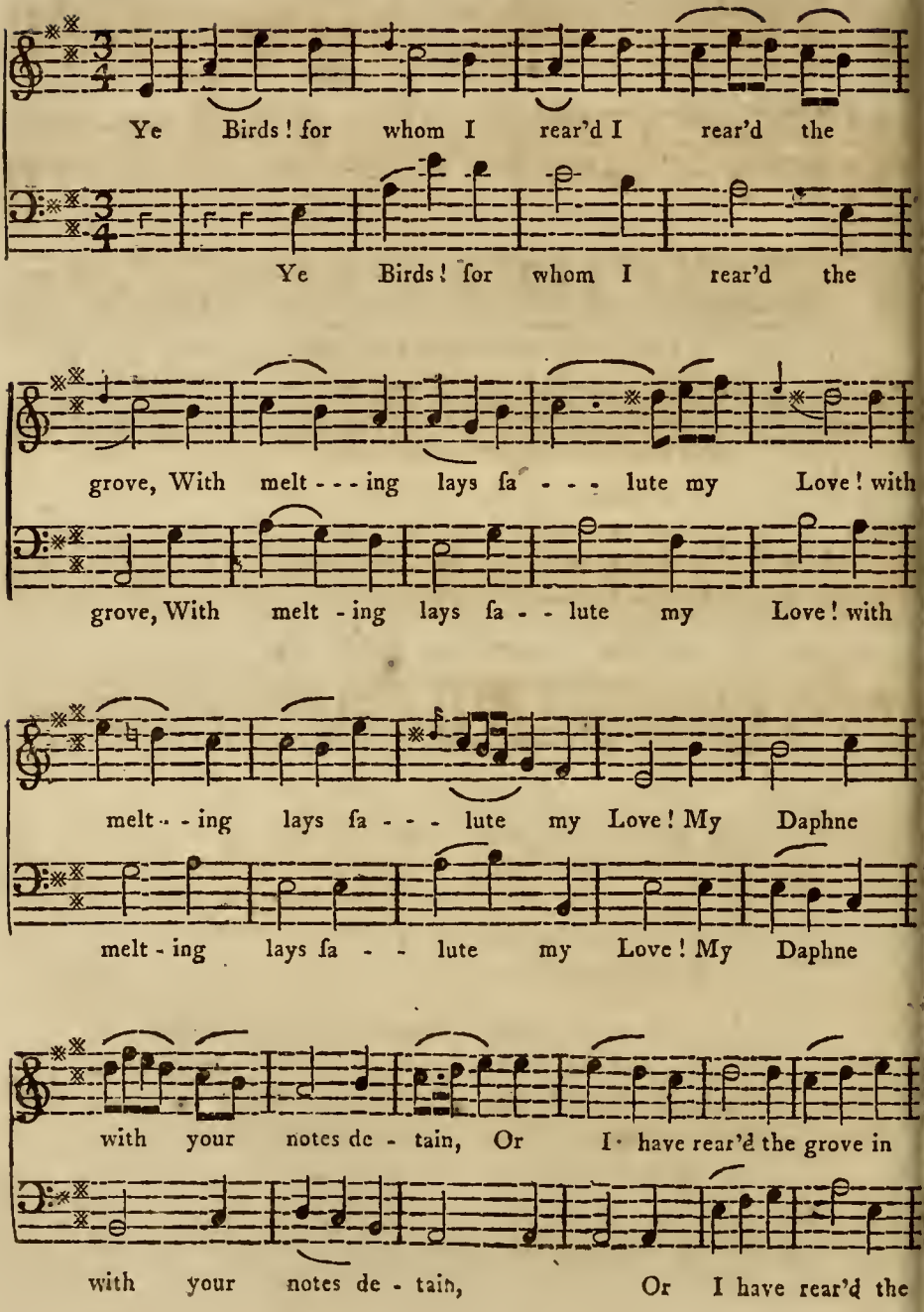


Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While Puſs flies the covert and dogs ſwift purſue.
Behold where ſhe ſcours o'er the wide-ſpreading plain,
While the loud ſounding pack purſues her amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length Puſs is caught and now ſighs her laſt breath,
And the ſhout of the huntſman's the ſignal for death;
No joys can delight like the ſports of the field;
To hunting all paſtimes and pleaſures muſt yield.
Hark away, &c.

SONG XXXII.

YE BIRDS FOR WHOM I REAR'D.



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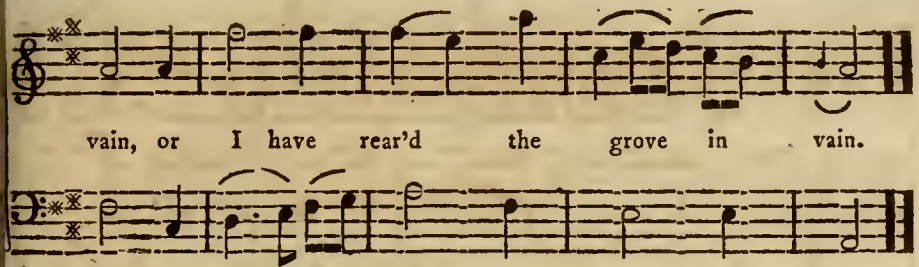
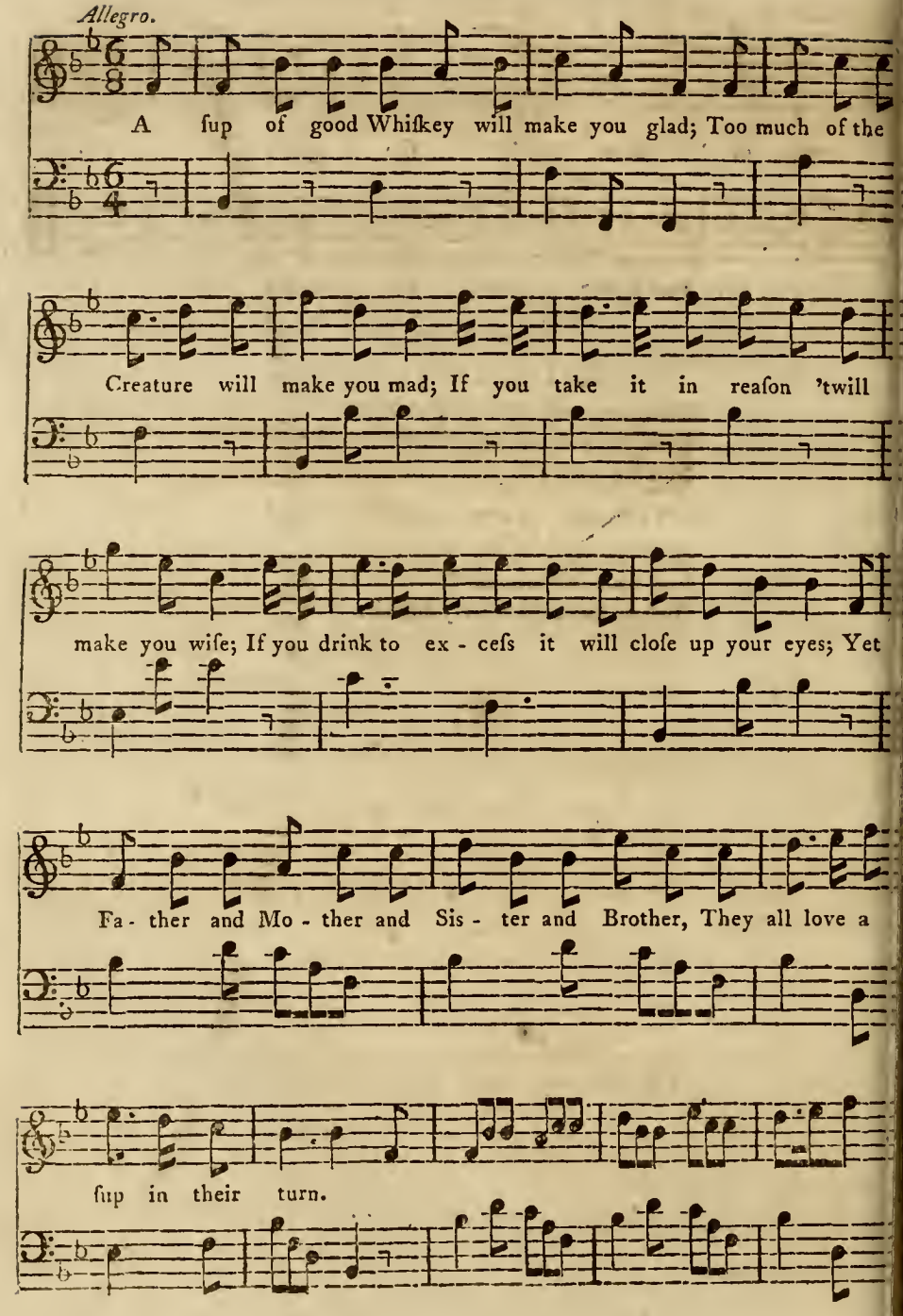


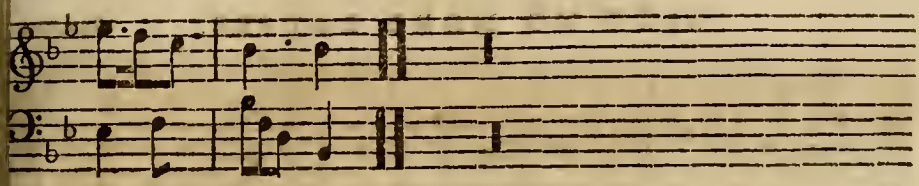
Ye flowers! which early ſpring ſupplies,
Diſplay at once your brighteſt dyes;
That ſhe your op'ning charms may ſee,
Or what were elſe your charms to me.

Ye ſtreams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native ſounds improv'd;
May each ſoft murmur ſooth my Fair,
Or ſure 'twill deepen my deſpair.

SONG XXXIII.

A SUP OF GOOD WHISKEY.





Some Preachers will tell you to drink is bad,
I think ſo too——if there's none to be had :
The Swadler will bid you drink none at all,
But while I can get it, a fig for them all,
Both Layman and Brother,
In ſpite of this Pother,
Will all take a Sup in their Turn.

Some Doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,
And Juſtice will ſay, 'twill reduce your wealth,
Phyſicians and Lawyers will all agree,
When your money's all gone, they can get no fee ;
Yet Surgeon and Doctor,
And Lawyer and Proctor,
Will all take a Sup in their Turn.

The Turks, who arriv'd from the Port ſublime,
They told us that drinking was held a great crime ;
Yet after their Dinner, away they ſlunk,
And tippled their wine, 'till they got quite drunk.
The Sultan and Crommet,
And even Mahomet,
They all take a Sup in their Turn.

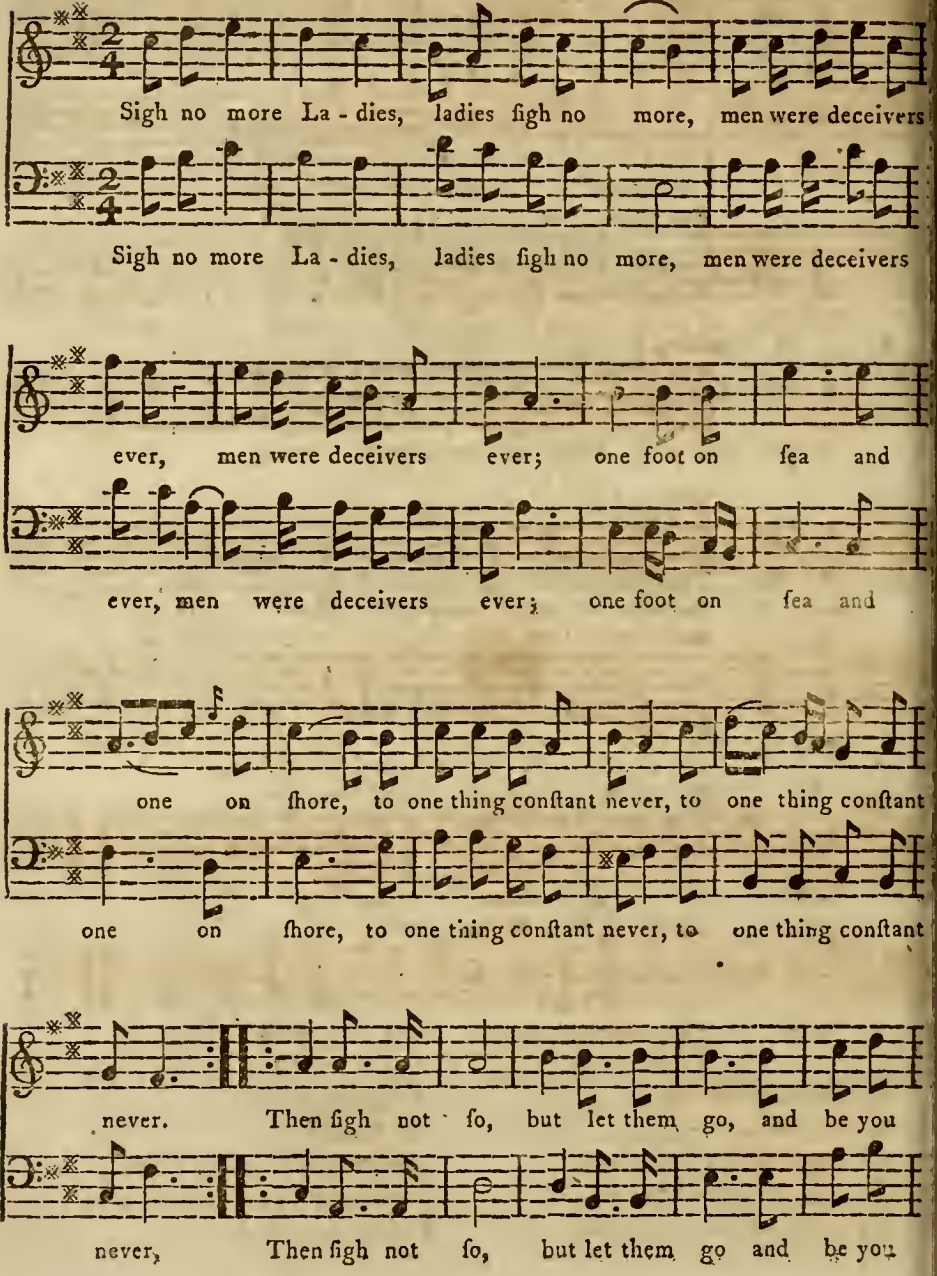
The Quakers will bid you from drink abſtain,
By yea, and by nay, 'tis a fault in the Vain ;
Yet, ſome of the Broadbrims will get to the ſtuff,
And tipple away 'till they've tippled enough.
For Stiff rump and Steady,
And Solomon's Lady,
Would all take a Sup in their Turn.

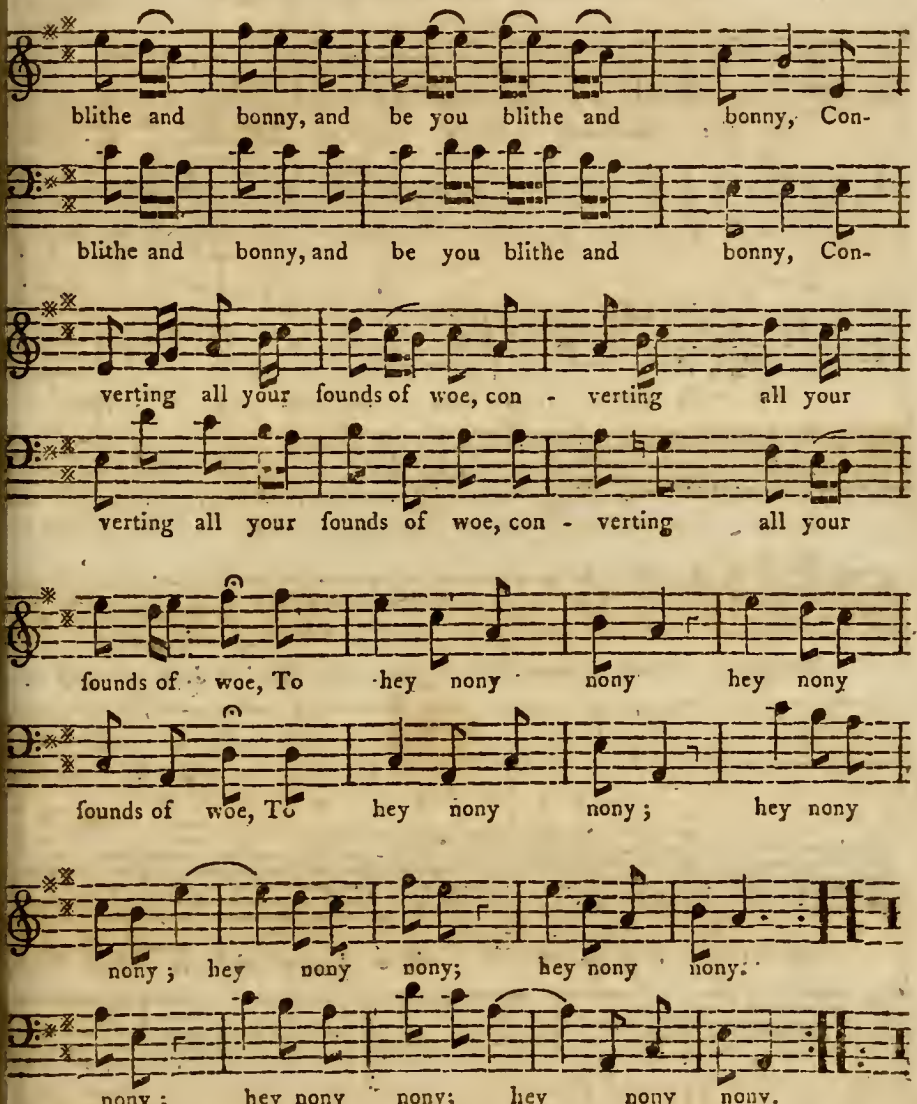
The Germans will ſay they can drink the moſt,
The French and Italians will alſo boaſt,
Hibernia's the country, for all their noiſe,
For generous drinking and hearty Boys ;
There each jovial Fellow,
Will drink till he's mellow,
And take off his Glaſs in his Turn.

SONG XXXIV.

SIGH NO MORE LADIES. *STEVENS.*

Andante.

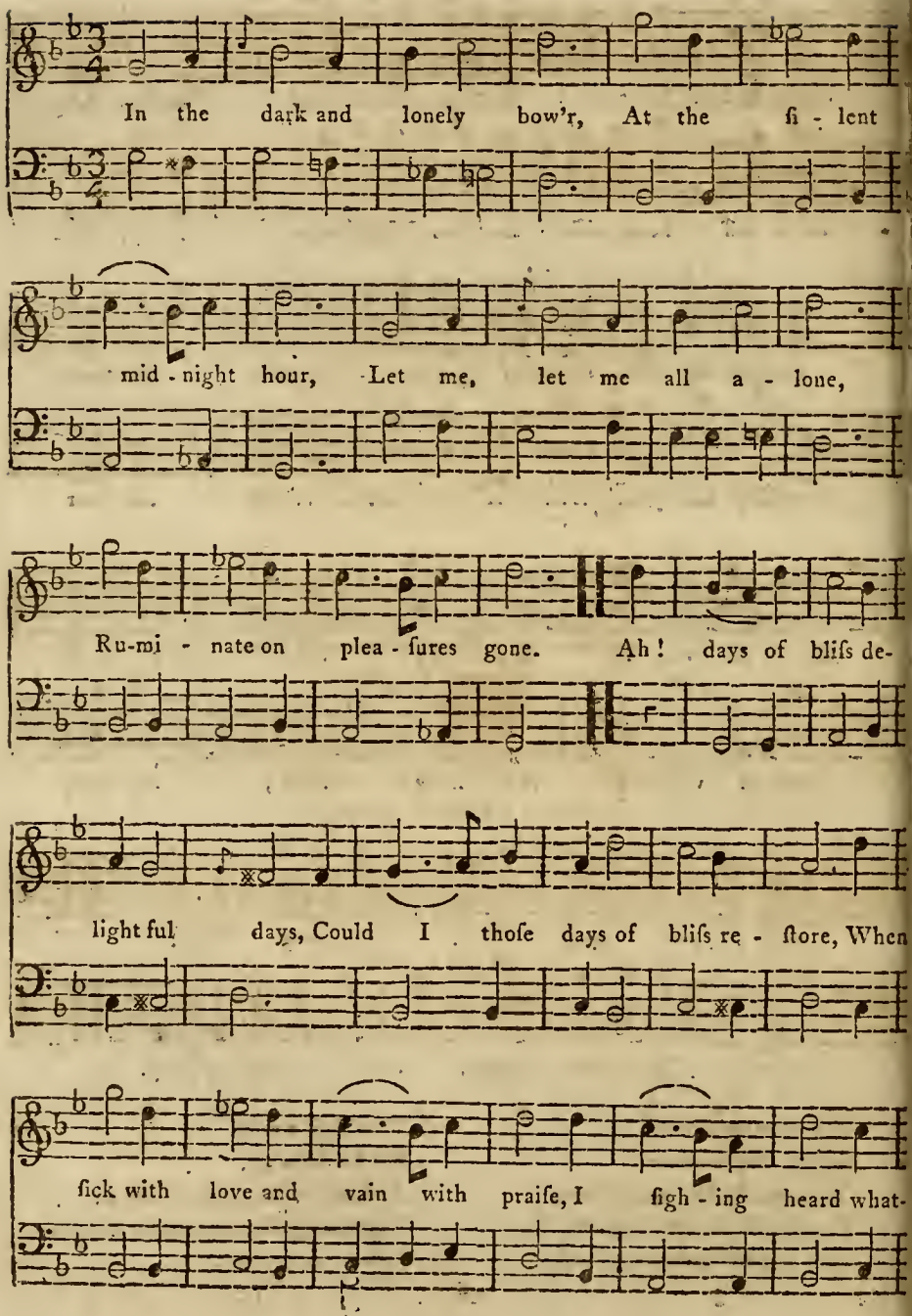


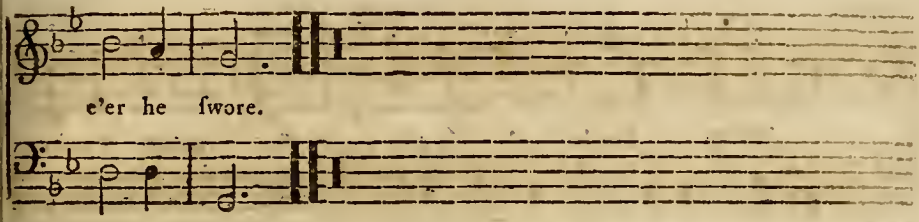


Sing no more ditties,
Ladies, ſing no more
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer trees were leafy.

Then ſigh not ſo,
But let them go,
And be you blyth and bonny;
Converting all your founds of woe
To hey nony nony.

IN THE DARK AND LONELY BOWER.



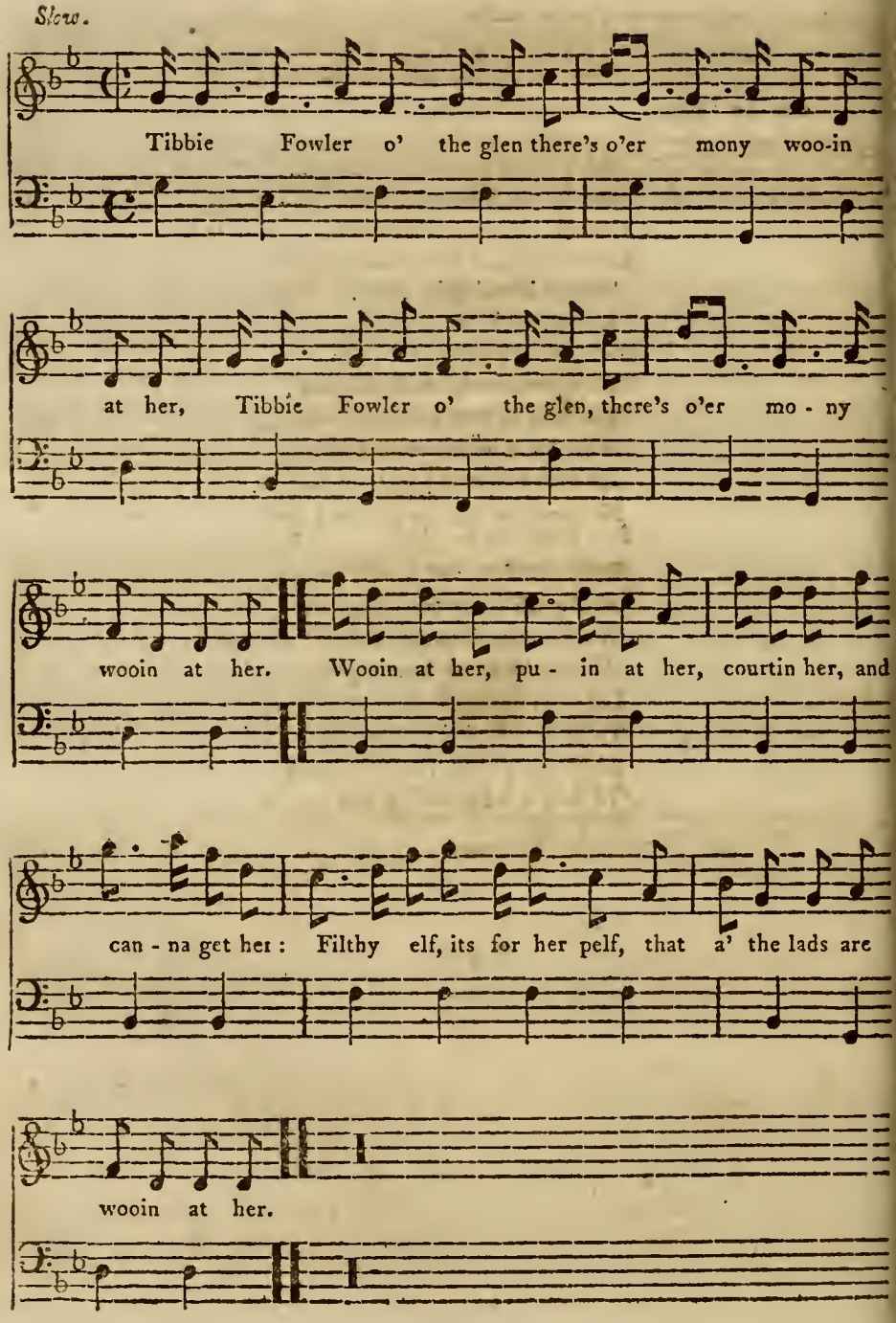


Sadly ſolemn be the ſtrain,
Suited to a heart in pain;
Mirth and pleaſure I forego,
Welcome ſorrow, welcome woe:
Too long in folly's court I ſtray'd,
A fond and witleſs maid I ween;
Ah faithleſs ſwain! how oft he ſaid,
No nymph ſo fair he e'er had ſeen.

Beauty fades, and youth retires,
And mirth's airy train expires,
Wiping tears from pity's eye,
Waiting loves are hovering nigh:
Let virgin-hands freſh flow'rs ſupply,
To ſtrew a hapleſs virgin's bier;
Ah perjur'd ſwain! Can you deny
To drop a ſad relenting tear!

SONG XXXVI.

TIBBIE FOWLER.



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Ten cam' eaſt and ten came weſt,
Ten came rowin o'er the water;
Twa came down the lang dyke ſide,
There's twa and thirty wooin at her.
Wooin at her &c.

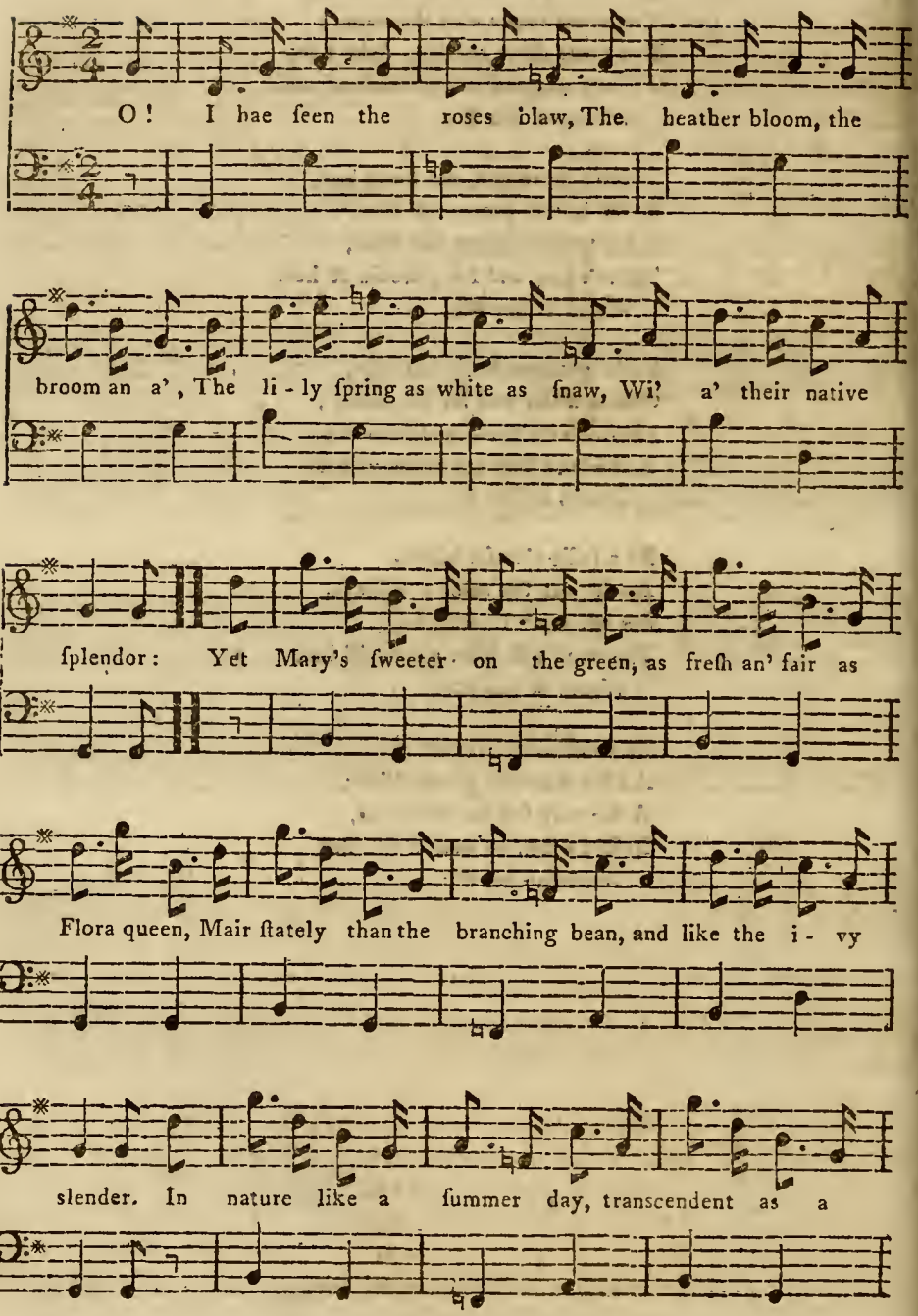
There's ſeven but, and ſeven ben,
Seven in the pantry wi' her;
Twenty head about the door,
There's ane and forty wooin at her.
Wooin at her &c.

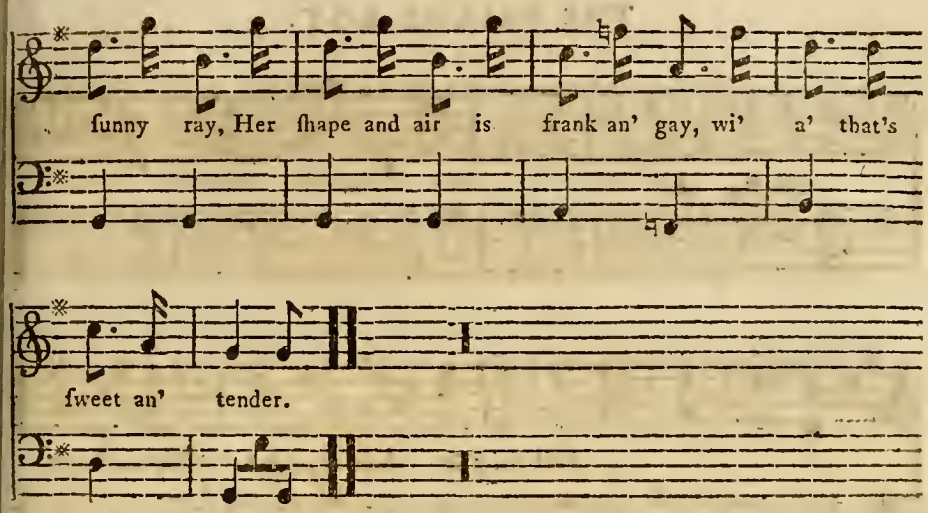
She's got pendles in her lugs,
Cockle ſhells wad ſet her better;
High heel'd ſhoon and ſiller tags,
And a' the lads are wooin at her.
Wooin at her &c.

Be a laſſie e'er ſae black,
An ſhe hae the name o' ſiller;
Set her upo' Tintock-tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.
Wooin at her &c.

Be a laſſie e'er ſae fair,
An ſhe want the penny ſiller;
A flie may fell her in the air,
Before a man be even'd till her.
Wooin at her &c.

O I HAE SEEN THE ROSES BLAW. *Mr. Muschet.*





II.

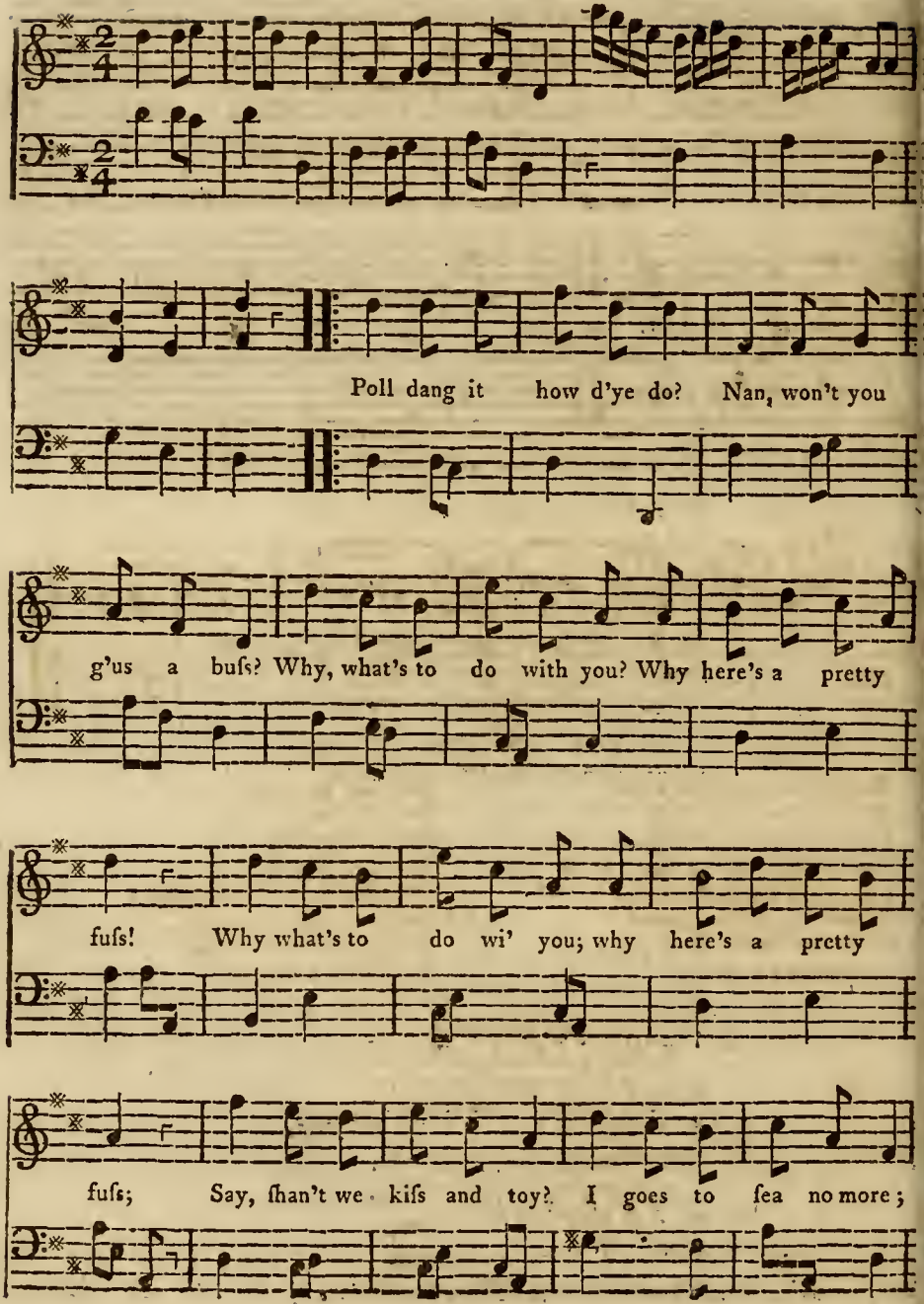
While lavrocks ſing their chearfu' lays,
An' ſhepherds bruſh the dewy braes,
To meet wi' Mary's bonny face,
Amang the ſhades I wander.
My captive breaſt, (by fancy led)
Adores the ſweet the lovely maid,
We ilka ſmile and charm array'd,
To make a heart ſurrender.
I love her mair than bees do flow'rs,
Or birks the ſpreading leafy bow'rs;
Her preſence yields me what the ſhow'rs,
To hills and valleys render.

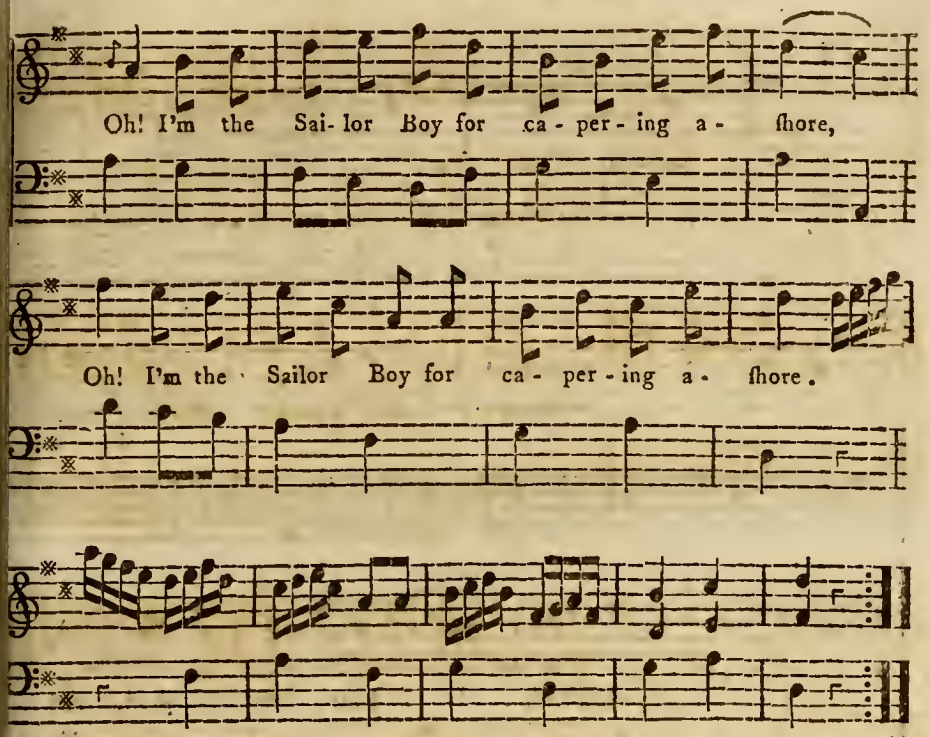
III.

Cou'd I obtain my charmer's love,
Mair ſtable than a rock I'd prove;
Wi' a' the meekneſs of a dove,
To ilka pleaſure hand her:
If ſhe wad like a ſhepherd lad,
I'd change my cane for crook an' plaid,
Upon the hill tune up the reed,
An' wi' a ſang commend her.
For her I'd live a life remote,
Wi' her I'd love a ruſtic cott,
There bleſs kind fortune for my lot,
And ilka comfort lend her.

SONG XXXVIII.

THE SAILOR BOY.





II.

Father he apprentic'd me
All to a Coaſting Ship,
I b'ing reſov'd d'ye ſee,
To give 'em all the ſlip,
I got to Yarmouth Fair,
Where I had been before,
So Father found me there,
A Capering a ſhore.

III.

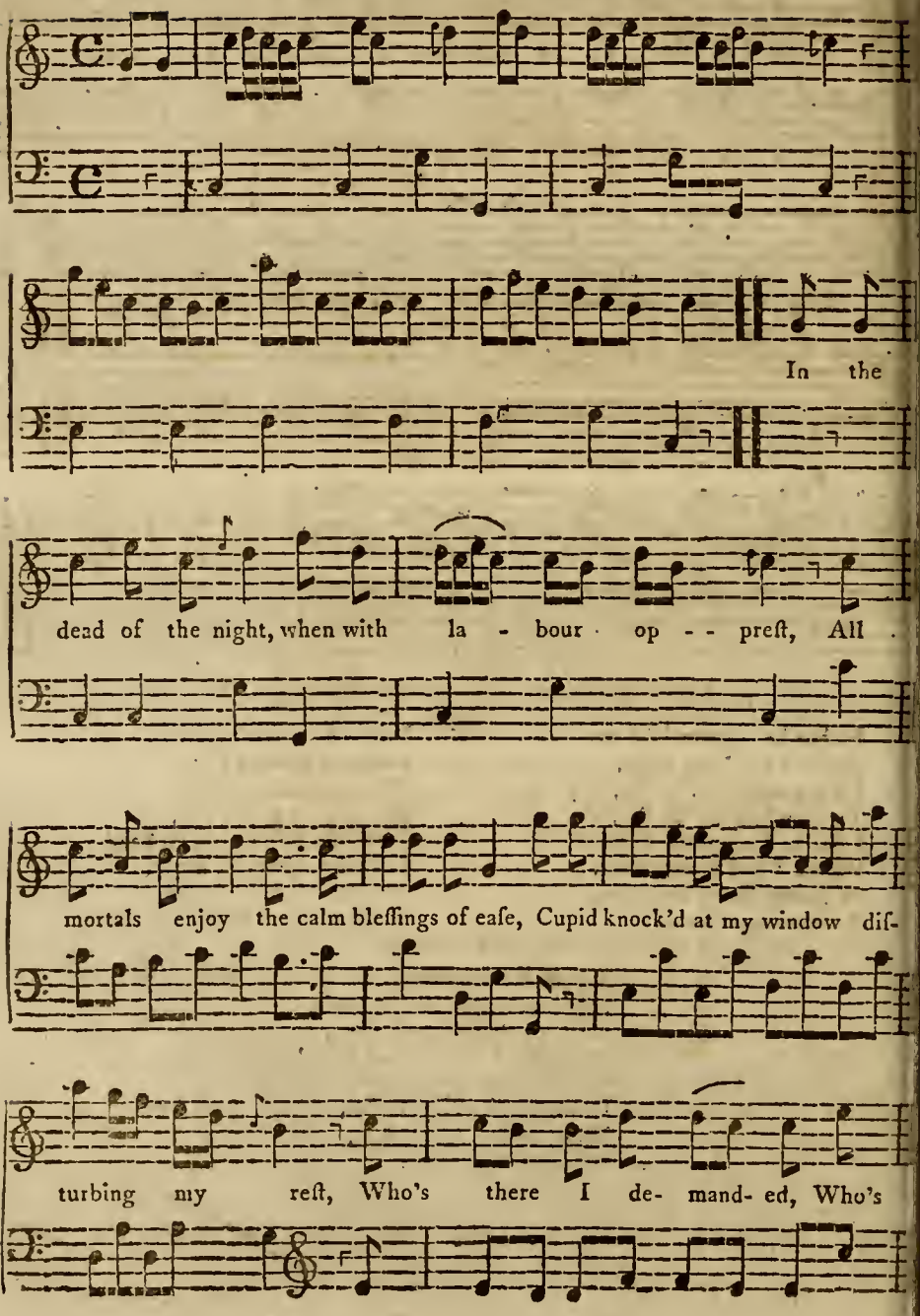
Next out to India,
I went a Guinea Pig,
We got to table Bay,
But mind a pretty rig,
The Ship driving out to Sea,
Left me and many more,
Among the Hottenpots
A Capering a ſhore.

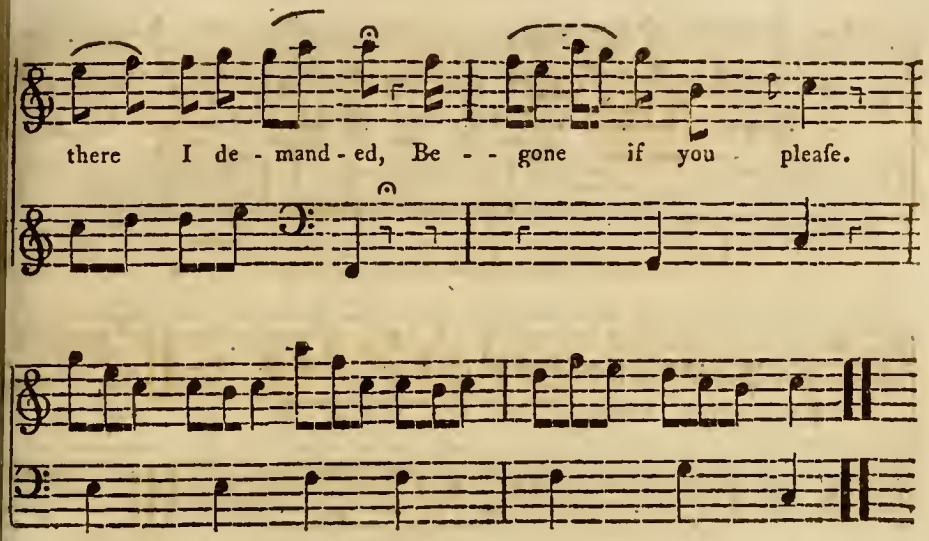
IV.

I loves a bit of Hop,
Life's ne'er the worſer for't,
If in my wake ſhou'd drop,
A Fiddle, " that's your ſort;"
Thrice tumble up a hoy
Once get the labour o'er,
Then ſee the Sailor Boy,
A Capering a ſhore.

SONG XXXIX.

IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.





II.

He anſwer'd ſo meekly, ſo modeſt and mild,
Dear Ma'am it is I, an unfortunate child;
'Tis a cold rainy night, I am wet to the ſkin,
And I have loſt my way Ma'am, ſo pray let me in.

III.

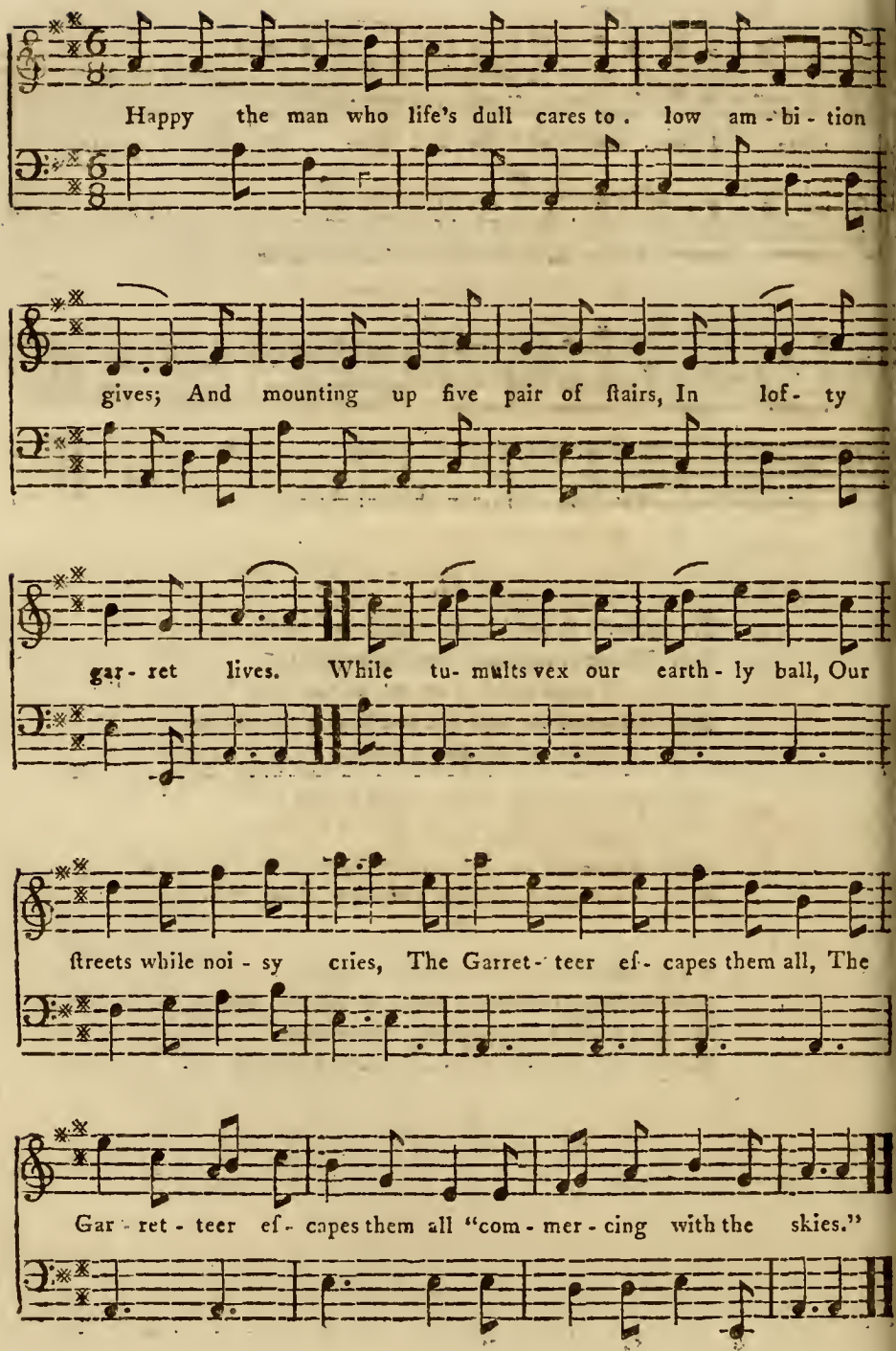
No ſooner from cold and from wet he got eaſe,
Than taking his bow, he ſaid, Ma'am if you pleaſe,
If you pleaſe, Ma'am ſaid he, from experience I'd know,
If the rain has not damaged the ſtring of my bow.

IV.

Away trip'd the urchin, as briſk as a bee,
And laughing, I wiſh you much joy Ma'am, ſaid he,
My bow is not damaged, nor yet is my dart,
But you will have trouble in bearing the ſmart.

SONG XL.

THE GARRETEER.



No wrangling mobs, thus heard from far,
  Diſturb his tranquil ſoul:
The rattling coach, and rumbling car,
  Like diſtant thunders roll.

Proud as a ſultan on his throne,
  His vaſſals at his feet:
Above the world, the bard looks down,
  On all that man thinks great.

Whilſt duſt or ſmoke beneath him rolls,
  He ſnuffs th' ætherial breeze;
And broils his ſteak upon the coals,
  Or calmly toaſts his cheeſe.

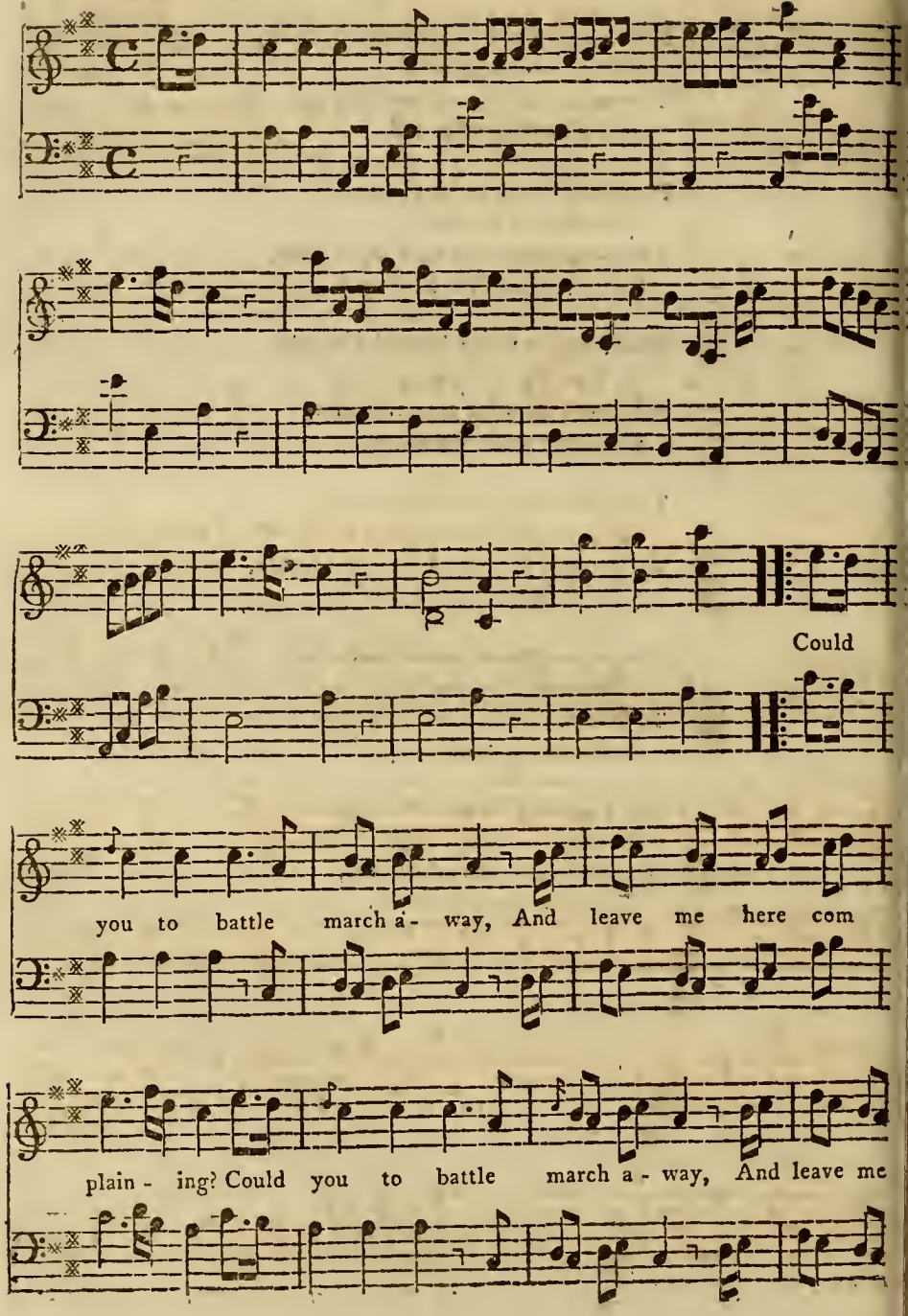
The ſpider in the bard's bleſt dome,
  His web with ſafety hides;
Where mops or brooms dare never come,
  "That come to all" beſides.

The wheezing dun, one flight of ſtairs,
  Who mounts to ſeize his prey,
To ſtorm his citadel deſpairs,
  And growling turns away.

The Cambrian thus on Penmanmoor,
  Or Snowdon's lofty ſide,
Amidſt his craggy rocks ſecure,
  The Roman power defy'd.

SONG XLI.

PAUVRE MADELON.



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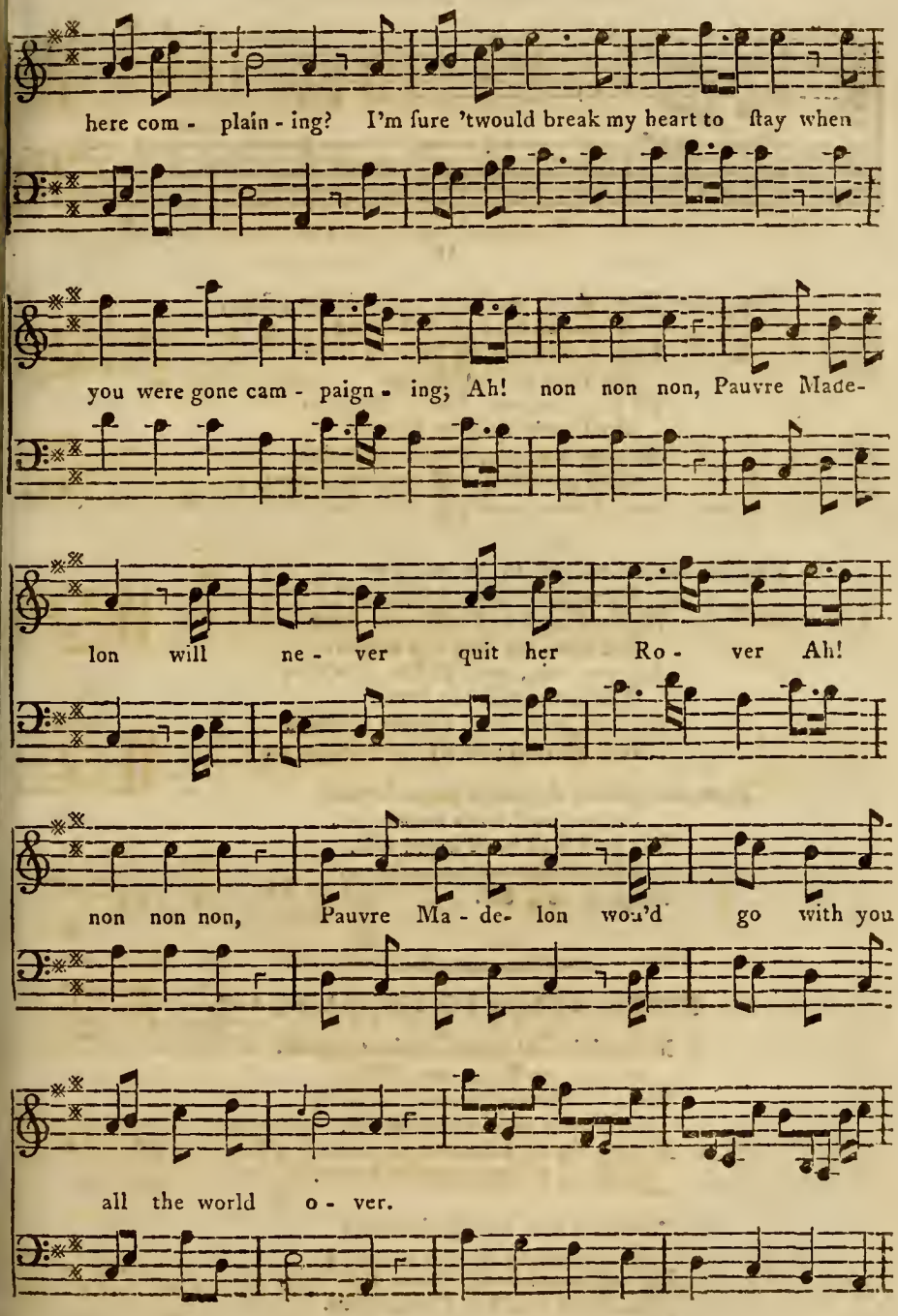
here com - plain - ing? I'm ſure 'twould break my heart to ſtay when
you were gone cam - paign - ing; Ah! non non non, Pauvre Made-
lon will ne - ver quit her Ro - ver Ah!
non non non, Pauvre Ma - de- lon wou'd go with you
all the world o - ver.

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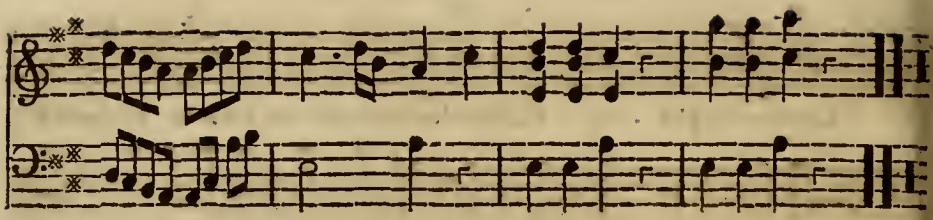


II.

Soldier.—Cheer cheer, my love, you ſhall not grieve,
A Soldier true you'll find me;
I cou'd not have the heart to leave
My little girl behind me.
Ah non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Shall never quit her Rover;
Ah non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Shall go with me all the world over.

III.

Madelon.—And can you to the battle go
To womens' fears a ſtranger?
No fears my breaſt will ever know
But when my love's in danger.
Ah, non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Will never quit her Rover;
Ah, non, non, non, Pauvre Madelon
Will go with you all the world over.

Duet.—Then let the world jog as it will,
Let hollow friends forſake us;
We both ſhall be as happy ſtill,
As love and war can make us.
Ah, non, non, &c.

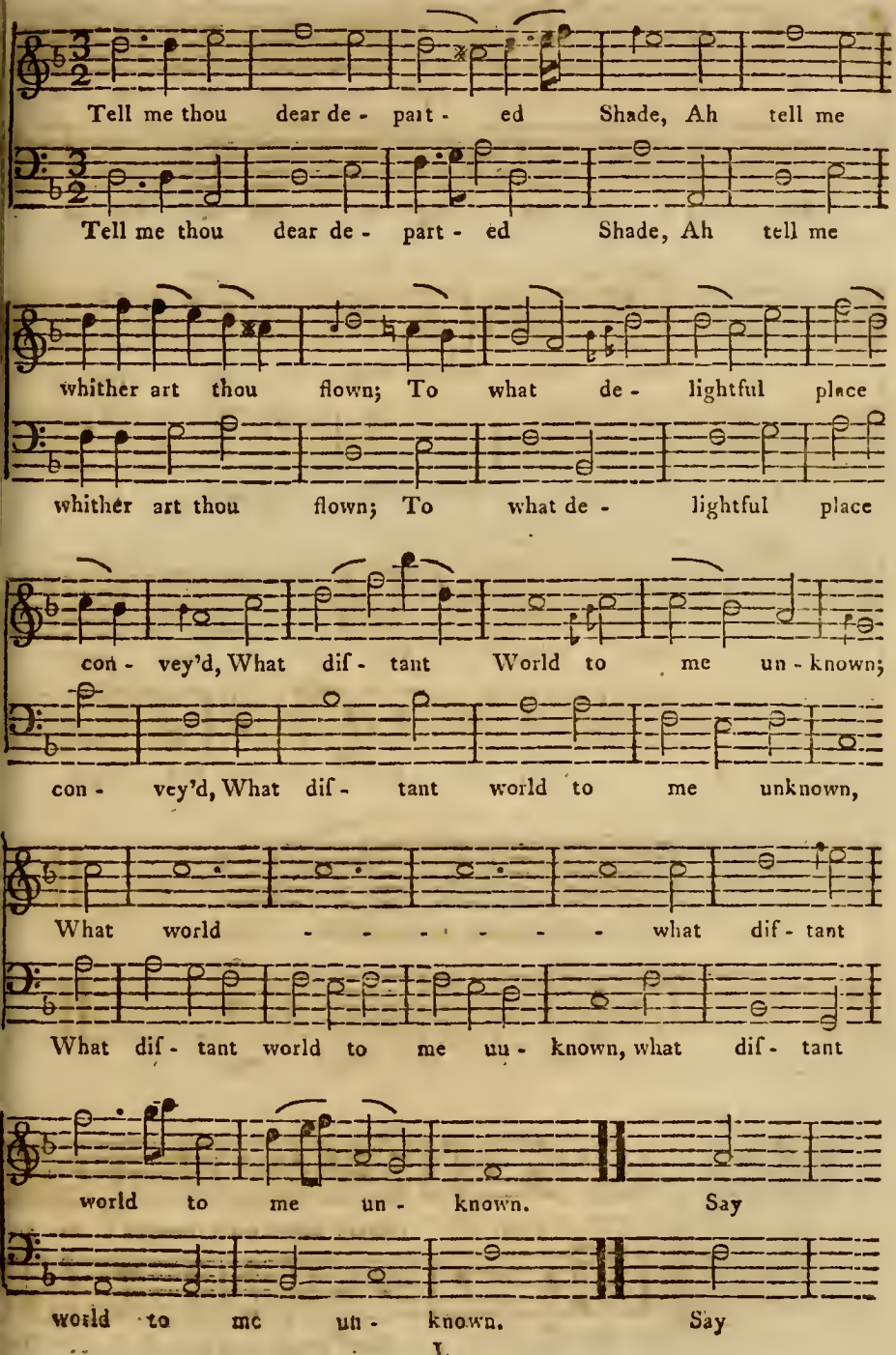
OTHER WORDS TO THE SAME AIR.

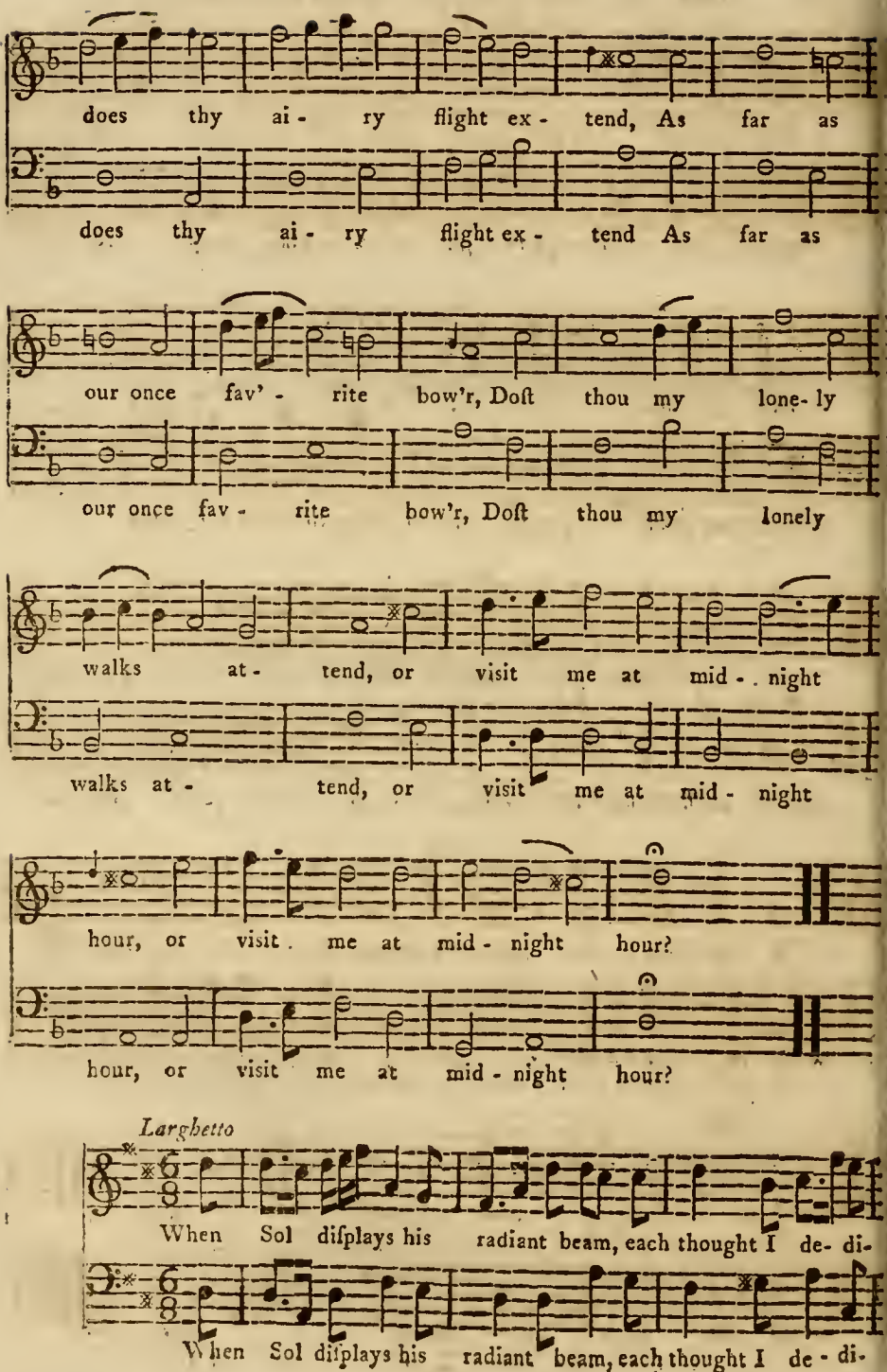
From night till morn, I take my glaſs,
In hopes to forget my Chloe;
But as I take the pleaſing draught,
She's ne'er the leſs before me.
Ah, no, no, no, wine cannot cure
The pain I endure for my Chloe.

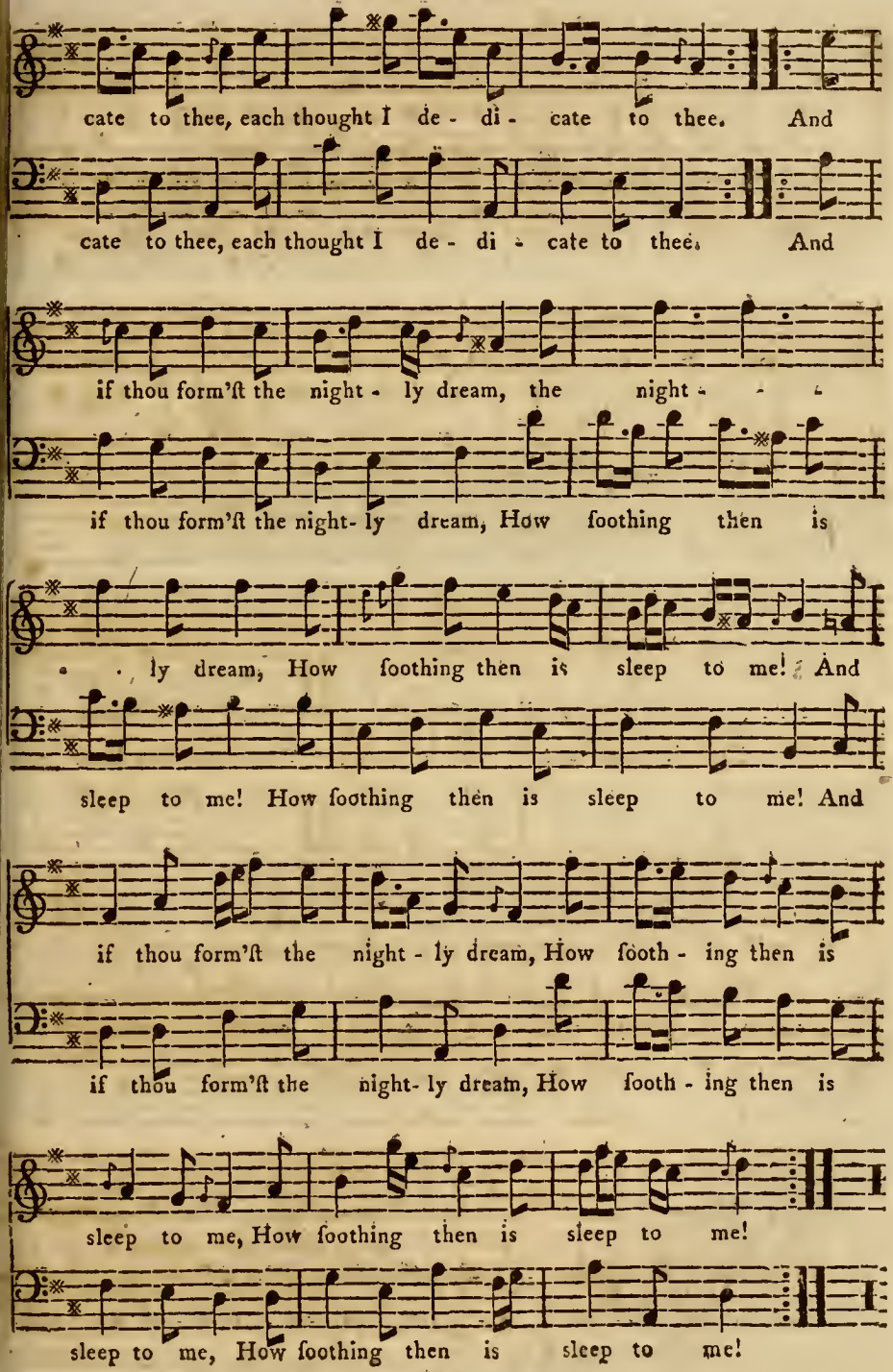
To wine I flew to eaſe the ſmart
Her beauteous charms created;
But wine more firmly bound the chain,
And love would not be cheated.
Ah, no, no, &c.

SONG XLII.

TELL ME THOU DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.

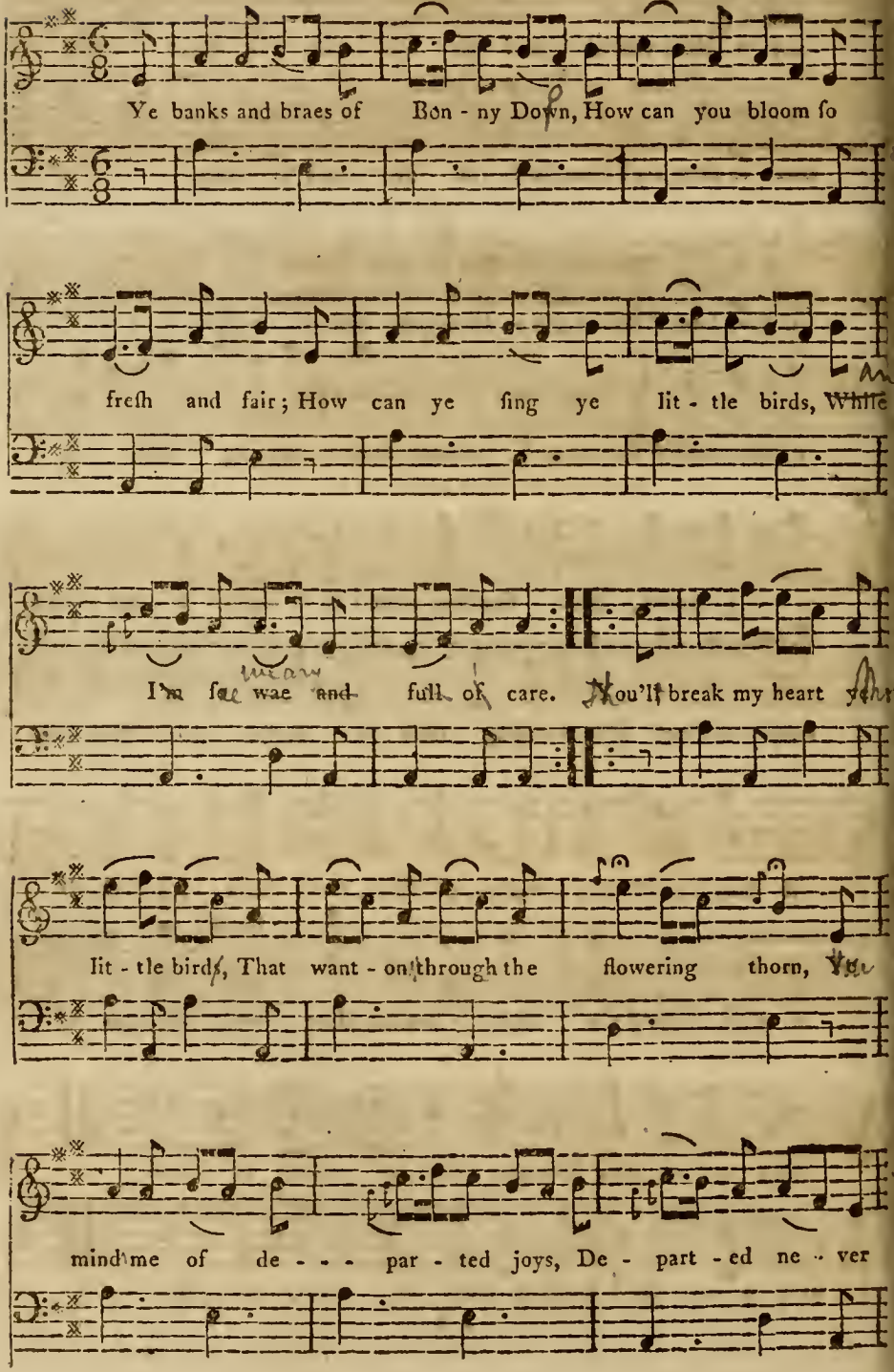



does thy ai - ry flight ex - tend, As far as
does thy ai - ry flight ex - tend As far as
our once fav' - rite bow'r, Doſt thou my lone- ly
our once fav - rite bow'r, Doſt thou my lonely
walks at - tend, or visit me at mid - . night
walks at - tend, or visit me at mid - night
hour, or visit . me at mid - night hour?
hour, or visit me at mid - night hour?
Larghetto
When Sol diſplays his radiant beam, each thought I de- di-
When Sol diſplays his radiant beam, each thought I de - di-


cate to thee, each thought I de - di - cate to thee. And
cate to thee, each thought I de - di - cate to thee. And
if thou form'ſt the night - ly dream, the night - -
if thou form'ſt the night- ly dream, How ſoothing then is
. ly dream, How ſoothing then is sleep to me! And
sleep to me! How ſoothing then is sleep to me! And
if thou form'ſt the night - ly dream, How ſooth - ing then is
if thou form'ſt the night- ly dream, How ſooth - ing then is
sleep to me, How ſoothing then is sleep to me!
sleep to me, How ſoothing then is sleep to me!

SONG XLIII.

BONNY DOWN.



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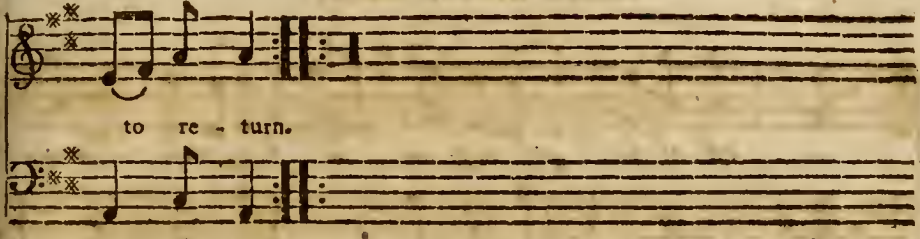
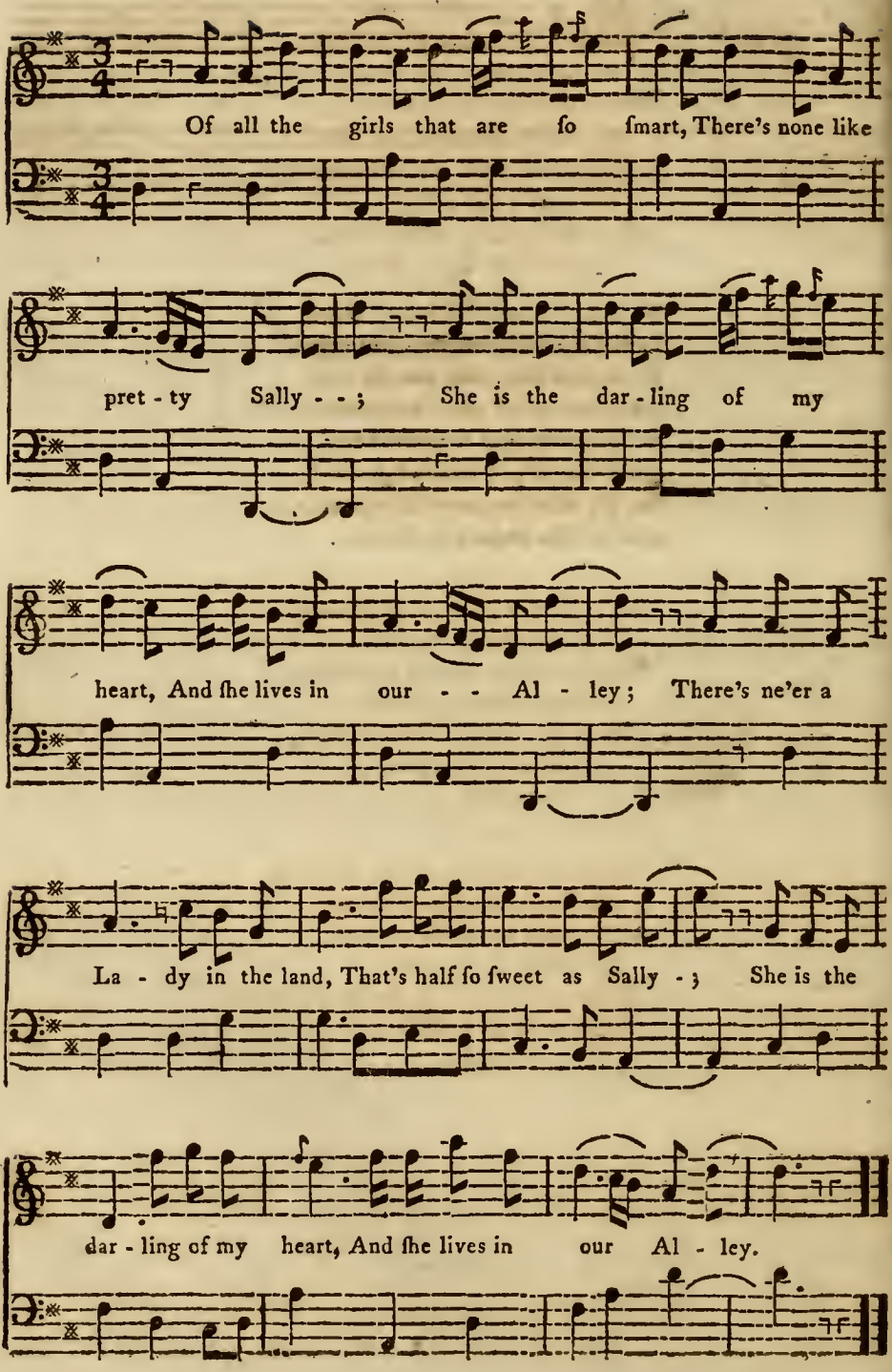


II,

Oft have I roam'd by bonny Down,
To ſee the roſe and woodbine twine,
Where ilka bird, ſung o'er its note,
And chearfully I join'd with mine.
Wi' heartſom glee I pull'd a roſe,
A roſe out of yon thorny tree:
But my falſe love has ſtol'n the roſe,
And left the thorn behind to me.

SONG XLIV.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.



II.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And thro' the ſtreets does cry 'em;
Her mother ſhe ſells laces long,
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy 'em:
But by ſuch folks was never bred,
So ſweet a girl as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

III.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day, that comes betwixt,
The Saturday and Monday:
For then I'm dreſt in all my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is &c.

IV.

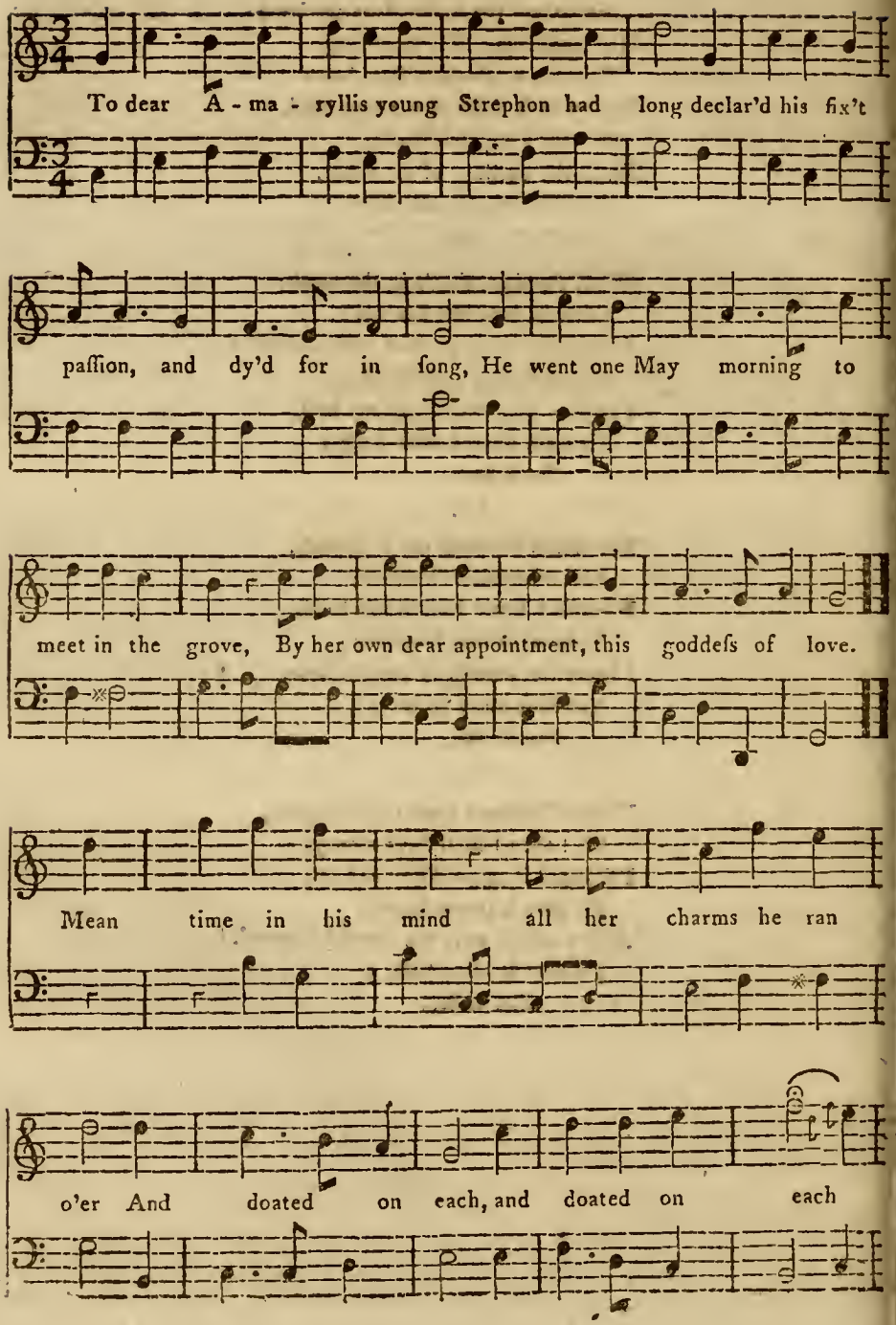
My maſter he takes me to church,
And often am I blamed;
Becauſe I leave him in the lurch,
As ſoon as text is named;
I leave the church in ſermon time,
And ſlink away to Sally;
She is &c,

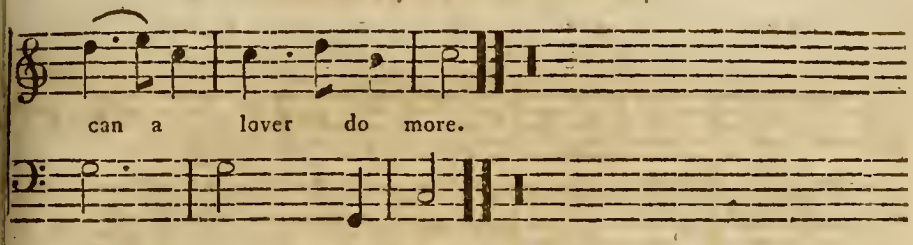
V.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
Oh! then I ſhall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey;
And wou'd it were ten thouſand pounds!
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is &c.

SONG XLV.

FICKLE STREPHON.





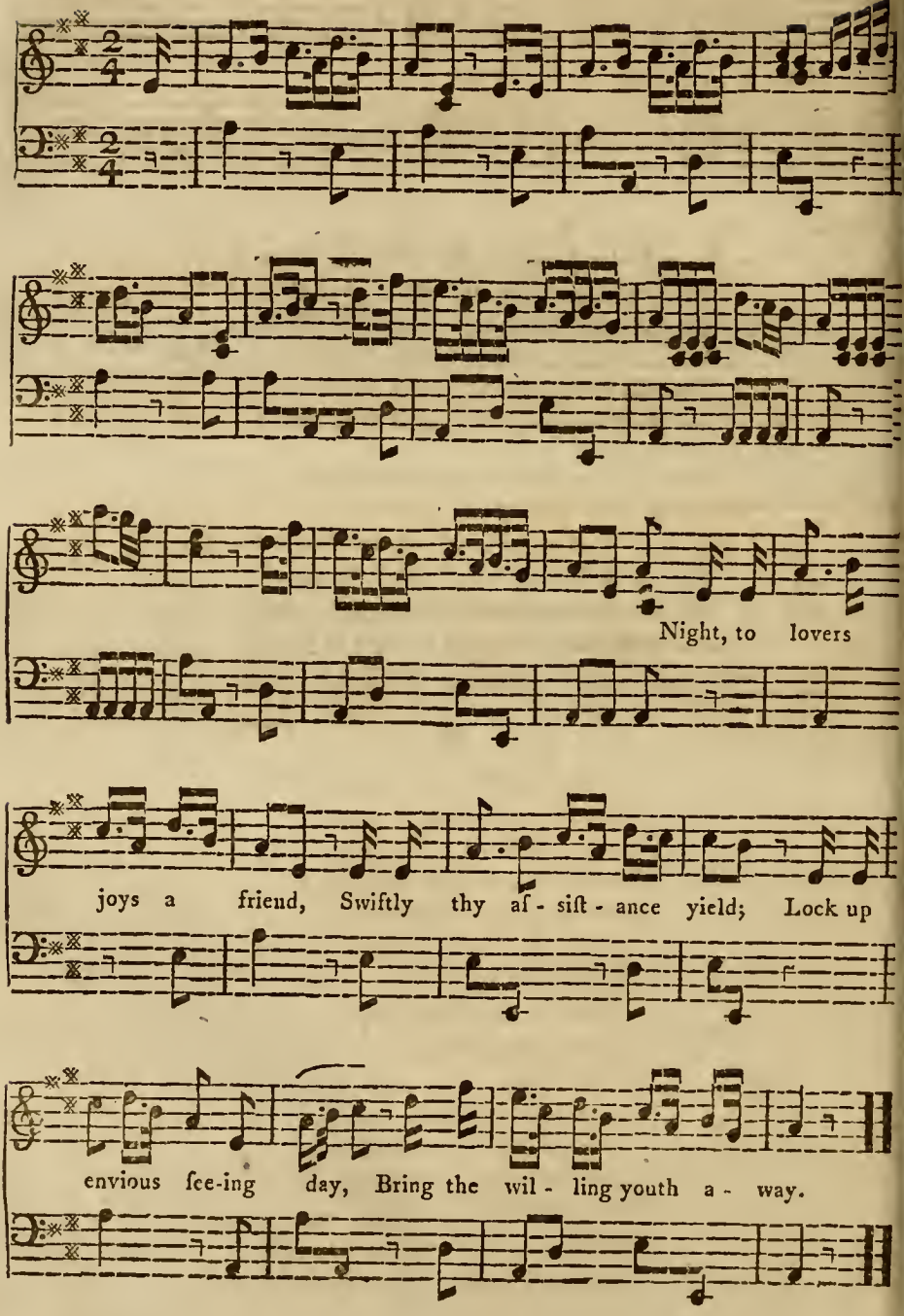
He waited and waited; then changing his ſtrain
'Twas fury, and rage, and deſpair, and diſdain!
The ſun was commanded to hide his dull light,
And the whole courſe of nature was alter'd downright,
'Twas his hapleſs fortune to die and adore,
But never to change—can a lover do more?

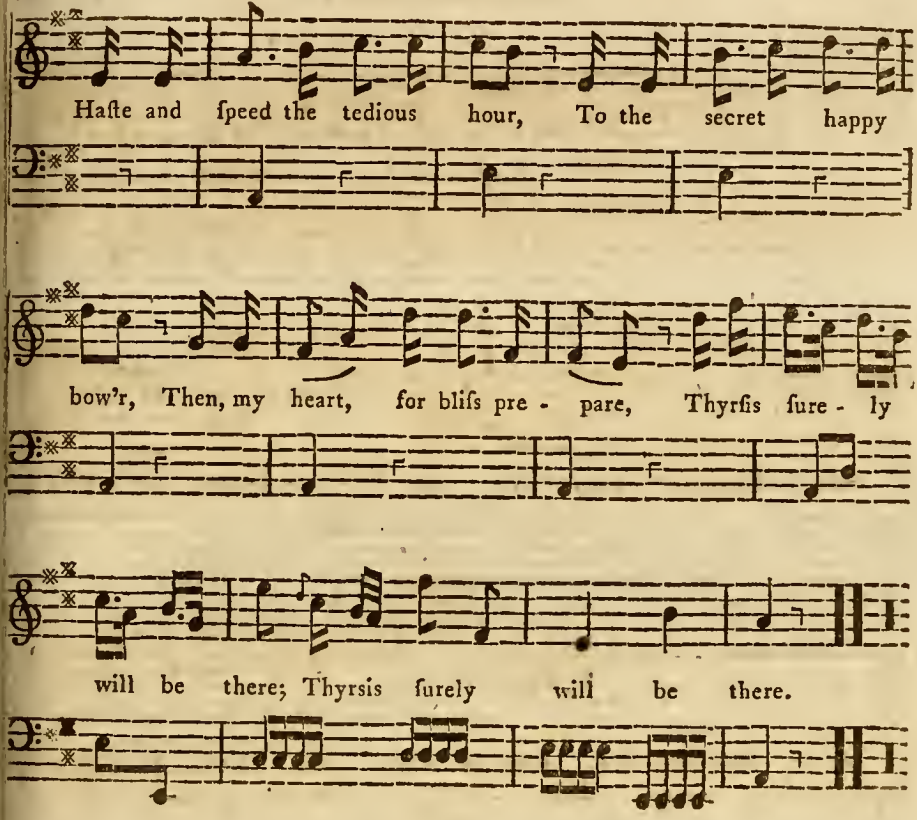
Cleora, it happ'd came by accident there,
No roſe-bud ſo tempting, no lily ſo fair;
He preſs'd her white hand-next her lips he eſſay'd,
Nor would ſhe deny him, ſo civil the maid!
Her kindly compliance his peace did reſtore,
And dear Amaryllis—was thought of no more.

SONG XLVI.

NIGHT TO LOVERS JOYS A FRIEND.

Slow.





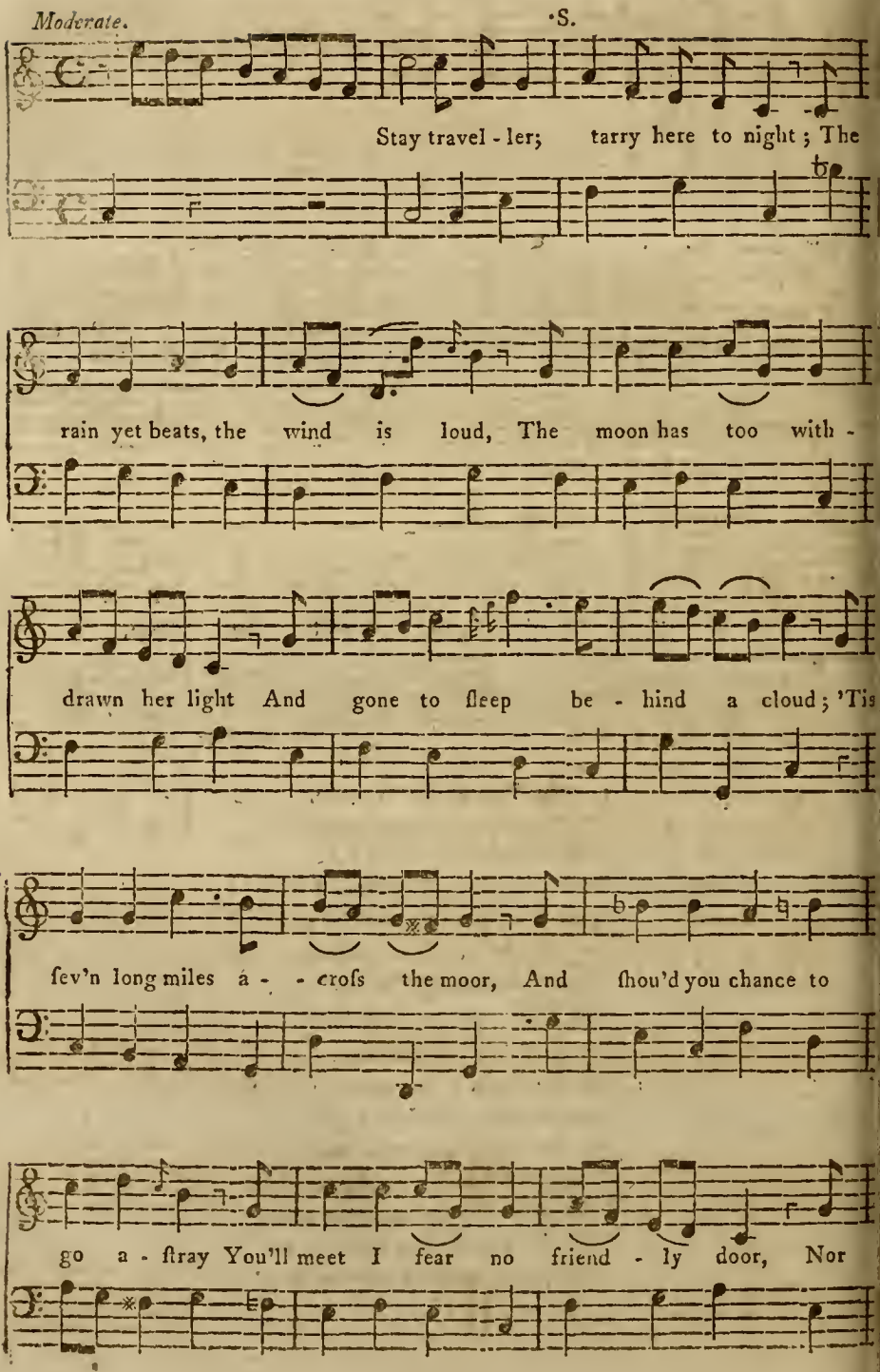
See the hateful day is gone,
Welcome ev'ning now comes on;
Soon to meet my dear I ſly,
None but Love ſhall then be by;
None ſhall dare to venture near,
To tell the plighted vows they hear;
Parting thence will be the pain,
But we'll part to meet again.

Farewell loitring idle day!
To my ſwain I hie away,
On the wings of Love I go,
He the ready way will ſhew.
Peace, my breaſt, nor danger fear,
Love and Thyrsis both are near;
'Tis the youth! I'm ſure 'tis he!
Night, how much I owe to thee!

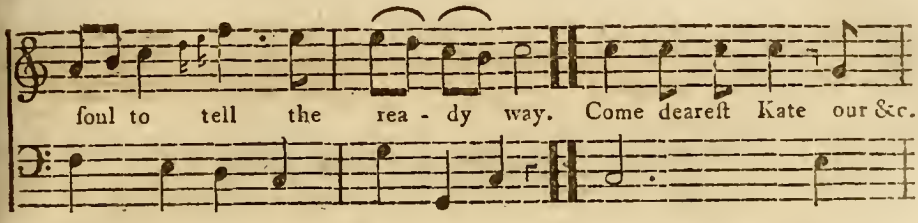
SONG XLVII.

THE WOODMAN. LINLEY.

Moderate. S.

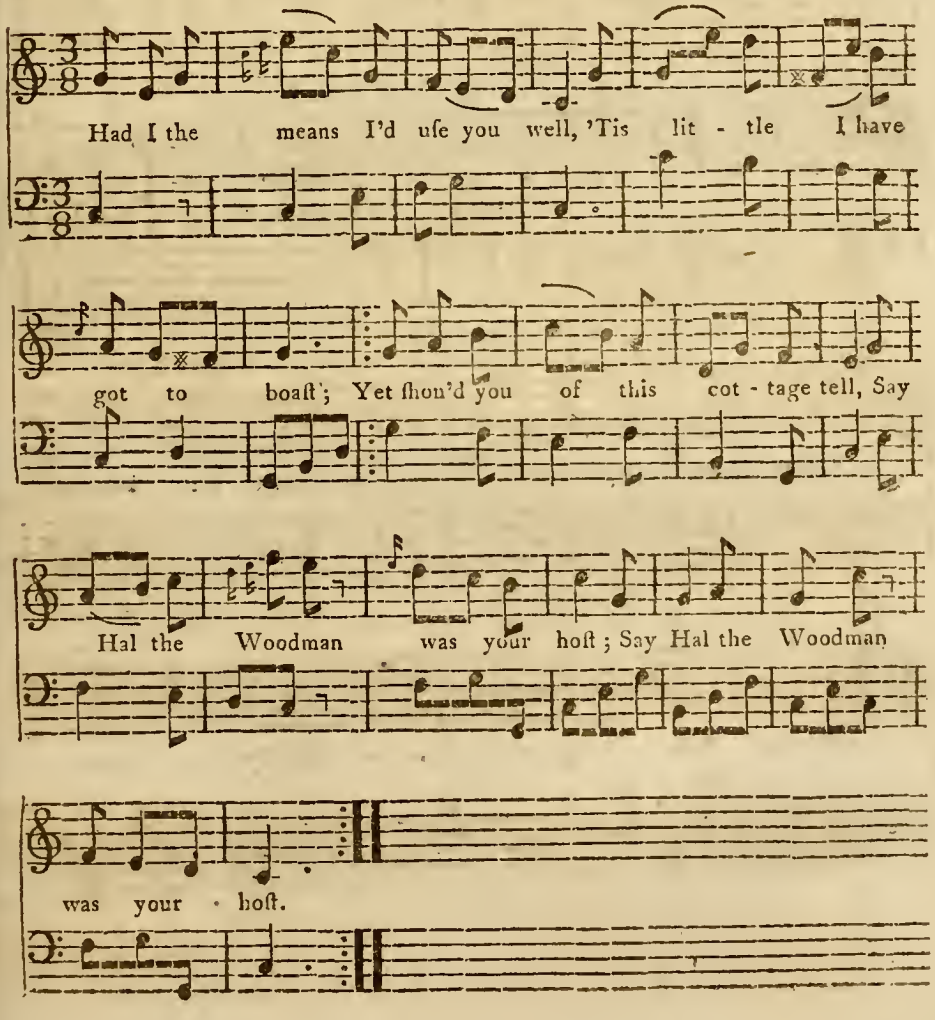


·S.



Come deareſt Kate, our meal prepare,
This ſtranger ſhall partake our beſt;
A cake and raſher be his fare,
With ale that makes the weary bleſt.

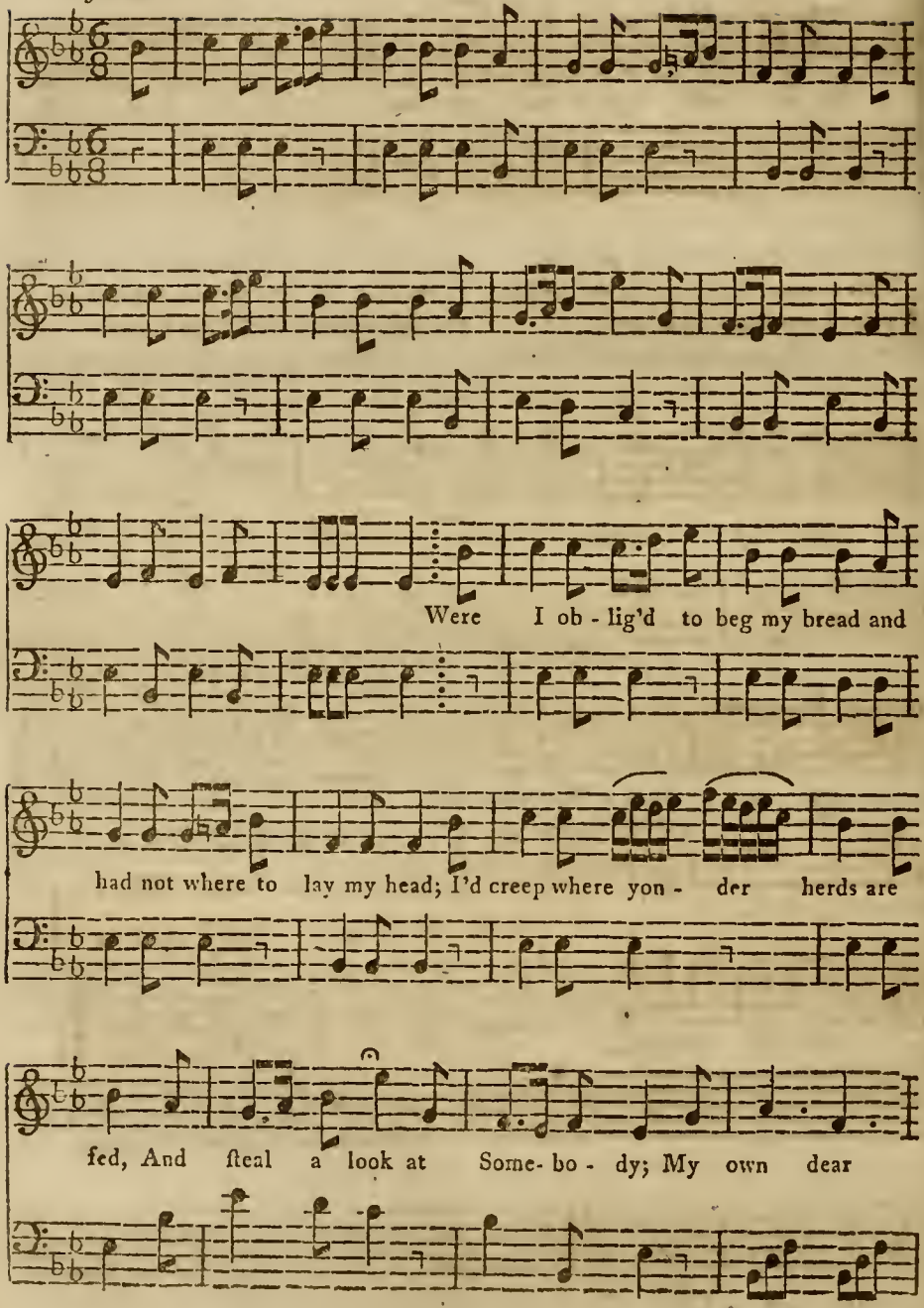
Approach the hearth, there take a place,
And till the hour of reſt draws nigh,
Of Robin-Hood and Chevy-Chace
We'll ſing; then to our pallets hie;



SONG XLVIII.

SOMEBODY.

Paſtorale.



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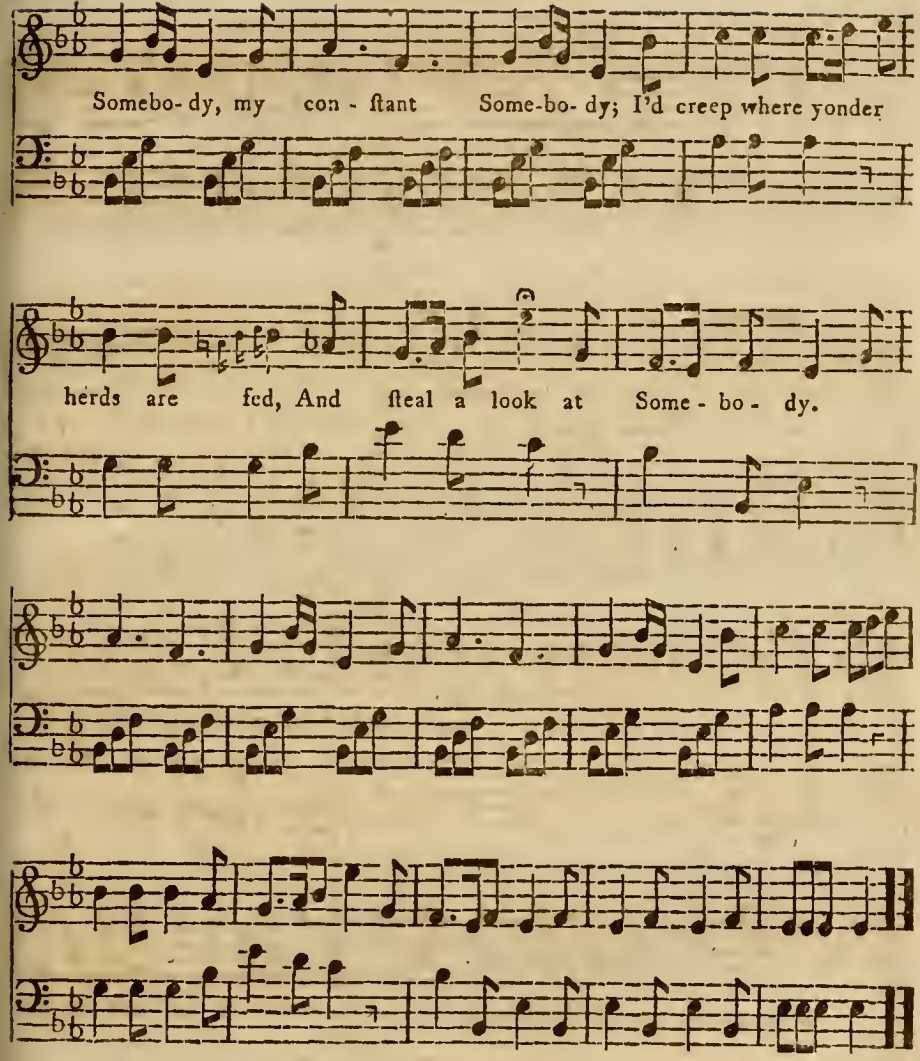
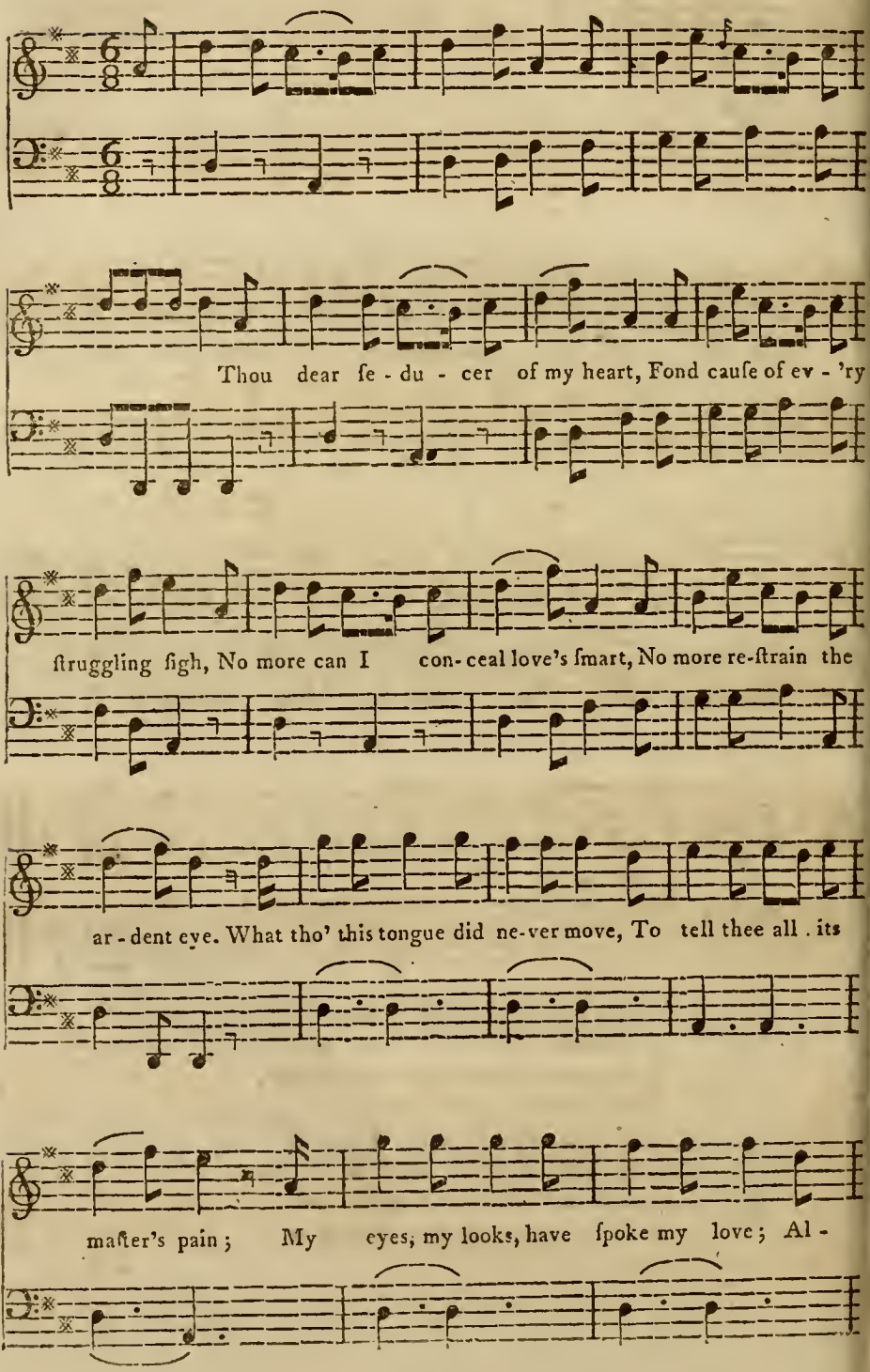
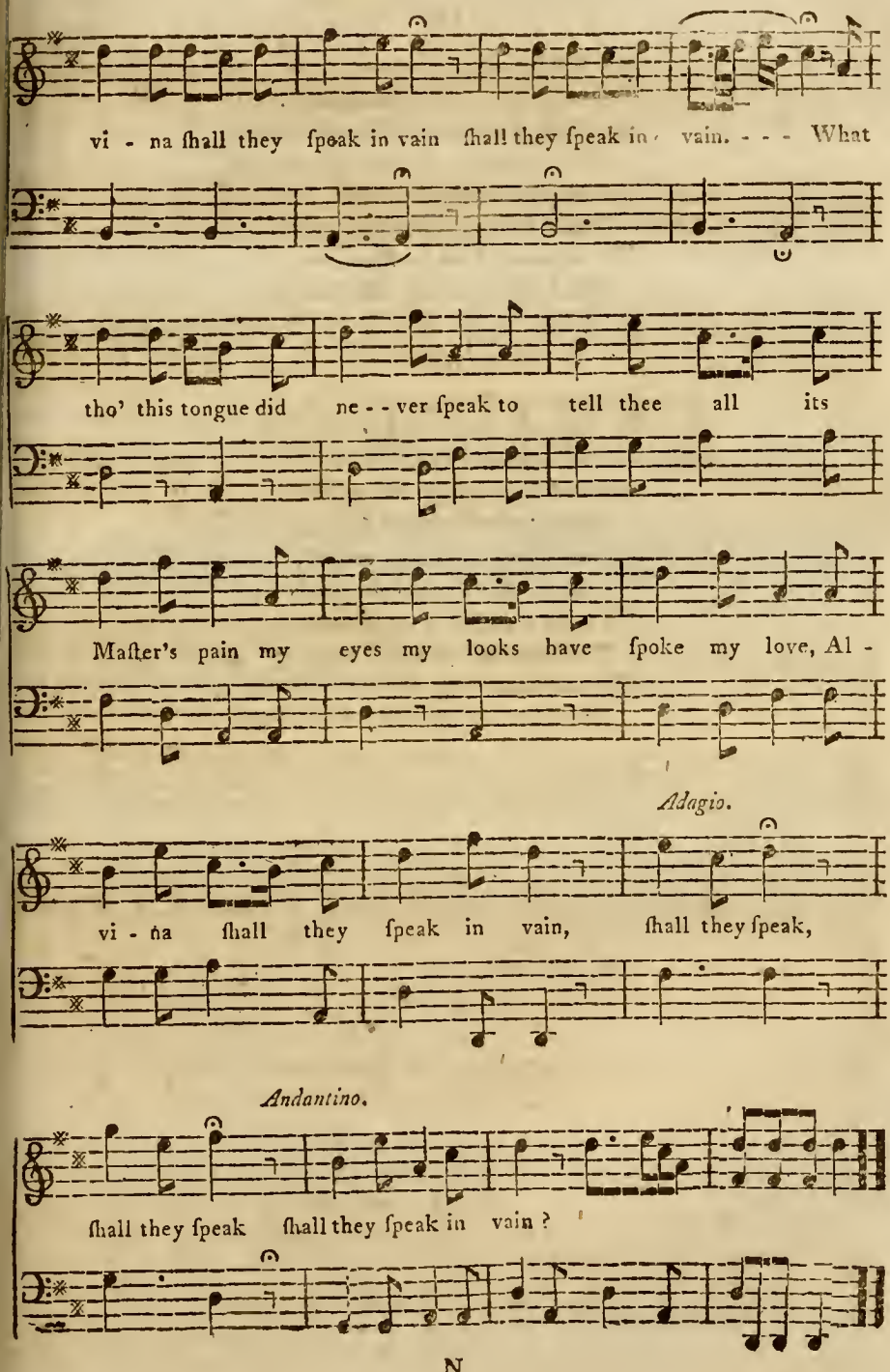


Ah! ſhould my chaſte love meet return,
I'd bleſs the day that I was born;
And never more would sigh forlorn,
But live to look at Somebody.
With him I'd tend my fleecy care,
With him each anxious wiſh I'd ſhare,
And only ask that I might bear
The name of my dear Somebody.

SONG XLIX.

THOU DEAR SEDUCER. FISHER.

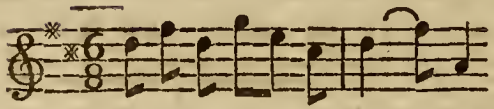



vi - na ſhall they ſpeak in vain ſhall they ſpeak in vain. - - - What
tho' this tongue did ne - - ver ſpeak to tell thee all its
Maſter's pain my eyes my looks have ſpoke my love, Al -
Adagio.
vi - na ſhall they ſpeak in vain, ſhall they ſpeak,
Andantino.
ſhall they ſpeak ſhall they ſpeak in vain ?

II.

For ſtill imagination warm,
  Preſents thee at the noontide beam;
And ſleep gives back thy angel form,
  To claſp thee in the midnight dream,
Alvina, tho' no ſplendid ſtore
  Of riches more than merit move;
Yet charmer, I am far from poor,
  For I am more than rich in love.

III.

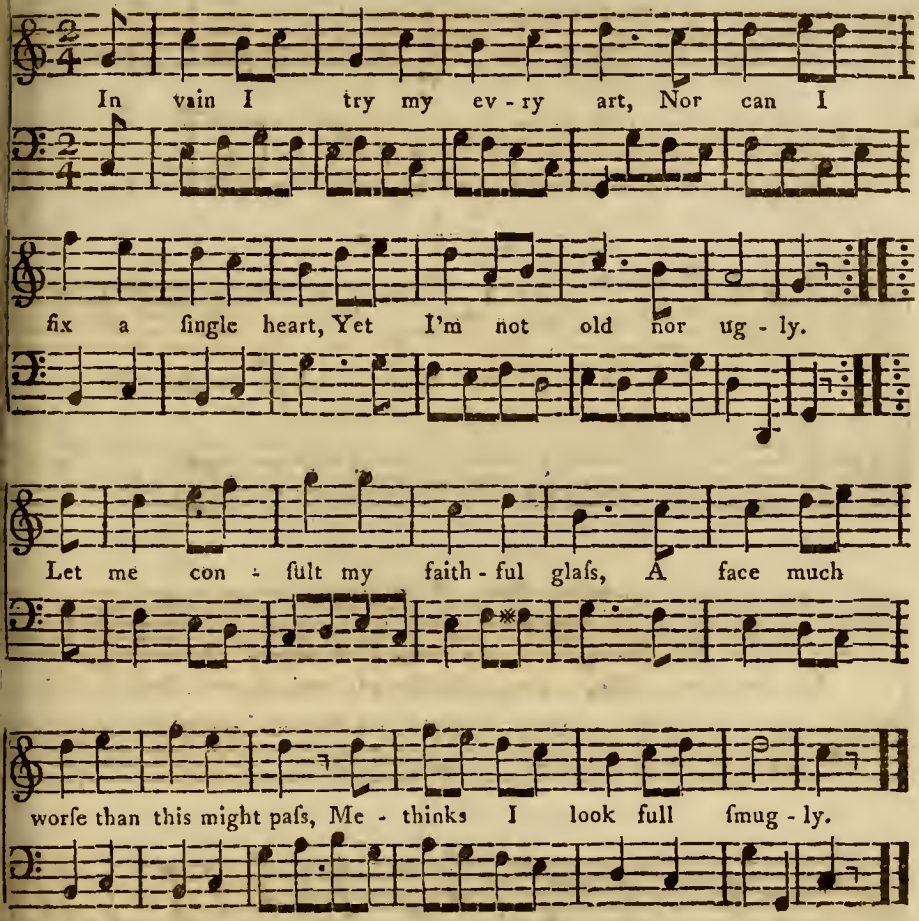


Pulſe of my beating heart, ſhall all
  My gay ſeducive hopes be fled,
Unheeded wilt thou hear me fall,
  Unpitied wilt thou ſee me dead?
I'll make a cradle of this breaſt,
  Thy image all its Child ſhall be;
My throbbing heart ſhall rock to reſt,
  The cares that waſte my life and me.

SONG L.

IN VAIN I TRY MY EVERY ART.

Slow.

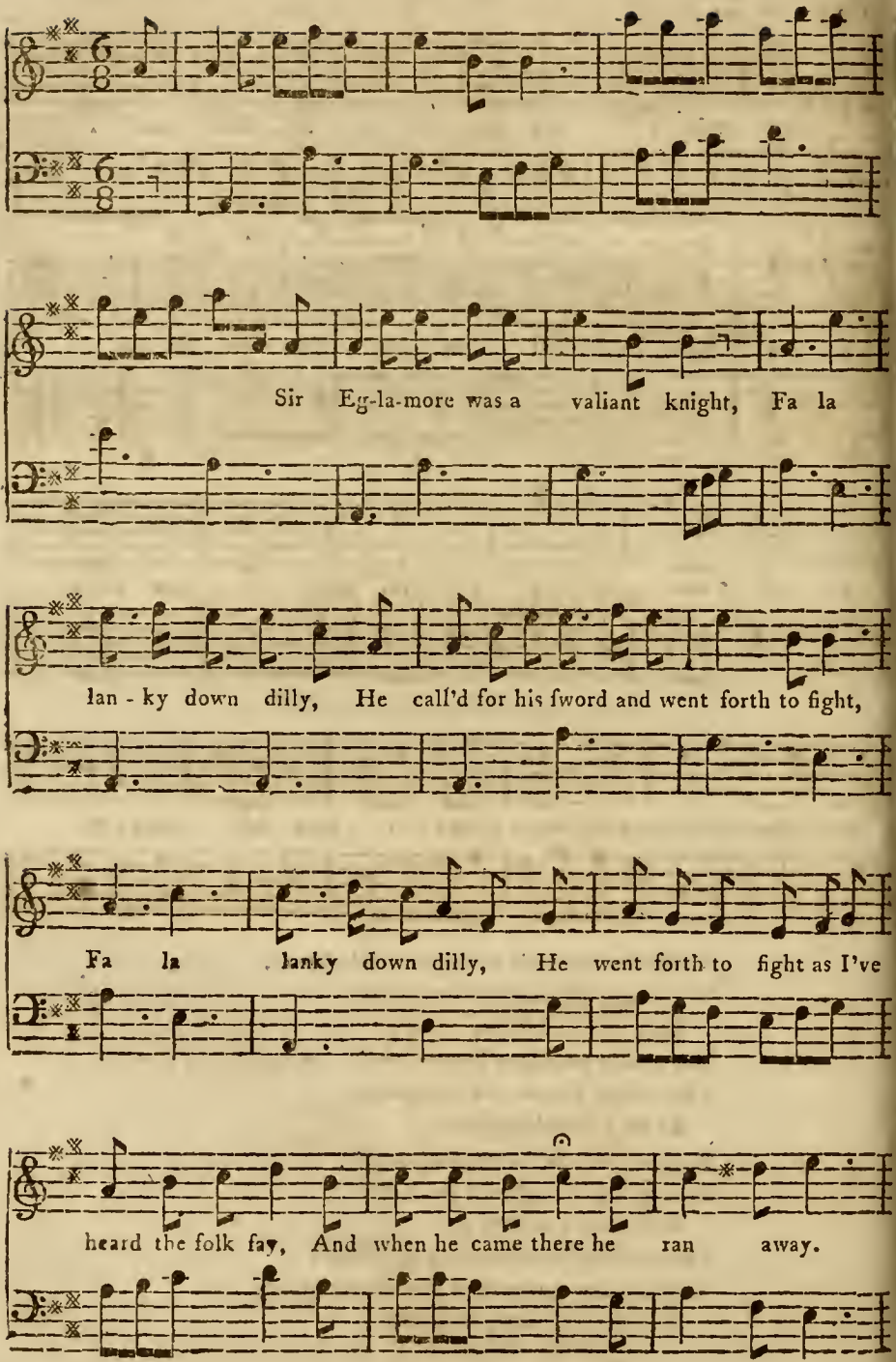


Yet bleſs'd with all theſe powerful charms,
The young Philemon fled my arms,
That wild unthinking rover;
Hope, ſilly maids, as ſoon to bind
The rolling ſtream, the flying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage nooſe,
In vain they ſtruggle to get looſe.
And make a mighty riot:
Like madmen how they rave and ſtare!
A while they ſhake their chains and ſwear;
And then lie down in quiet.

SONG LI.

SIR EGLAMORE. *Shield.*



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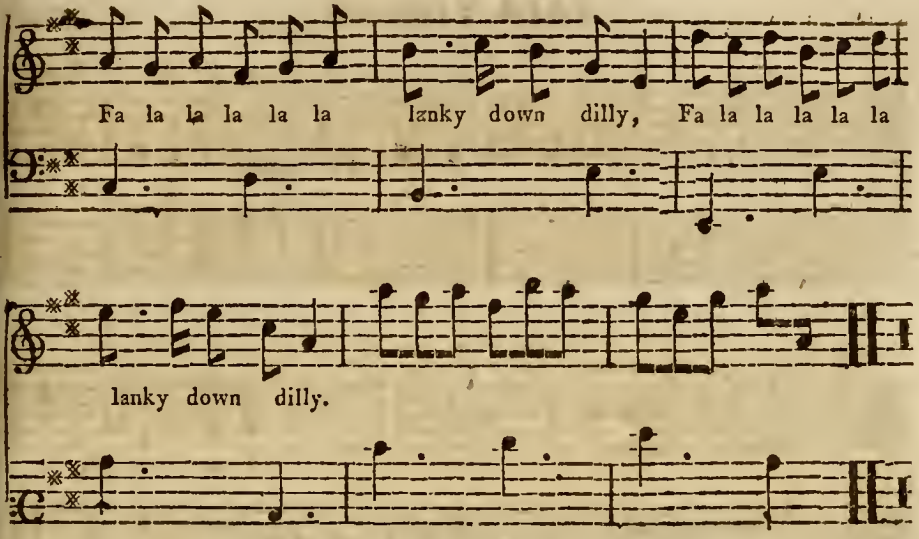


II.

A hungry wolf did tow'rd him leap,
Fa la lanky down dilly,
But he'd rather met with a ſcore of ſheep,
Fa la lanky down dilly:
Then he ran ſo faſt that his ſword did drop,
And he ſcorn'd to turn back to pick it up,
Fa la &c.

III.

Then there came whiſtling down the plain,
Fa la &c.
A ſurly ſturdy dauntleſs ſwain,
Fa la &c.
Mean while the knight ran up a tree,
That if they ſhould fight he the combat might ſee,
Fa la &c.

IV.

Oh then began a bloody fray,
Fa la &c,
As the knight durſt not fight, he reſolv'd to pray,
Fa la &c.
But had you beheld Sir Eglamore,
When as he heard the ſavage roar,
Fa la &c.

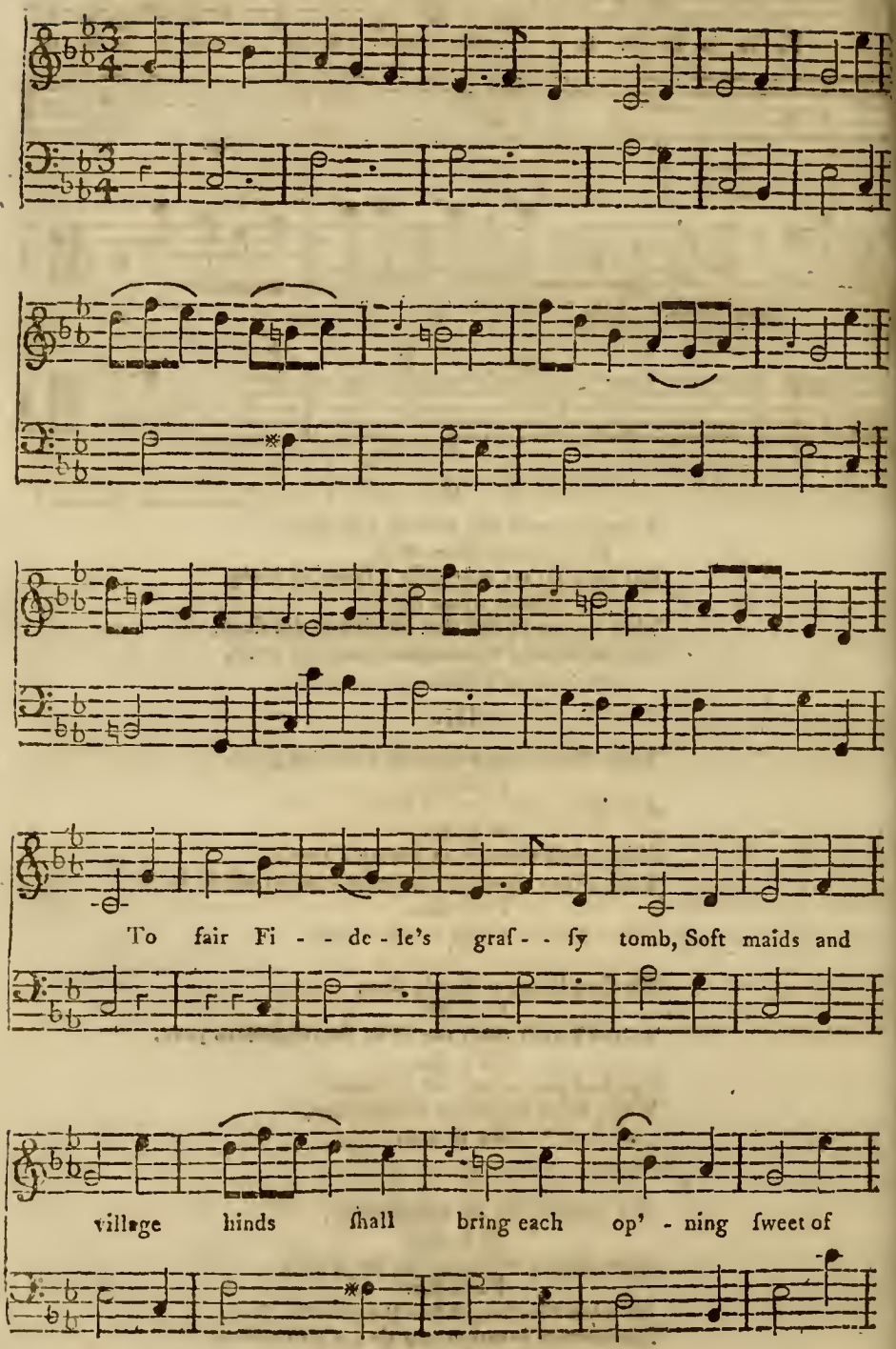
V.

The peaſant did his ribs ſo roaſt,
Fa la &c,
That maſter wolf gave up the ghoſt,
Fa la &c.
So when Sir Knight ſaw the monſter dead,
His courage return'd and he cut off his head,
Fa la &c.

SONG LII.

FAIR FIDELE.

ARNE.



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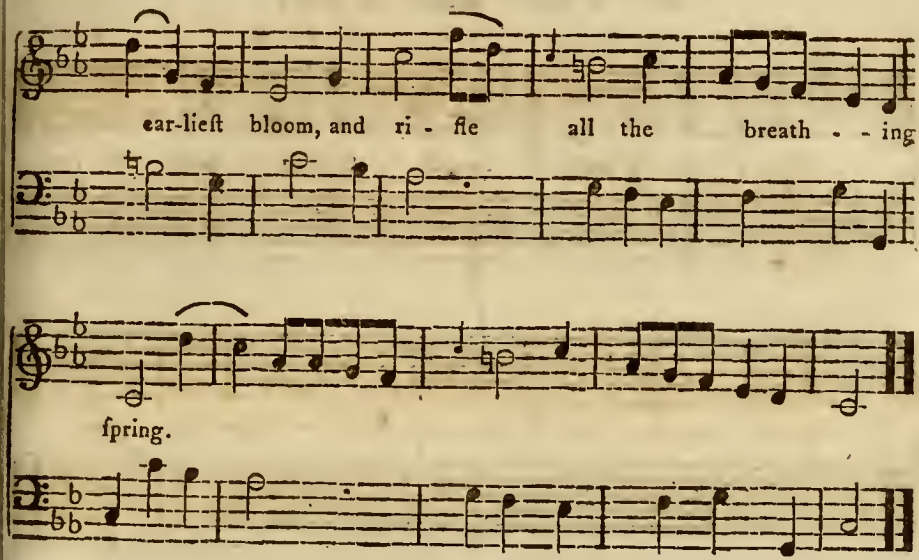


II.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove;
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

III.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew,
The female fays ſhall haunt the green;
And dreſs thy grave with early dew.

IV.

The redbreaſt oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs and gather'd flowr's
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

V.

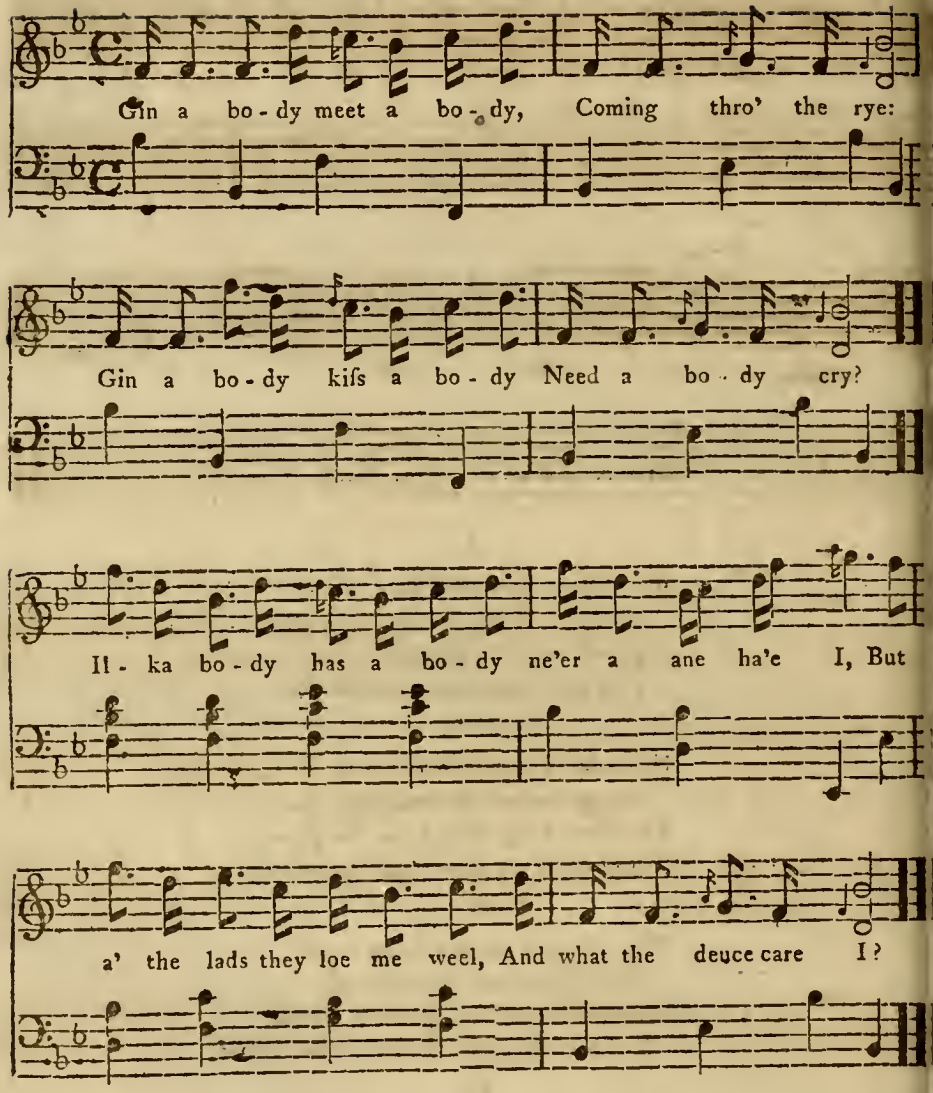
When howling winds and beating rain
In tempeſt ſhake the ſylvan cell,
Or midſt the chace upon the plain
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore;
For thee the tear be duly ſhed,
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's ſelf be dead.

SONG LIII.

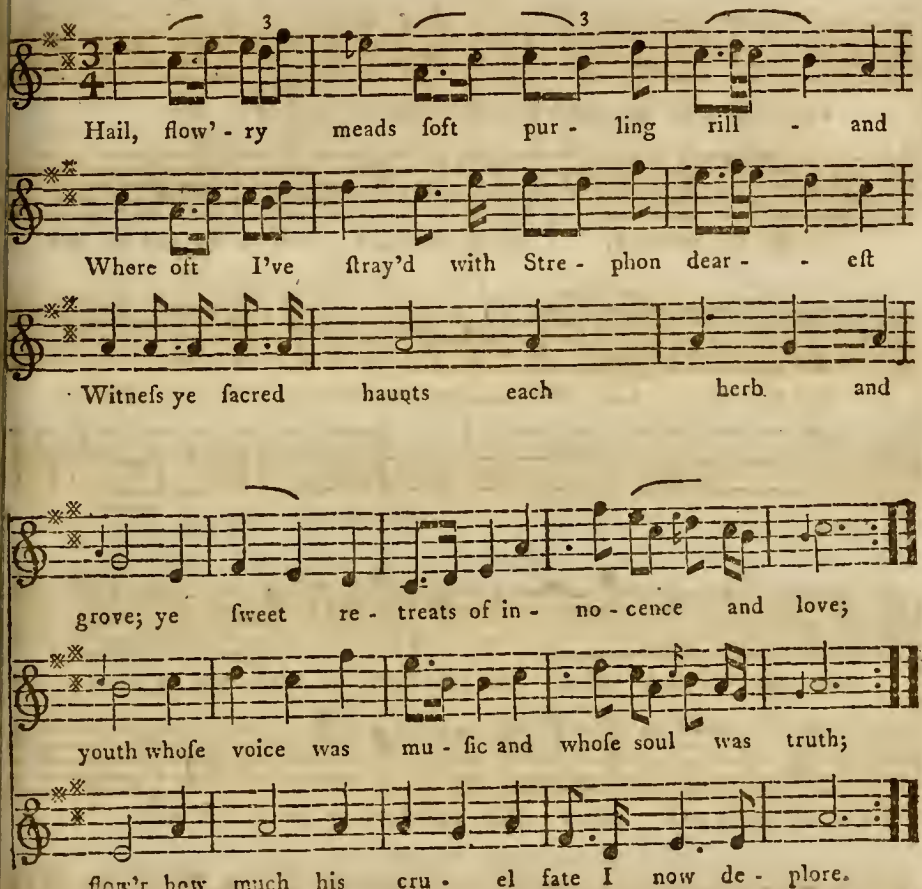
GIN A BODY MEET A BODY.



Gin a body meet a body coming thro' the broom,
Gin a body kiſs a body need a body gloom?
Ilka Jenny has her Jocky, ne'er a ane ha'e I,
But a' the lads they loe me weel, and what the deuce care I?

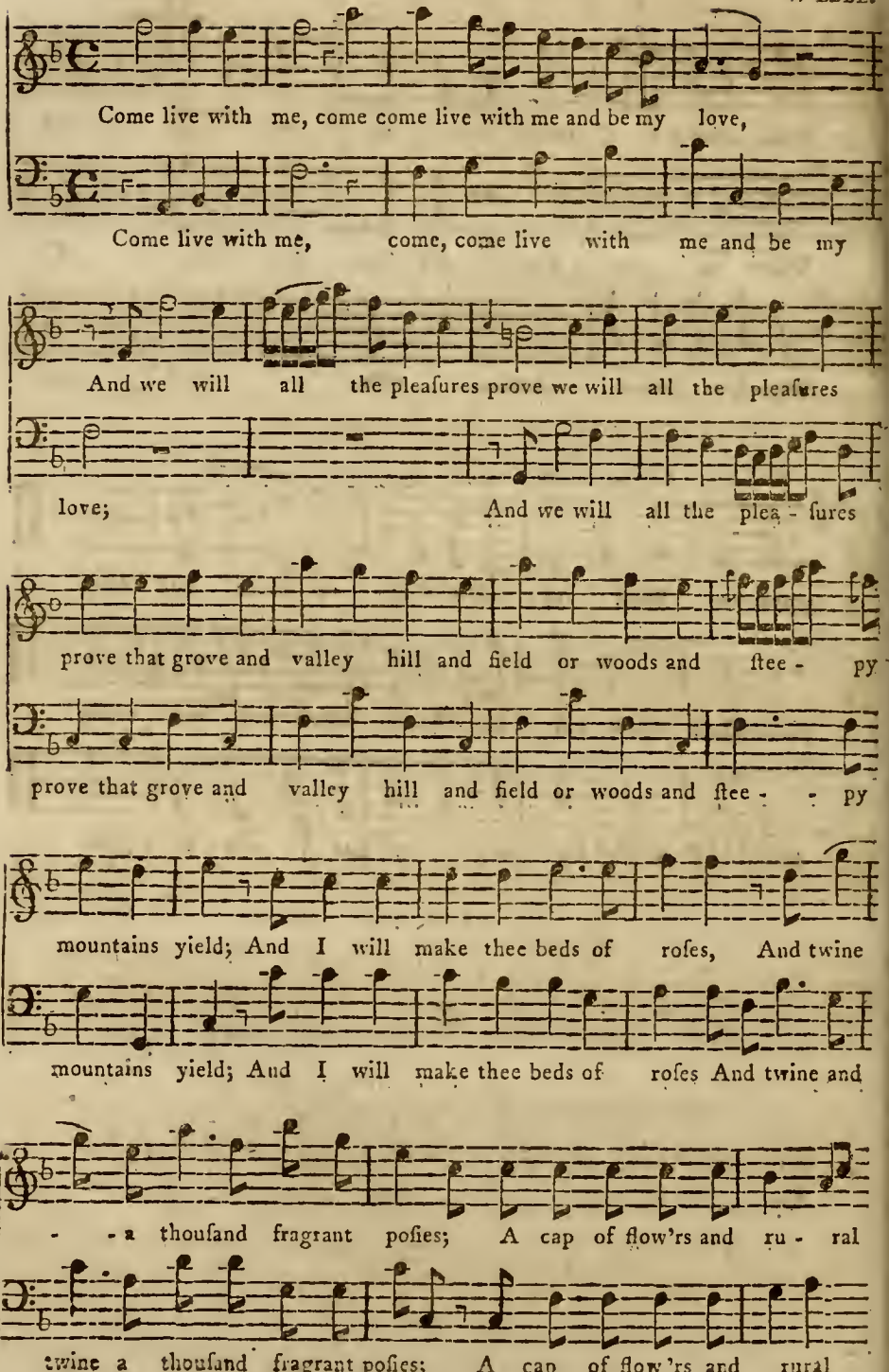
SONG LIV.

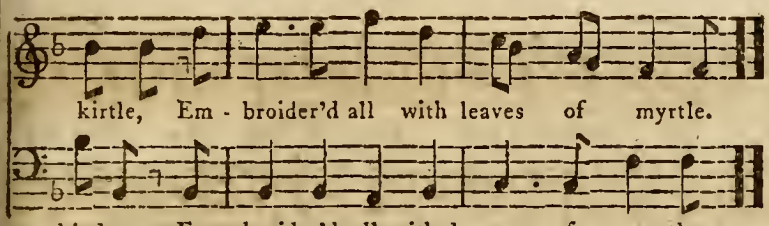
A CATCH; For three voices.



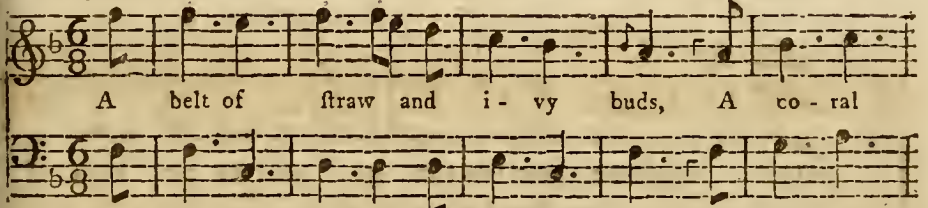
COME LIVE WITH ME.

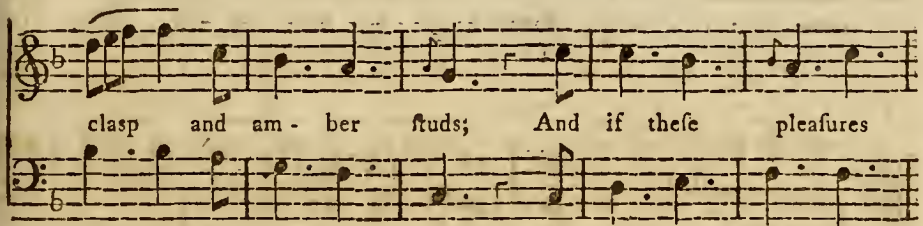
Andante. *Webbe.*

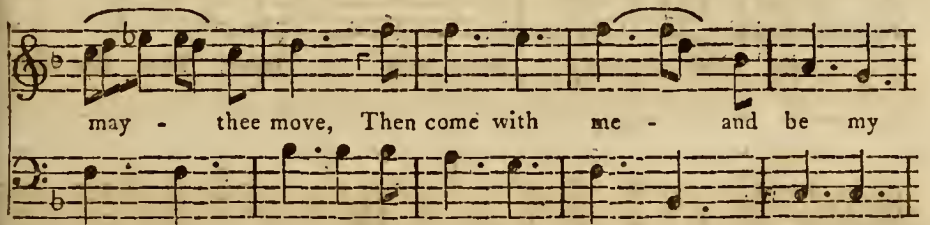


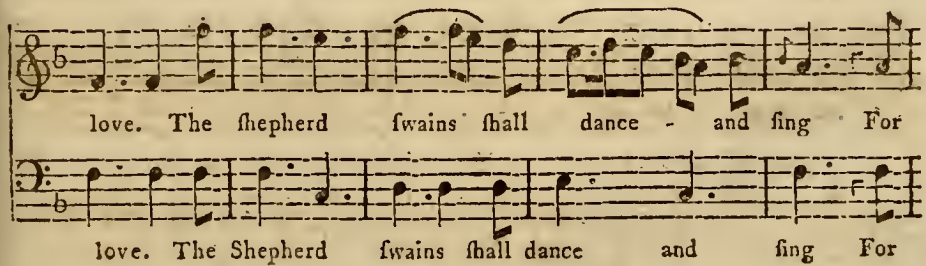

kirtle, Em - broider'd all with leaves of myrtle.
kirtle, Em - broider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

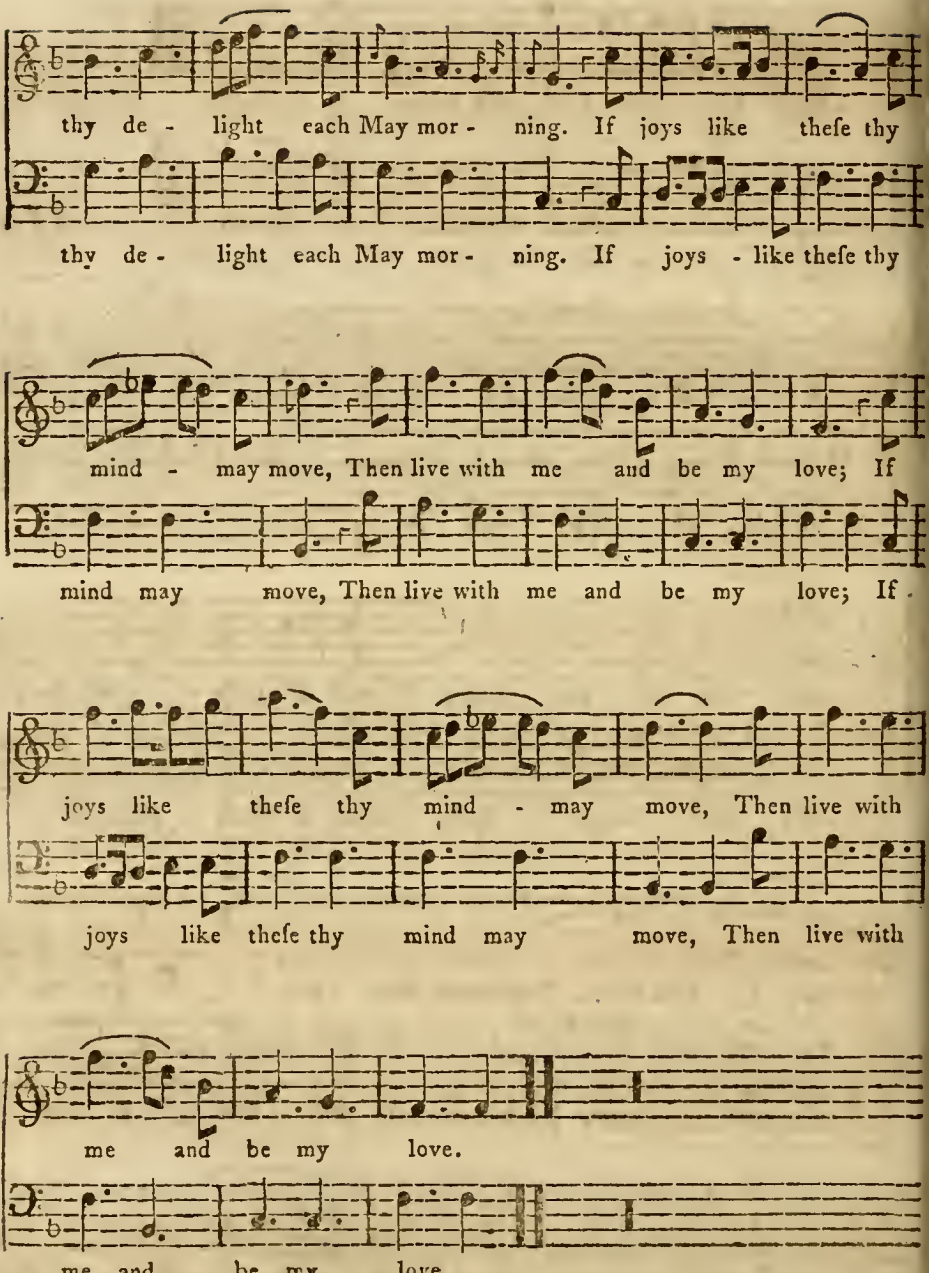
Paſtorale.


A belt of ſtraw and i - vy buds, A co - ral
A belt of ſtraw and i - vy buds, A co - ral


clasp and am - ber ſtuds; And if theſe pleaſures
clasp and amber ſtuds; And if theſe pleaſures


may - thee move, Then come with me - and be my
may thee move, Then come with me and be my

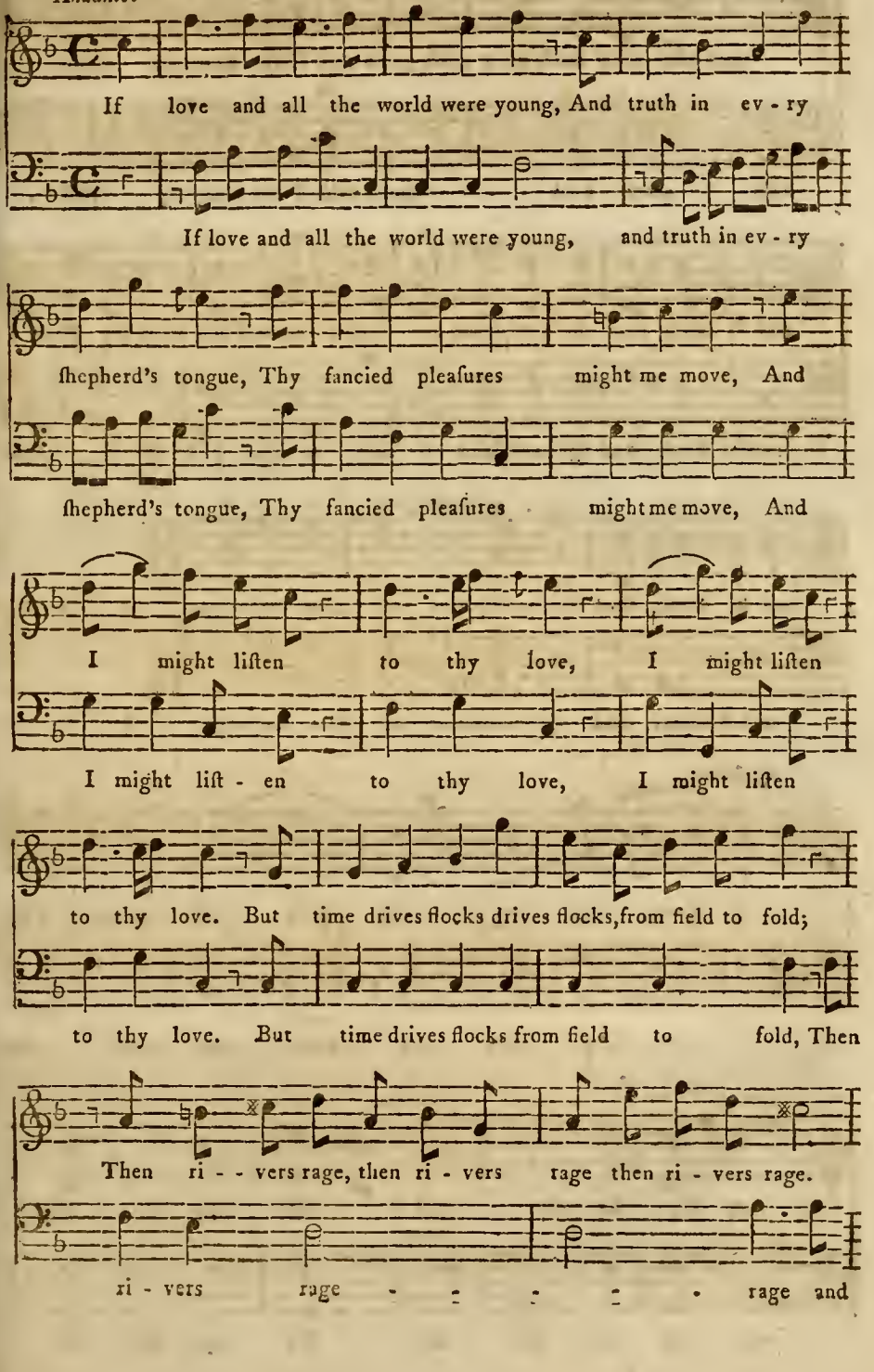

love. The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance - and ſing For
love. The Shepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing For

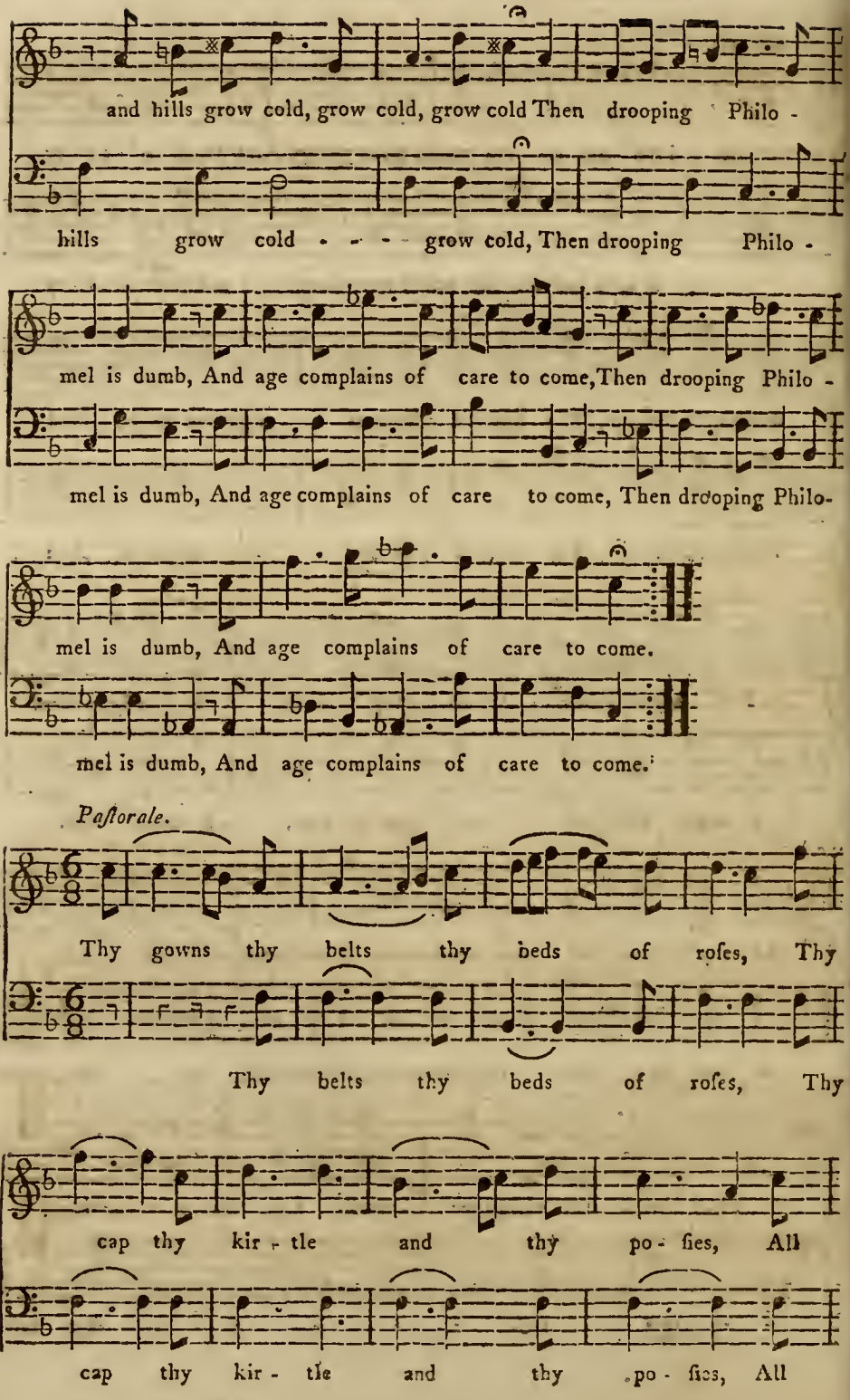

thy de - light each May mor - ning. If joys like theſe thy
thy de - light each May mor - ning. If joys - like theſe thy
mind - may move, Then live with me and be my love; If
mind may move, Then live with me and be my love; If
joys like theſe thy mind - may move, Then live with
joys like theſe thy mind may move, Then live with
me and be my love.
me and be my love.

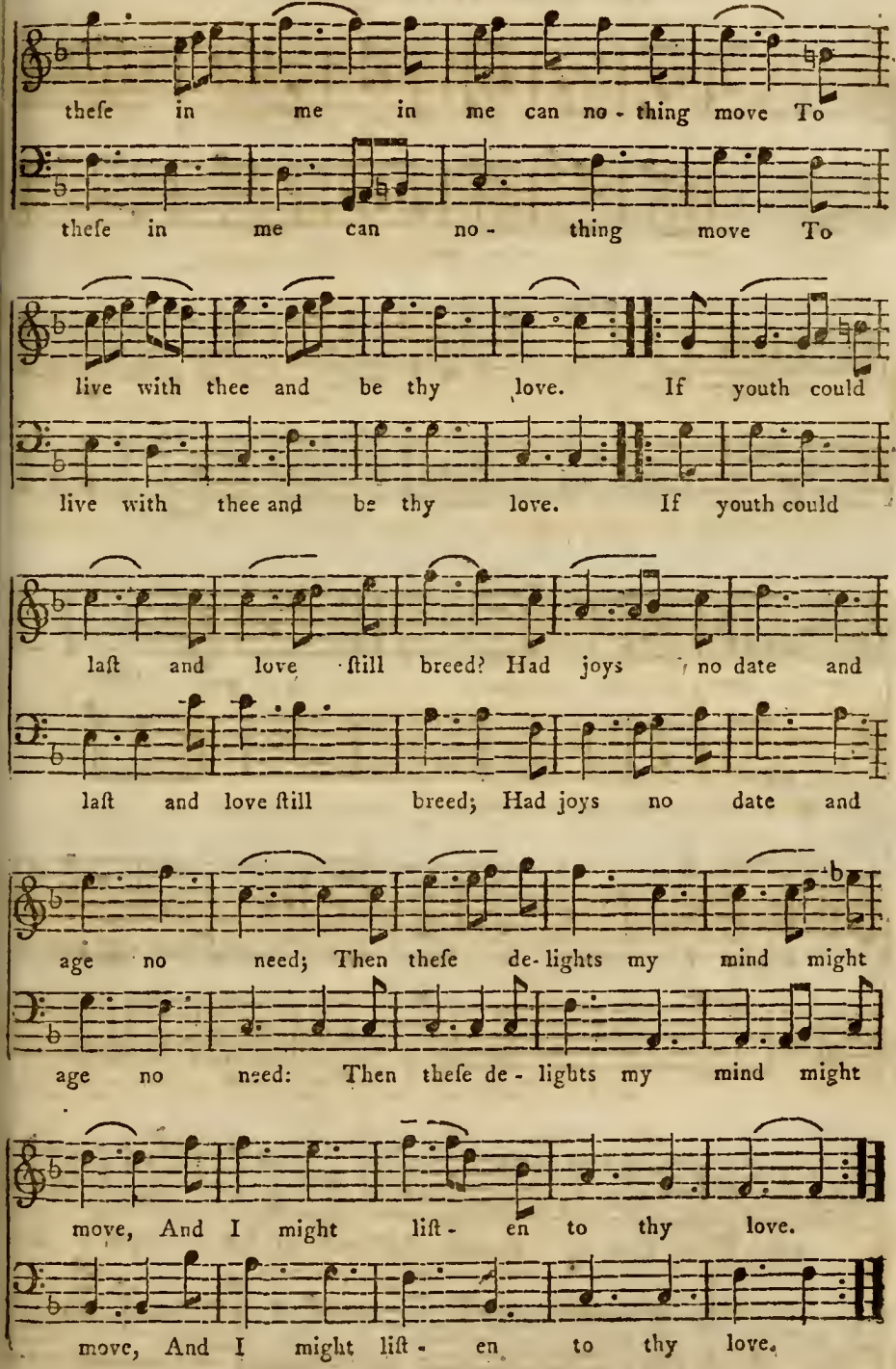
SONG LVI.

THE ANSWER TO "COME LIVE WITH ME."

Andante.

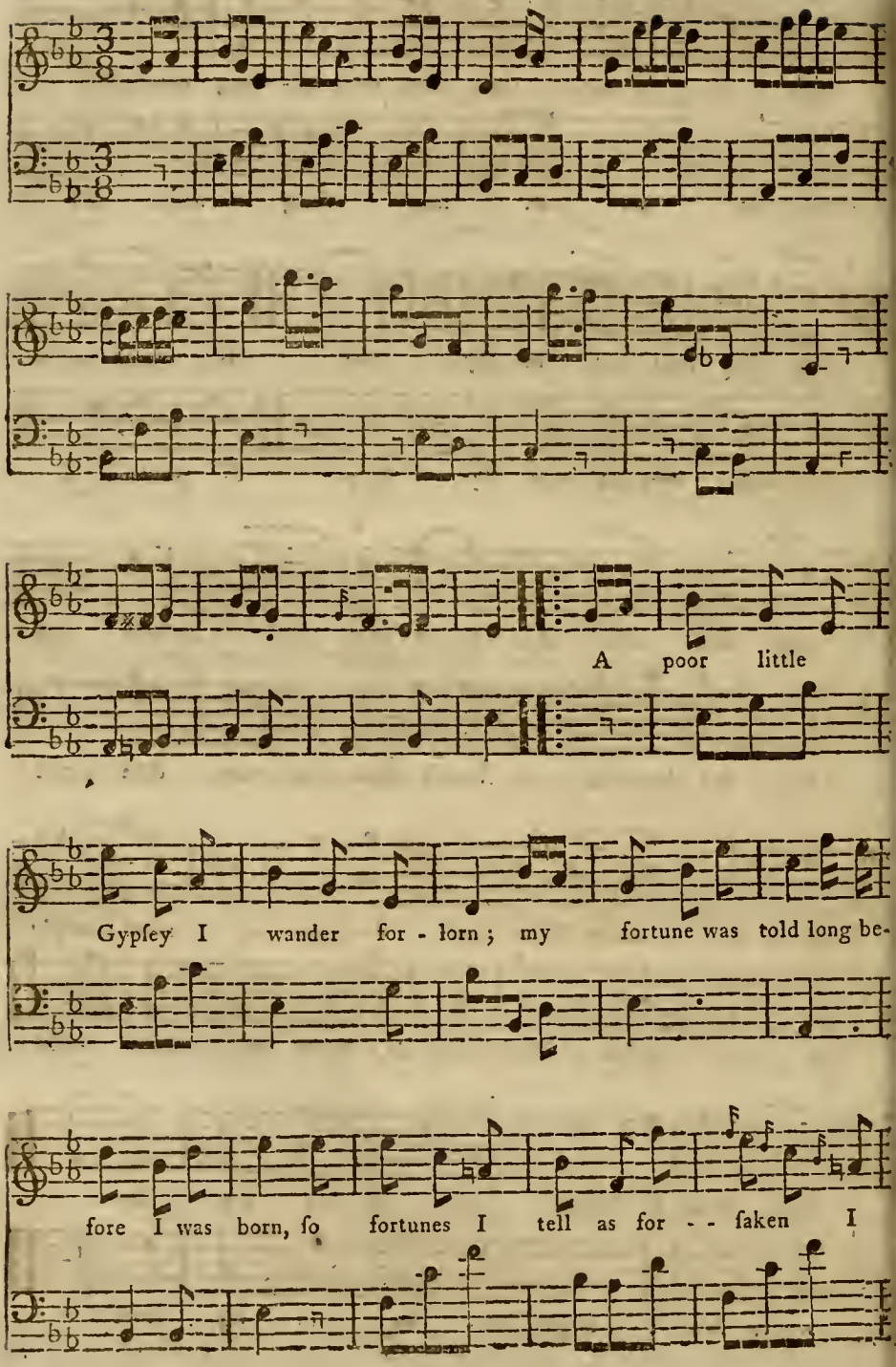


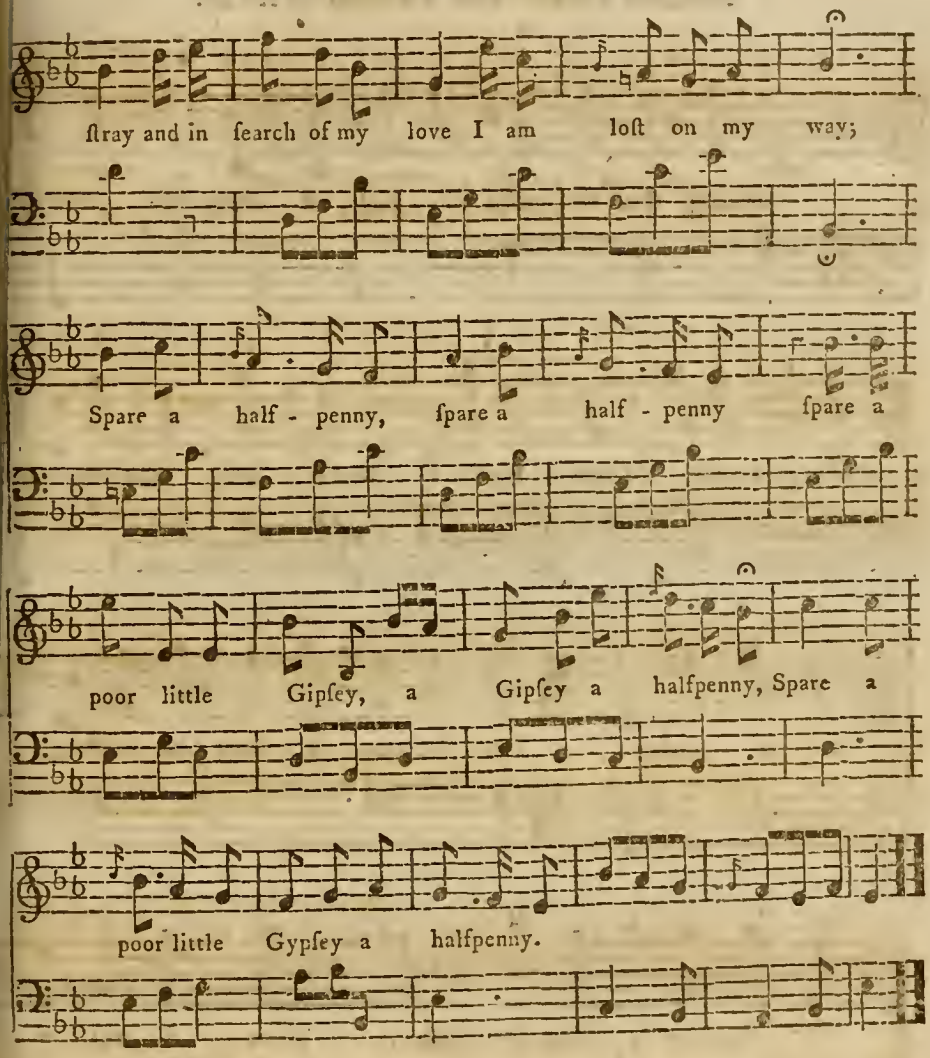

and hills grow cold, grow cold, grow cold Then drooping Philo -
hills grow cold - - - grow cold, Then drooping Philo -
mel is dumb, And age complains of care to come, Then drooping Philo -
mel is dumb, And age complains of care to come, Then drooping Philo-
mel is dumb, And age complains of care to come.
mel is dumb, And age complains of care to come.
Pastorale.
Thy gowns thy belts thy beds of roses, Thy
Thy belts thy beds of roses, Thy
cap thy kir - tle and thy po - sies, All
cap thy kir - tle and thy po - sies, All


theſe in me in me can no - thing move To
theſe in me can no - thing move To
live with thee and be thy love. If youth could
live with thee and be thy love. If youth could
laſt and love ſtill breed? Had joys no date and
laſt and love ſtill breed; Had joys no date and
age no need; Then theſe de-lights my mind might
age no need: Then theſe de - lights my mind might
move, And I might liſt - en to thy love.
move, And I might liſt - en to thy love.

SONG LVII.

THE POOR LITTLE GIPSEY.



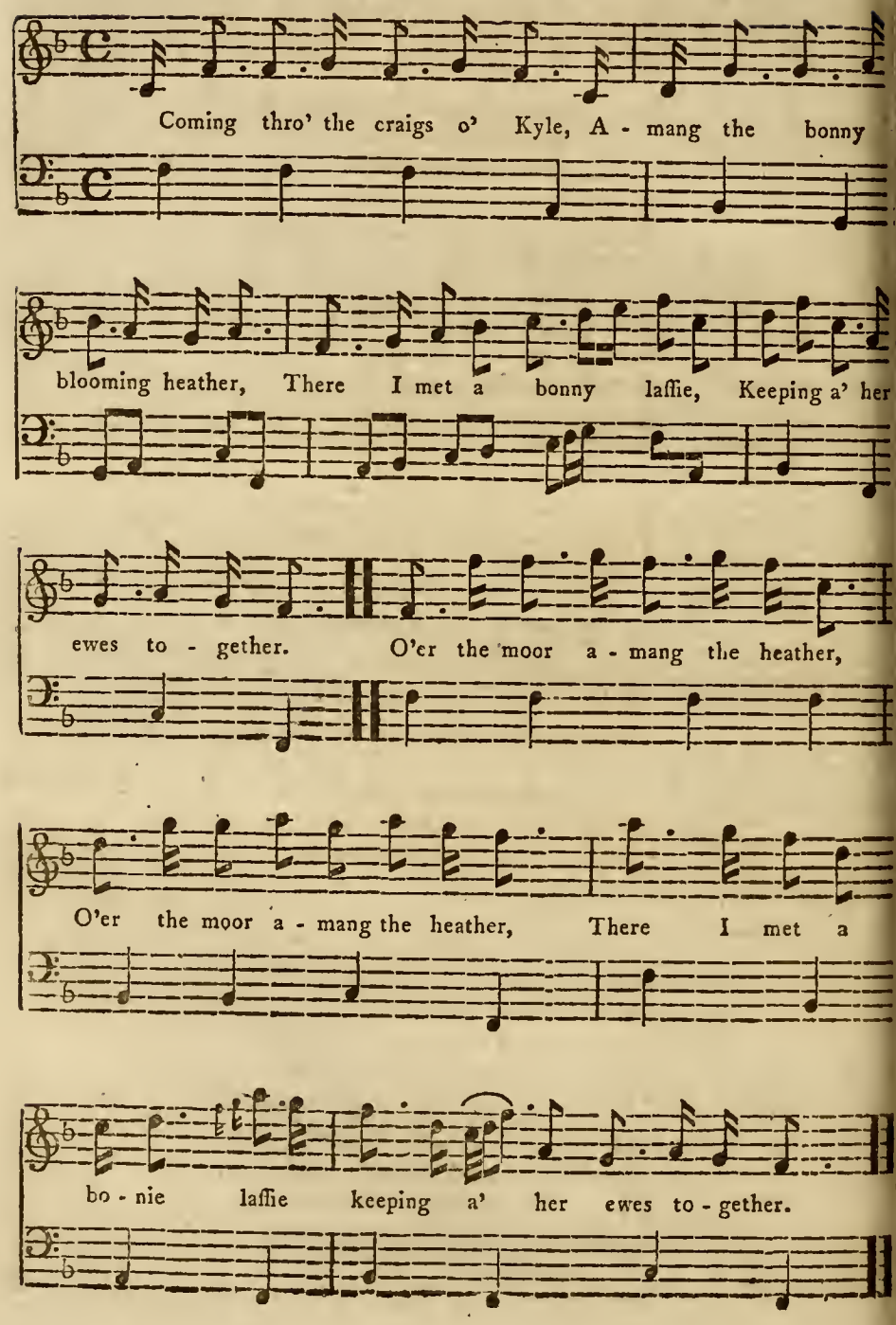


I fear from this line you have been a ſad man,
And to harm us poor girls have form'd many a plan;
Beware leſt repentance too late cauſe you pain,
And attend to the leſſon I give in my ſtrain.
Spare a &c.

Thro' wilds and thro' foreſts as wearied I roam,
Long abſent from friends, from parents and home,
Tho' ſad is my heart and tho' ſore are my feet,
Yet I ſing on my way thus to all that I meet,
Spare a &c.

SONG LVIII.

COMING THRO' THE CRAIGS O' KYLE.



II.

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame,
In moor or dale, pray tell me whether,
She ſays I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.
O'er the moor &c.
O'er the moor &c.
She ſays I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather.

III.

We ſat us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and ſunny was the weather,
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonny blooming heather.
O'er the moor &c.
O'er the moor &c.
She left her flocks at large to rove,
Amang the bonny blooming heather.

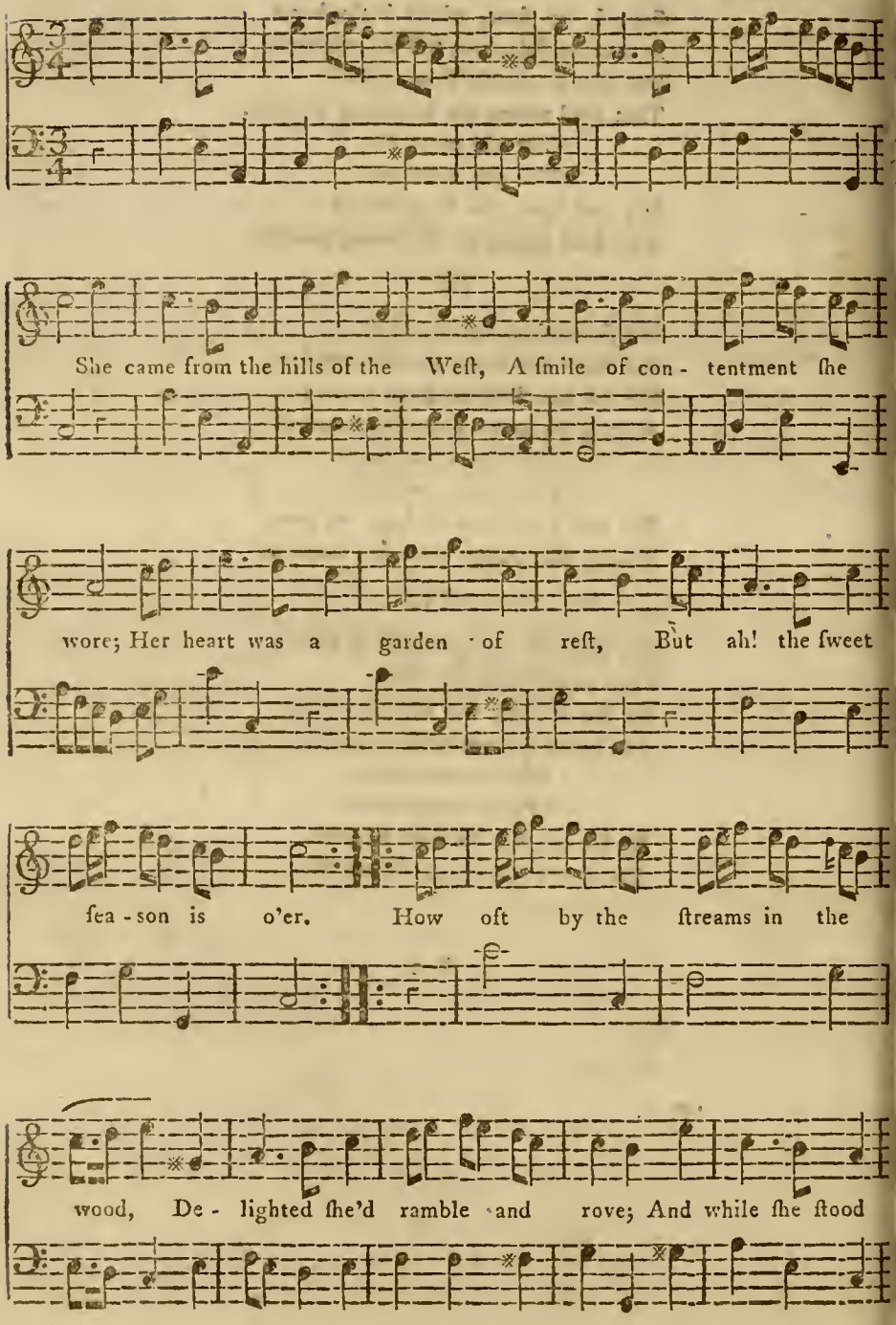
IV.

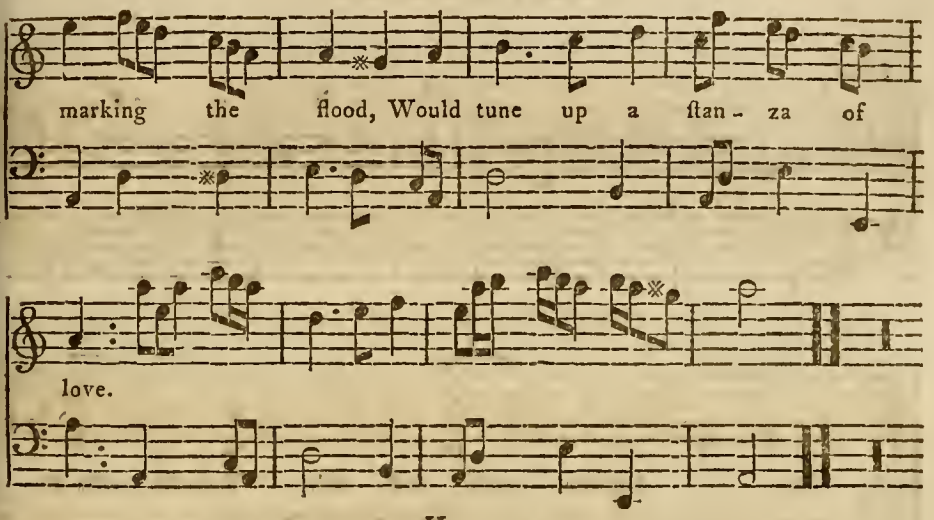
She charm'd my heart and ay ſinſyne
I can na think on any ither,
By ſea and ſky ſhe ſhall be mine,
The bonny laſs amang the heather.
O'er the moor &c.
O'er the moor &c.
By ſea and ſky ſhe ſhall be mine,
The bonny laſs amang the heather.

SONG LIX.

SHE CAME FROM THE HILLS.

Slow.





II.

Her dreſs was a garment of green,
Set off with a border of white;
And all the day long might be ſeen
Like a bird that is always in plight.
In rural diverſion and play
The Summers glid ſmoothly along;
And her winters paſs'd briſkly away,
Cheer'd up with a tale or a ſong.

III.

At length a deſtroyer came by,
A youth of more perſon than parts,
Well ſkill'd in the arts of the eye,
The conqueſt and havock of hearts.
He led her by fountains and ſtreams,
He woo'd her with ſonnets and books;
He told her his tales and his dreams,
And mark'd their effect in her looks.

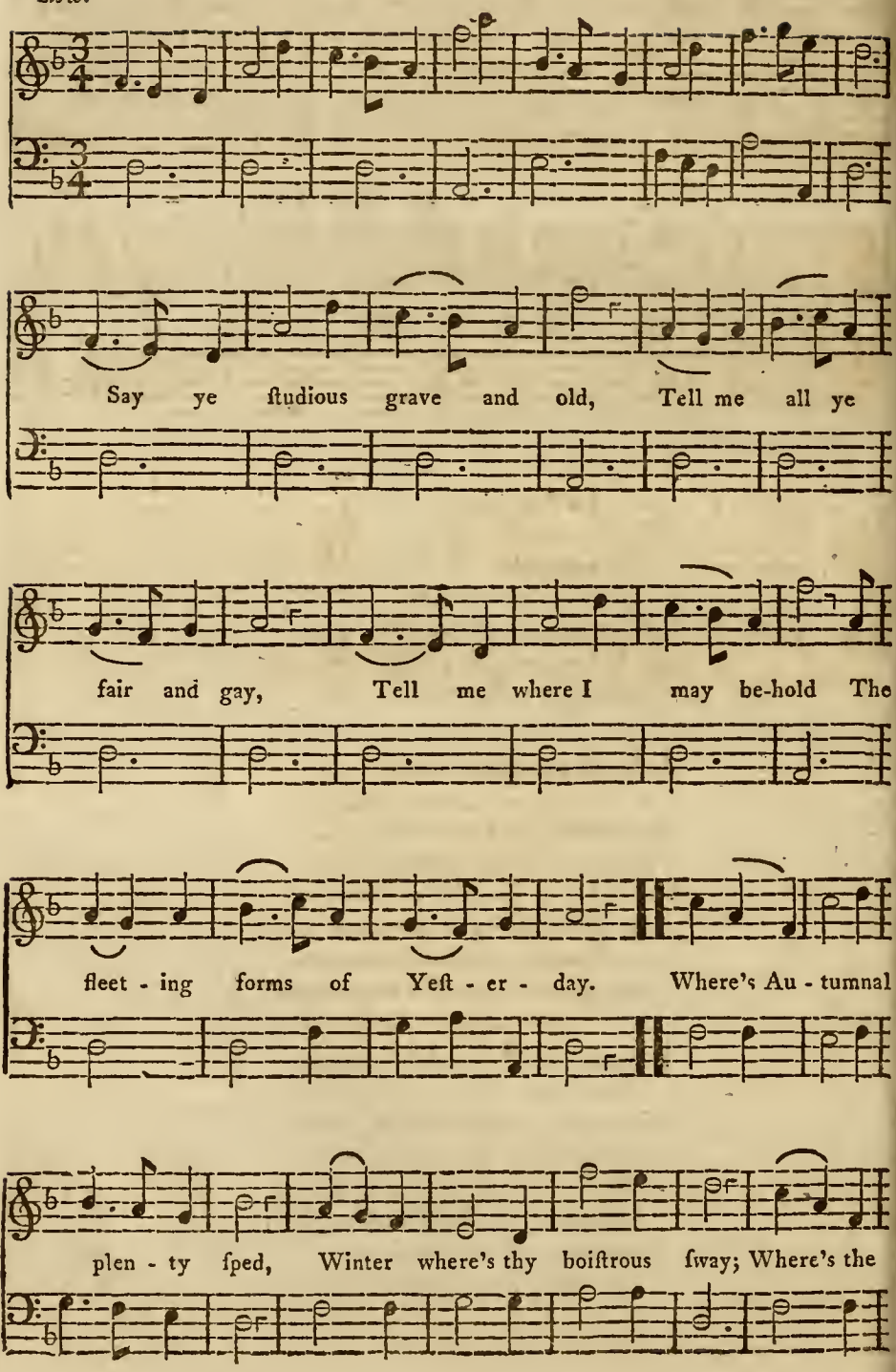
IV.

He taught her by midnight to roam
Where ſpirits and ſpectres affright;
For paſſions increaſe with the gloom,
And caution expires with the light.
At length, like a Roſe from the ſpray,
Like a lily juſt pluckt from the ſtem,
She droopt, and ſhe faded away,
Thrown by and neglected like them.

SONG LX.

YESTERDAY.

Slow.



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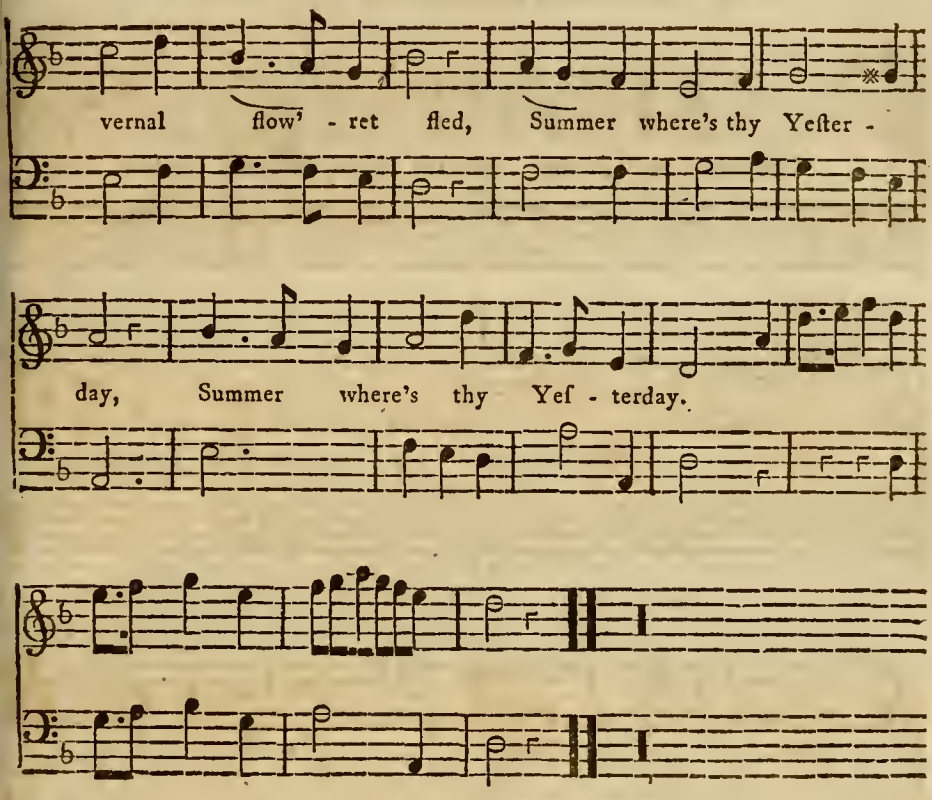
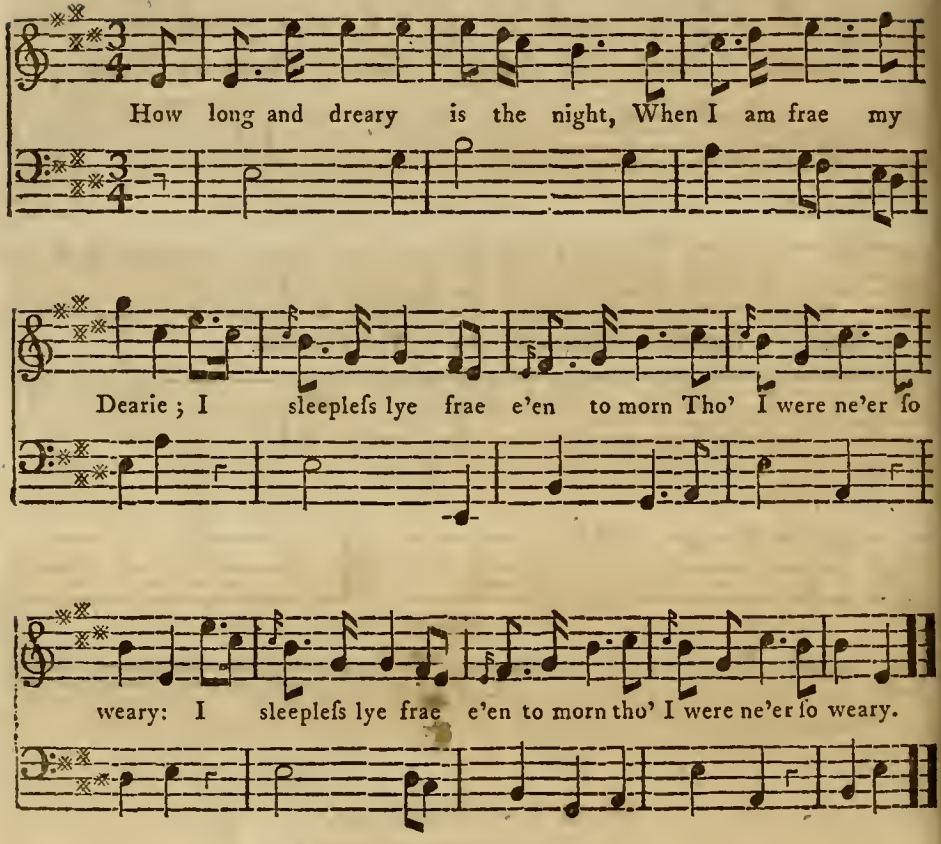


Jocund ſprites' of ſocial joy,
Round our ſmiling goblet play;
Flit ye pow'rs of rude annoy,
Like the ghoſt of Yeſterday.

Brim the bowl, and paſs it round
Lightly tune the ſportive lay;
Let the feſtal hour be crown'd
E'er 'tis loſt like Yeſterday.

SONG LXI.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

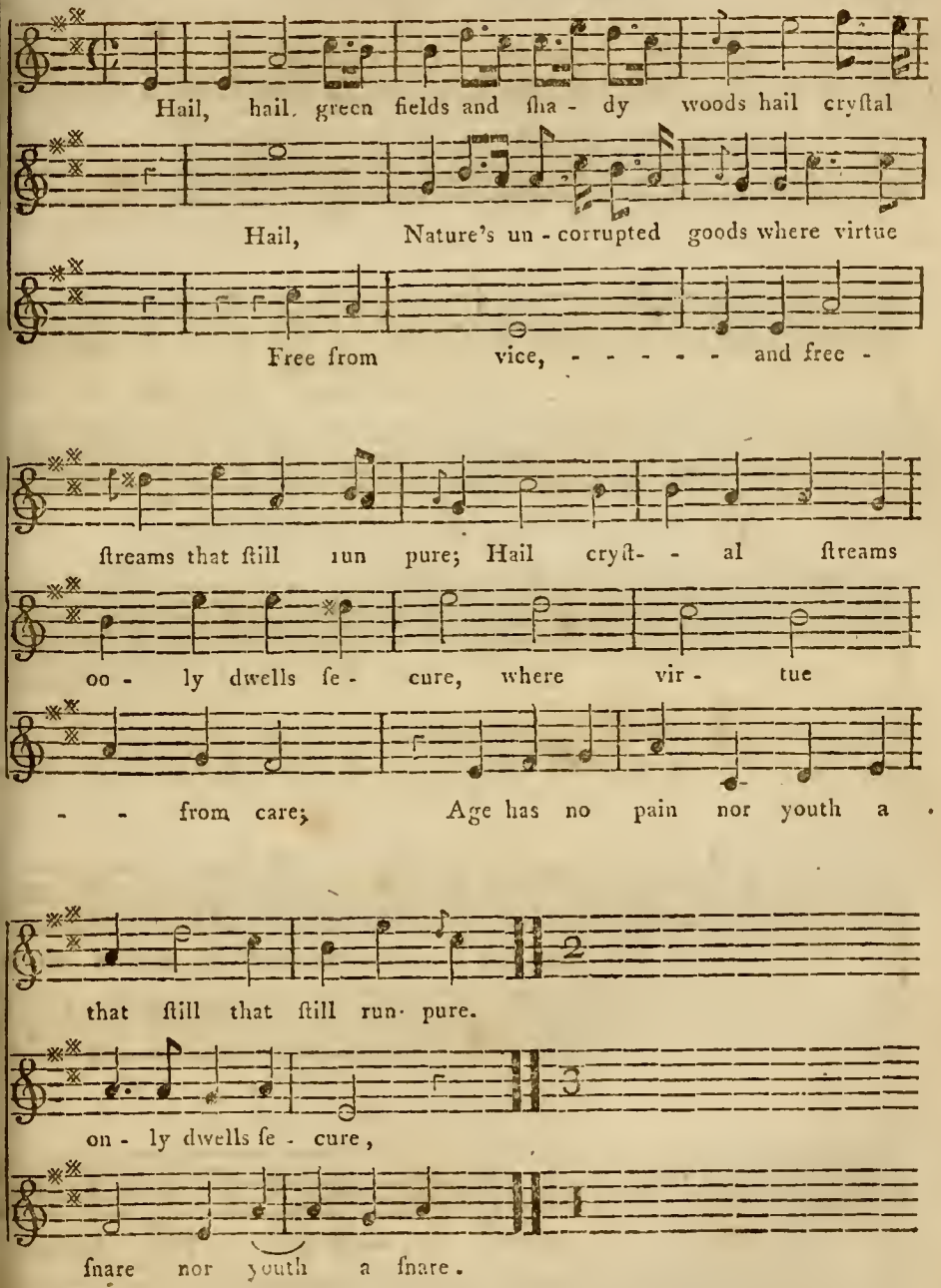


When I think on the happy days,
I ſpent wi' you my Dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!
And now what lands &c.

How ſlow ye move ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary,
It was na ſae ye glented by,
When I was wi' my Dearie.
It was na ſae ye glented, &c.

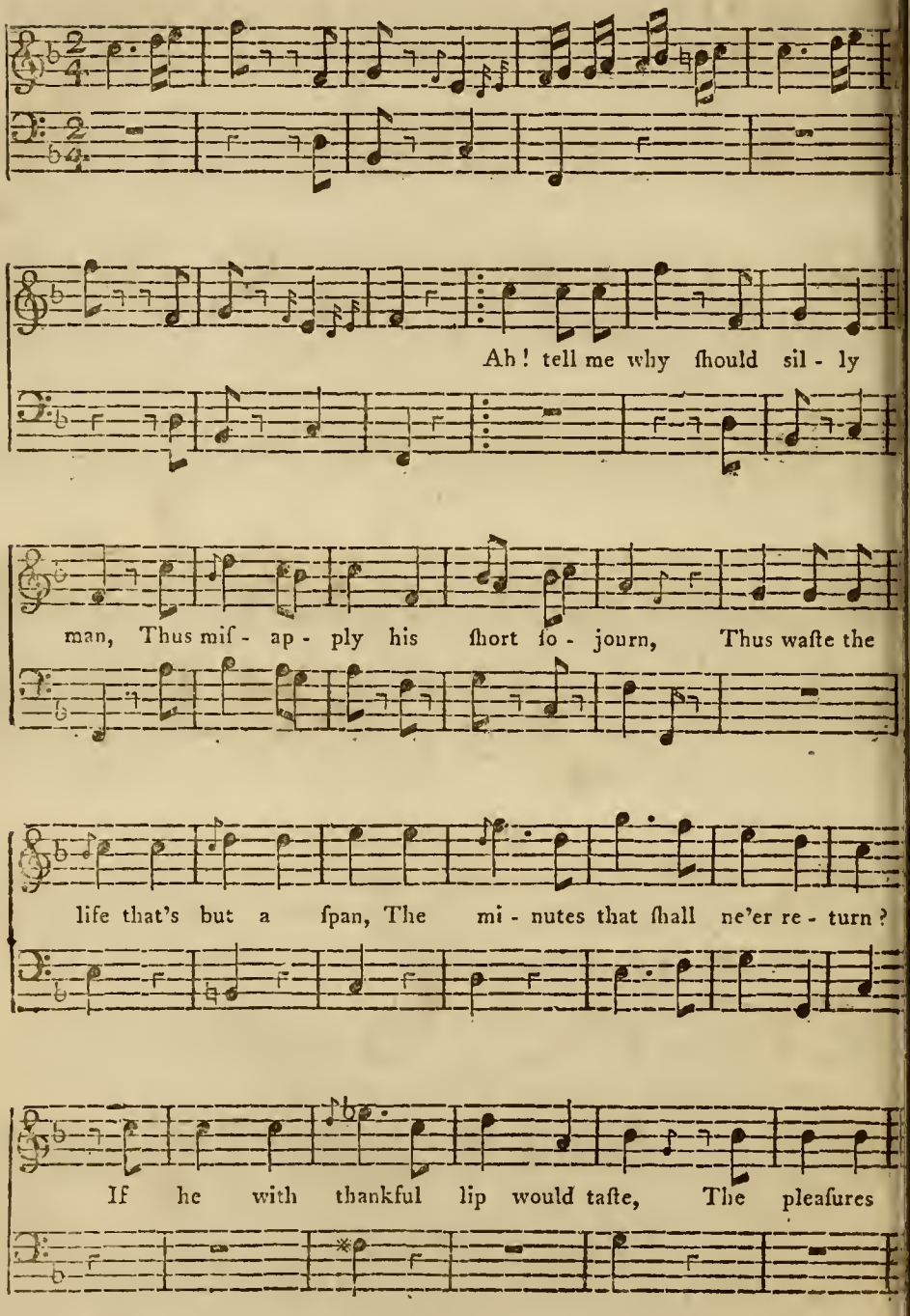
SONG LXII.

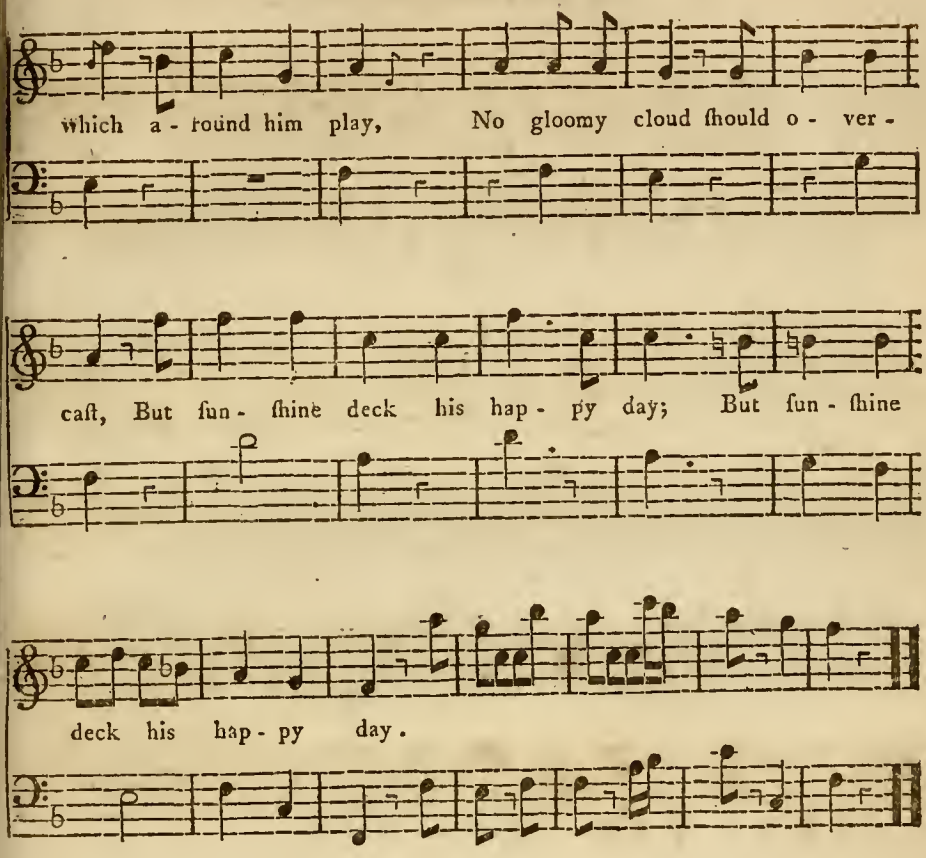
A CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.



SONG LXIII.

AH TELL ME WHY SHOULD SILLY MAN.



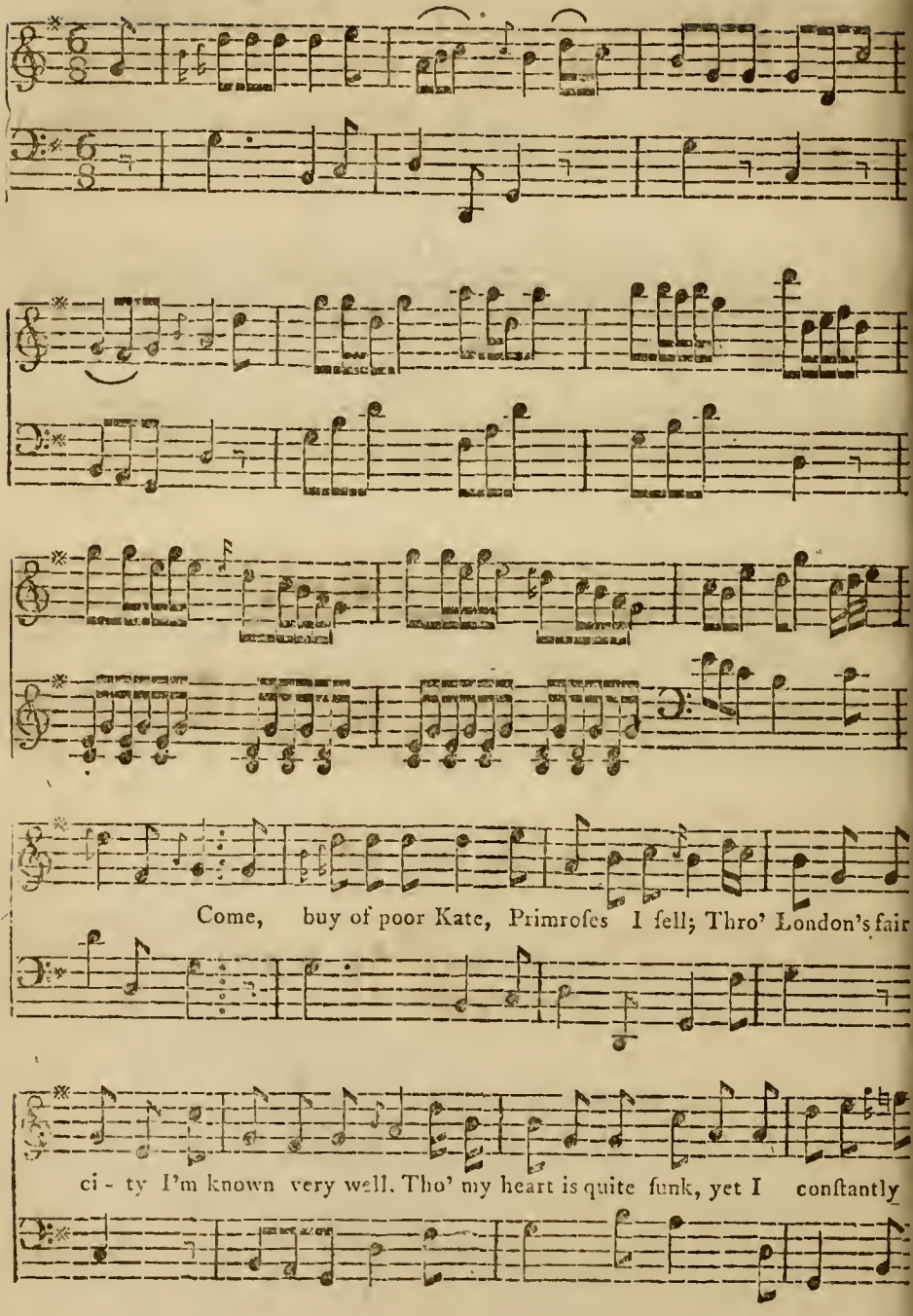


'Tis not the biting wintry blaſt,
'Tis not the ſcorching ſummer ſky,
'Tis not the coaſt on which he's caſt,
Or where he's born or where ſhall die:

No — independent quite of theſe,
The joys or anguiſh he muſt find;
No ſun can ſcorch, no froſt can freeze
The joys of a contented mind.

SONG LXIV.

THE PRIMROSE GIRL.



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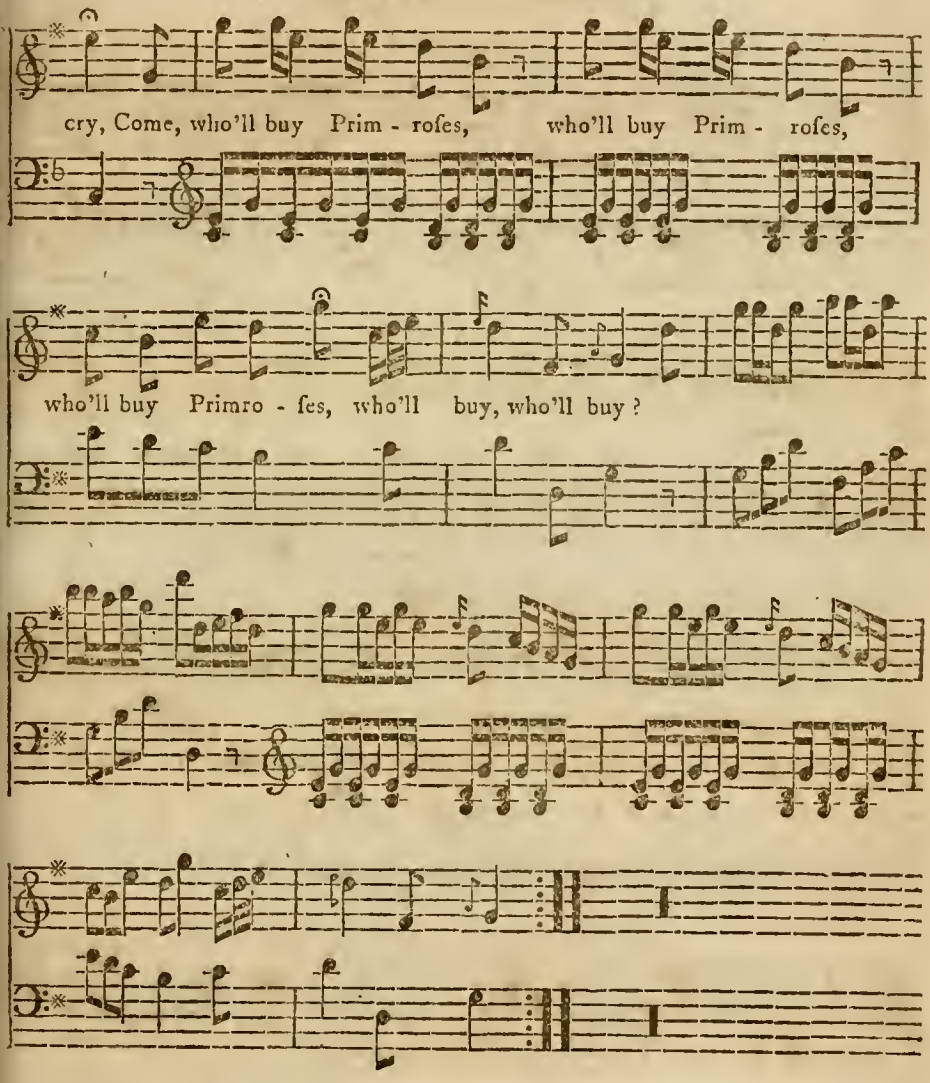
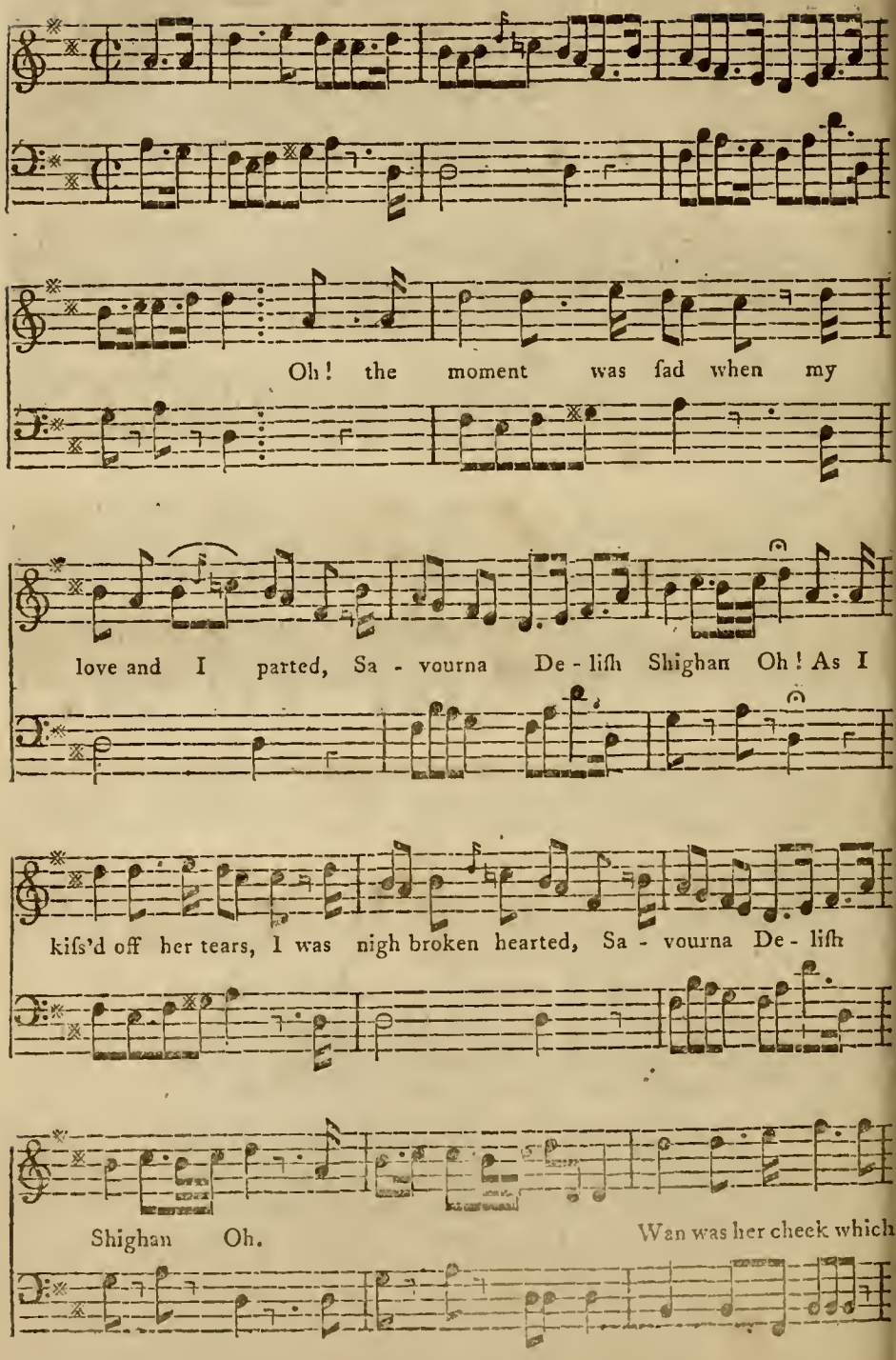


My friends are all dead, I'm look'd on with ſcorn;
Ah! better for me I had never been born:
Tho' I'm poor I am honeſt, and oft heave the ſigh,
While crying Primroſes, who'll buy Primroſes, &c.

To virtue when thus with ſorrow allied,
The tear of compaſsion will not be denied;
Then pity poor Kate who plaintively cries,
Come, who'll buy Primroſes, who'll buy Primroſes, &c.

SONG LXV.

SAVOURNA DELISH.



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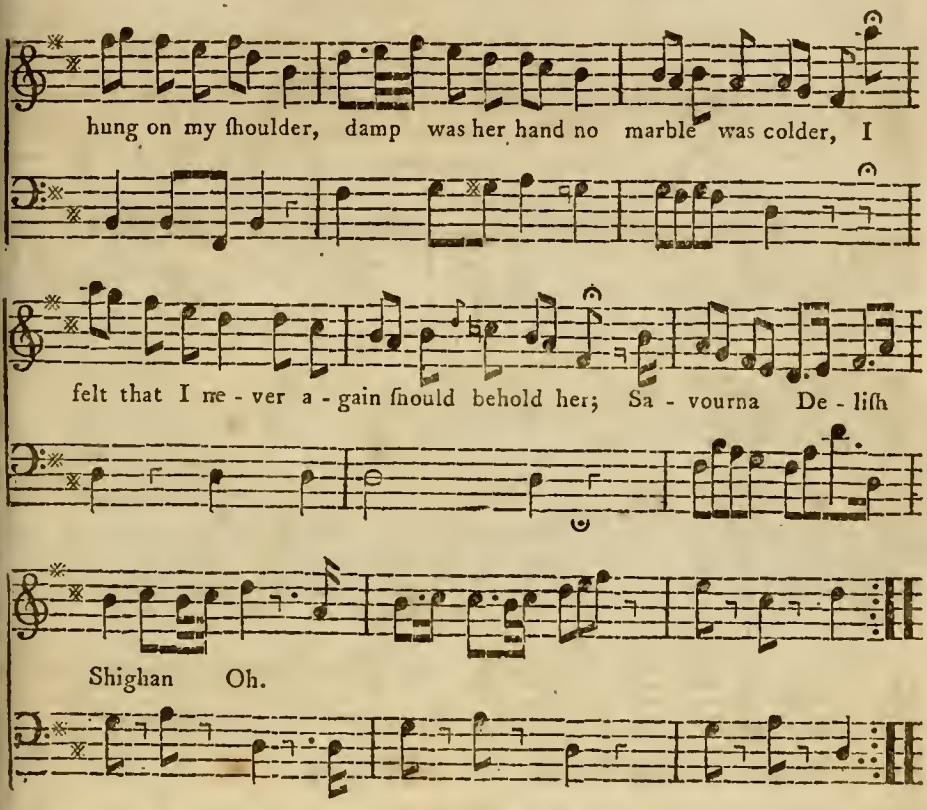


II.

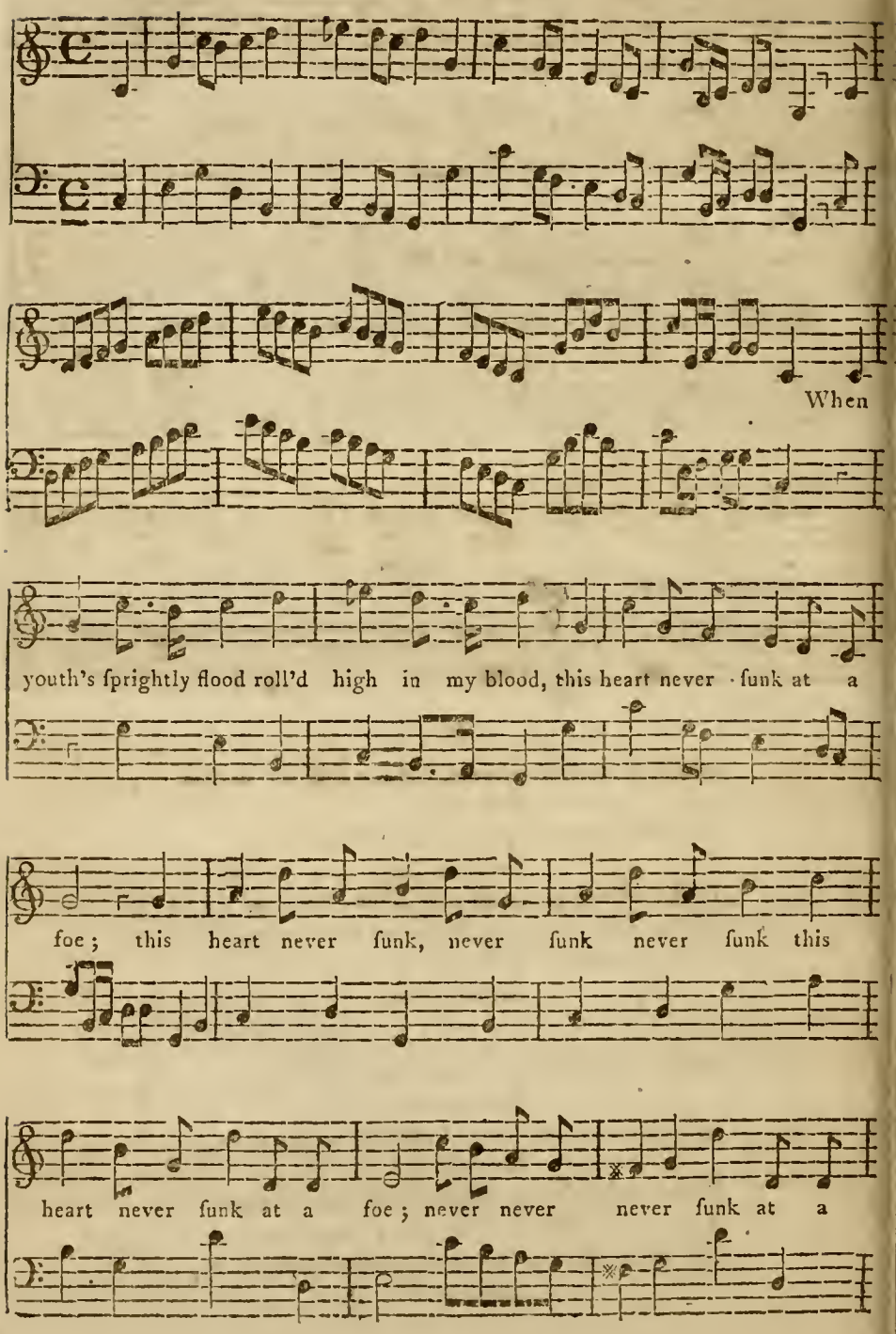
When the word of command put our men into motion,
Savourna &c.
I buckled my knapſack to croſs the wide ocean,
Savourna &c.
Briſk were our troops all roaring like thunder,
Pleaſ'd with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
My boſom with grief was almoſt torn aſunder.
Savourna &c.

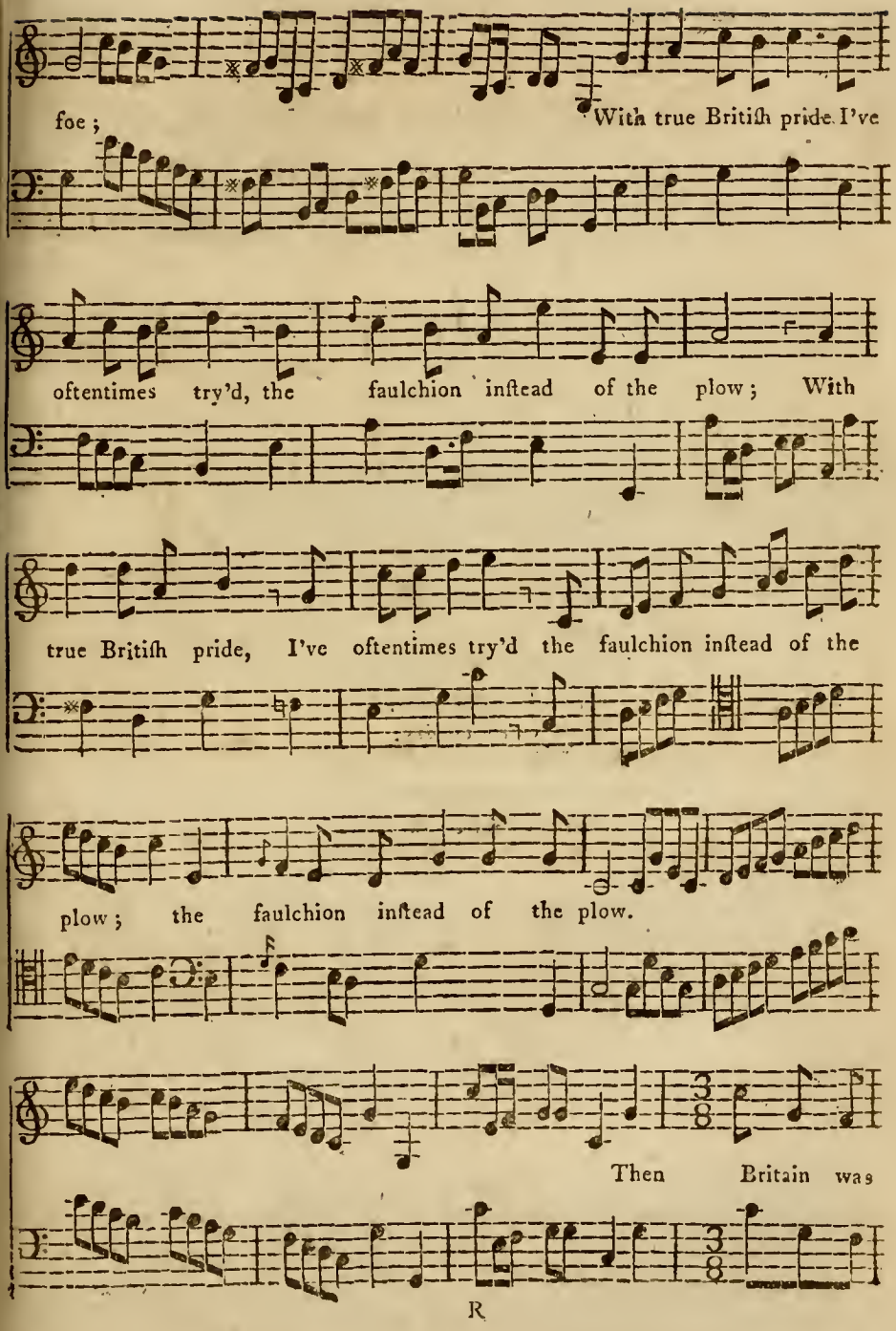
III.

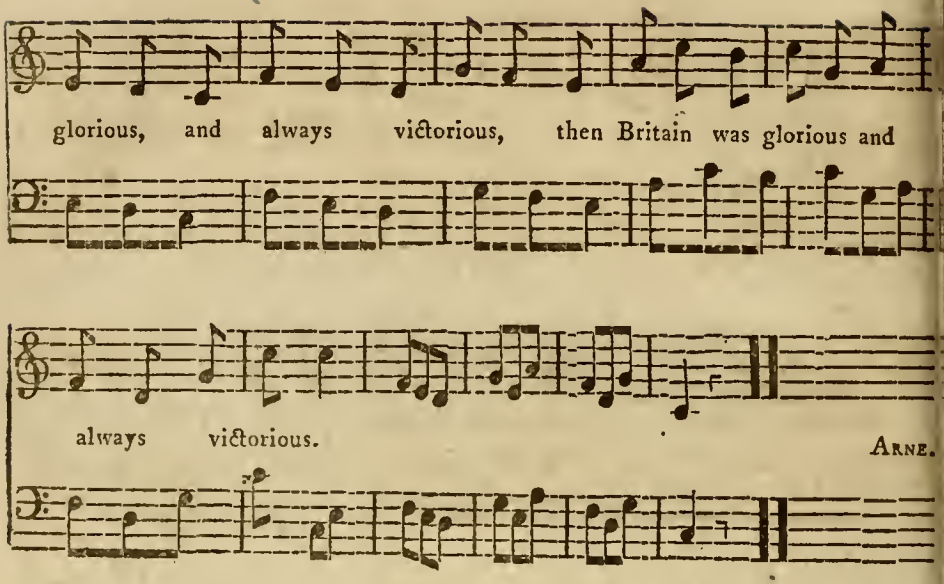
Long I fought for my country far far from my true love,
Savourna &c,
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love,
Savourna &c.
Peace was proclaim'd, eſcap'd from the ſlaughter,
Landed at home, my ſweet girl, I ſought her,
But ſorrow alas! to her cold grave had brought her,
Savourna &c.

SONG LXVI.

WHEN YOUTH'S SPRIGHTLY FLOOD.



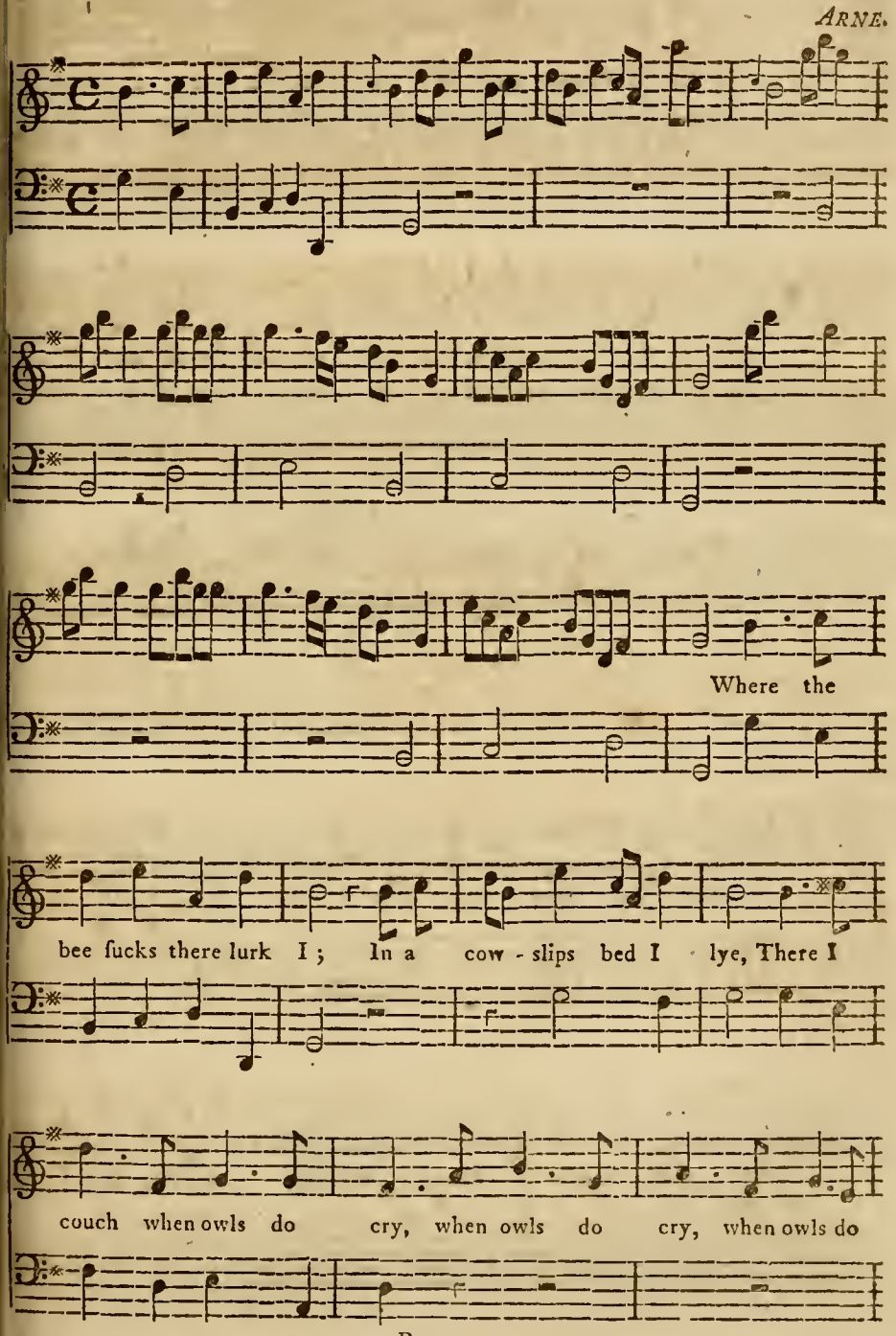

foe ; With true Britiſh pride I've
oftentimes try'd, the faulchion inſtead of the plow ; With
true Britiſh pride, I've oftentimes try'd the faulchion inſtead of the
plow ; the faulchion inſtead of the plow.
Then Britain was

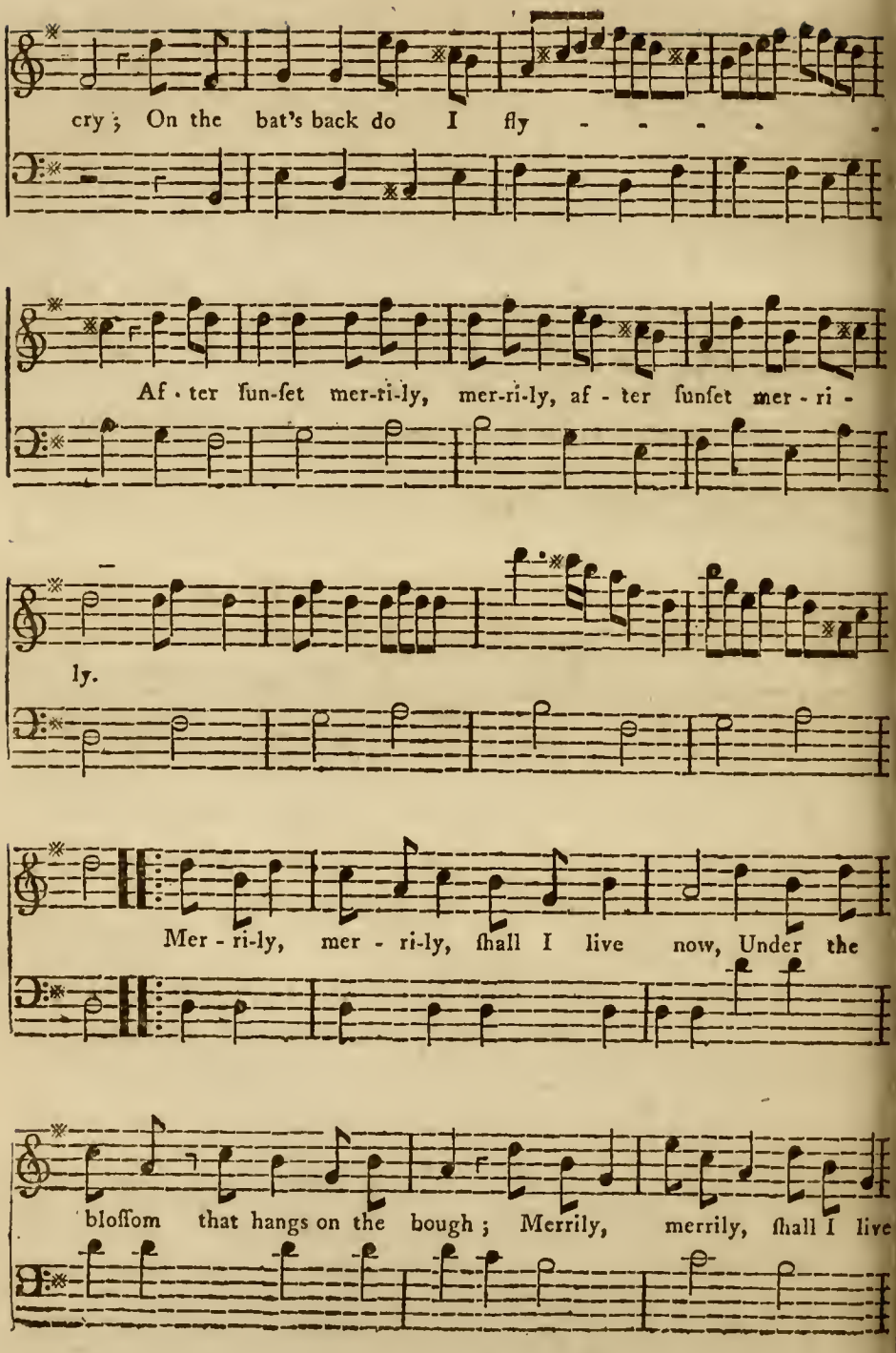


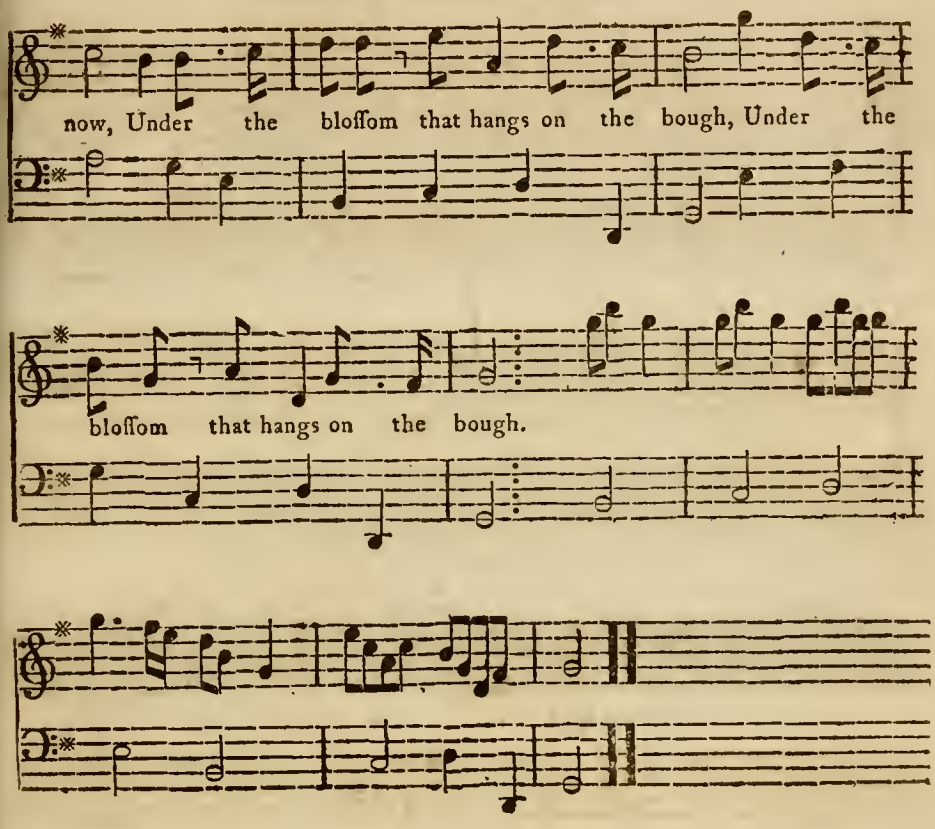
And Briton ſtill bears,
Swains fit for her wars,
Whoſe hearts glow with liberty's fire;
My girls throw away,
Your fears for a day,
For beauty can valour inſpire;
Till Britain is glorious,
And once more victorious.

SONG LXVII.

ARIEL'S SONG IN THE TEMPEST.



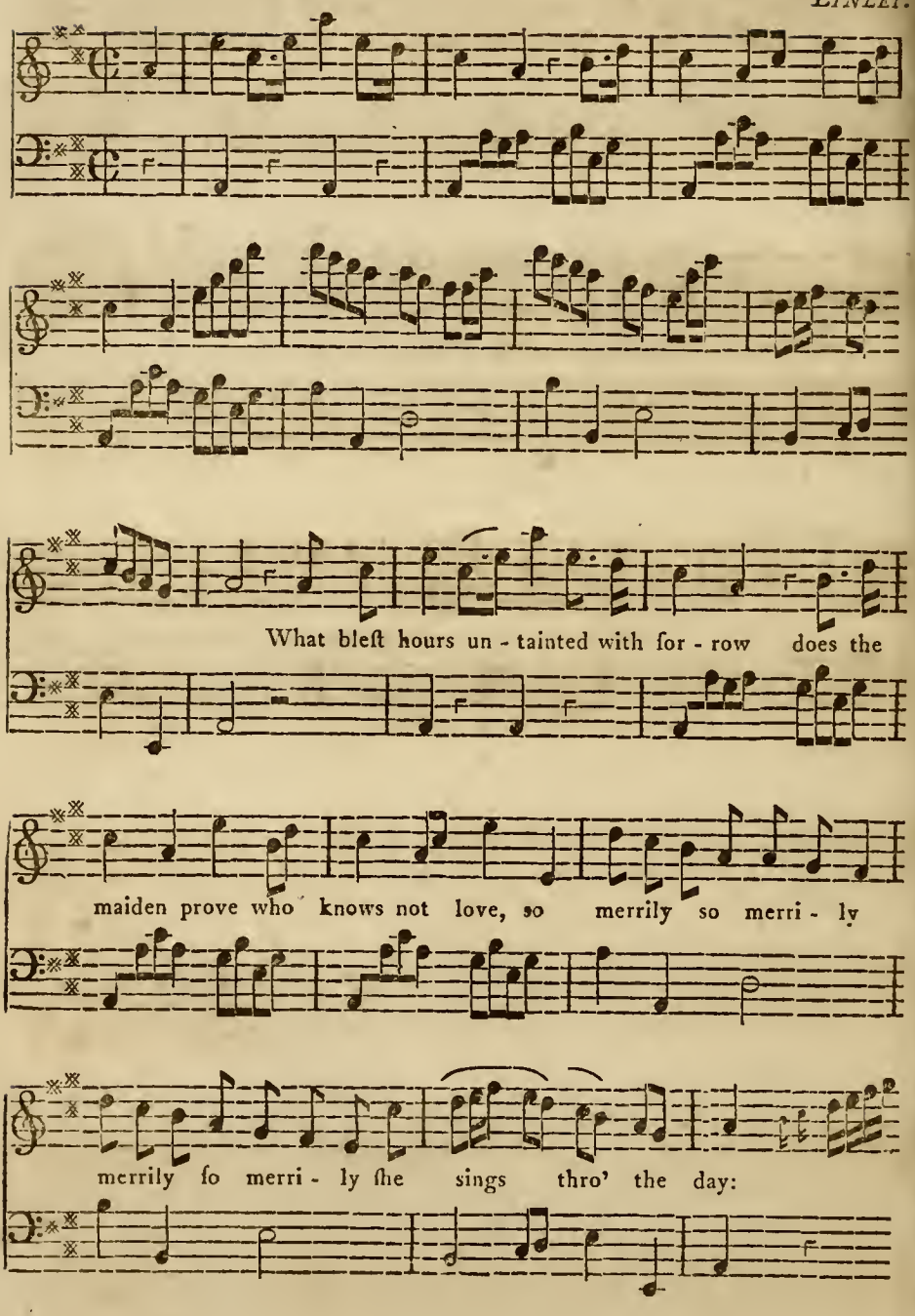

cry; On the bat's back do I fly - - - - -
Af - ter ſun-ſet mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, af - ter ſunſet mer - ri -
ly.
Mer - ri-ly, mer - ri-ly, ſhall I live now, Under the
bloſſom that hangs on the bough; Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live


now, Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough, Under the
bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

SONG LXVIII.

WHAT BLEST HOURS.

Linley.



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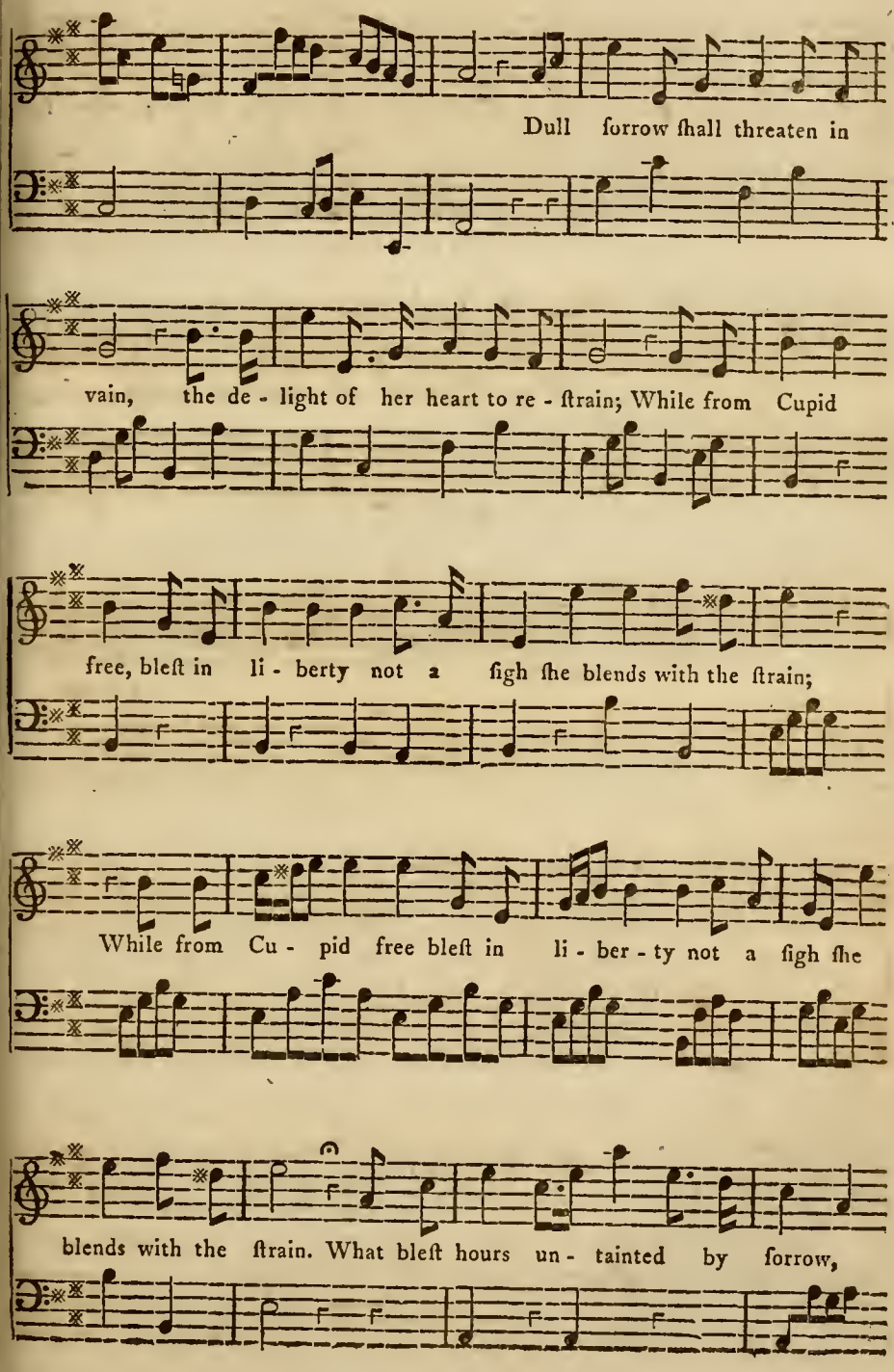
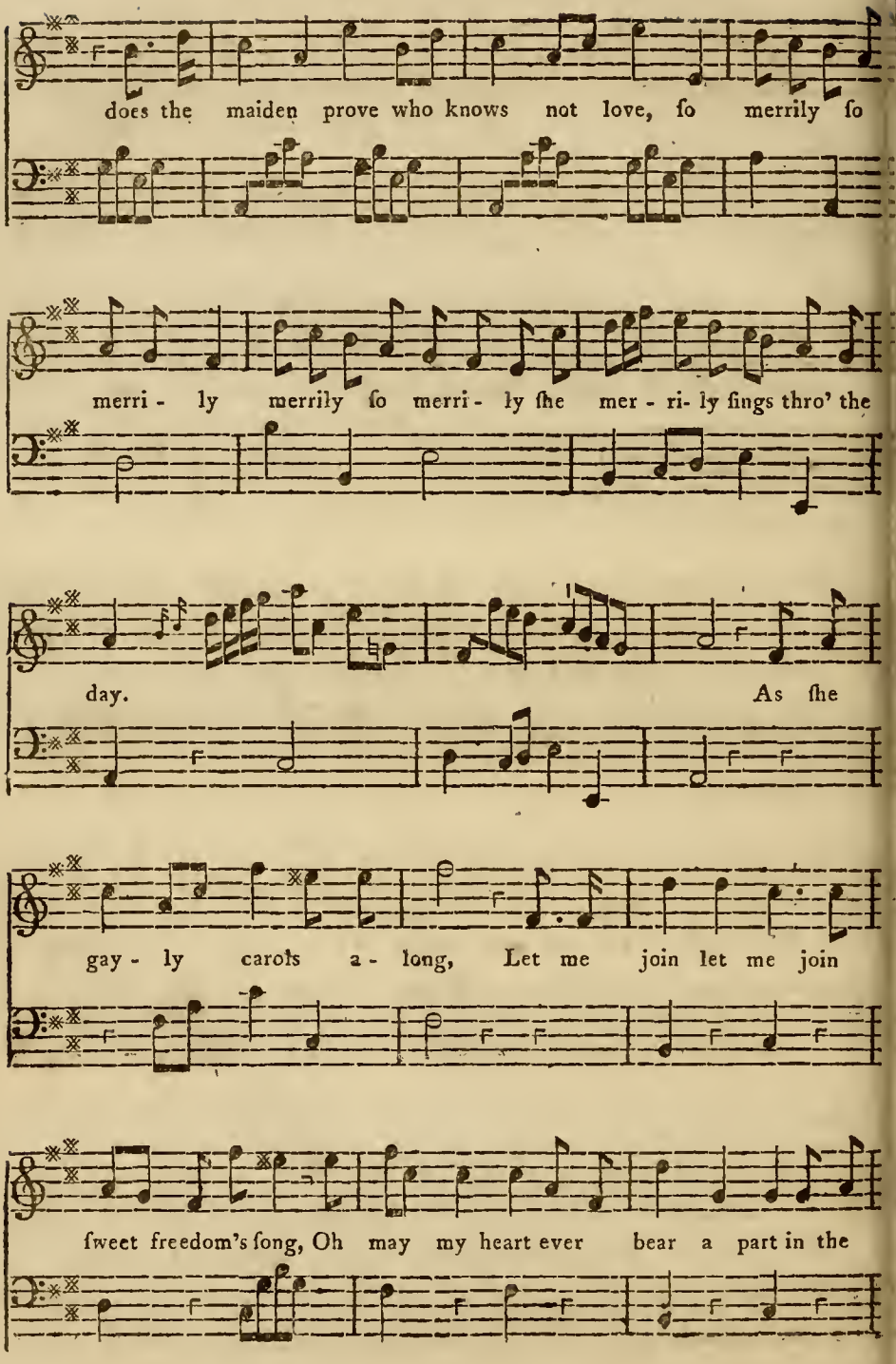
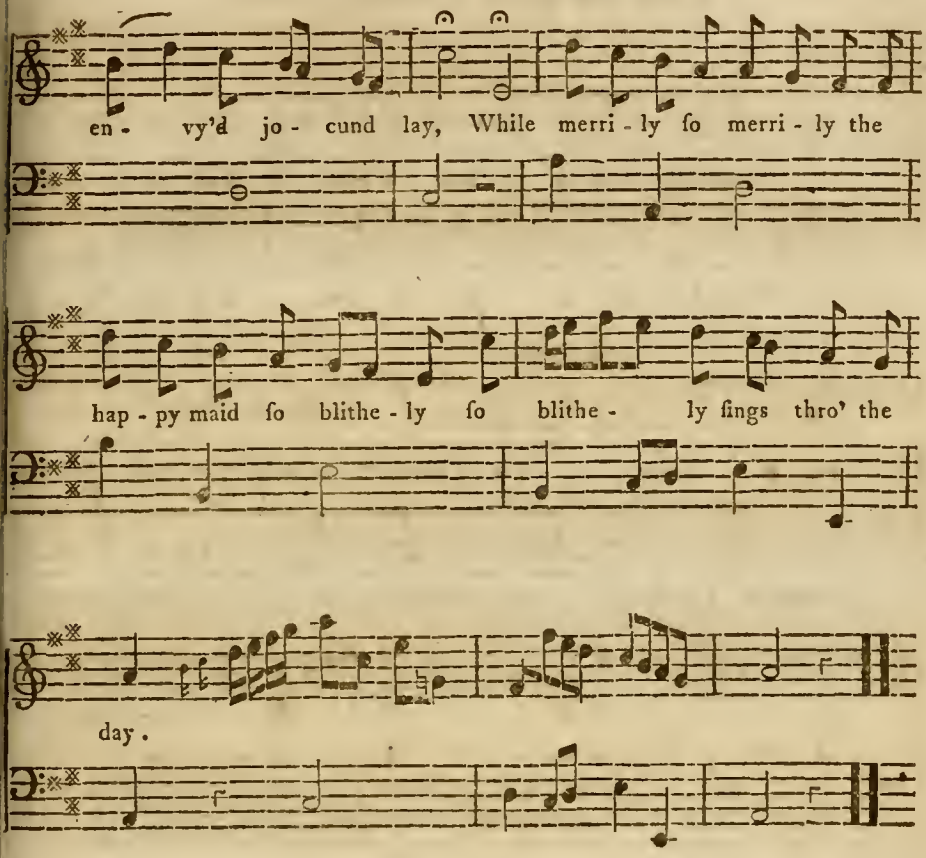
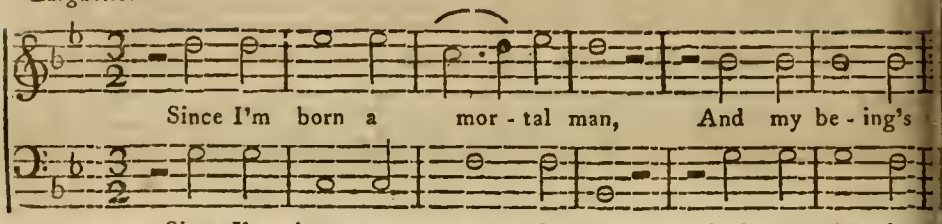

Dull ſorrow ſhall threaten in
vain, the de - light of her heart to re - ſtrain; While from Cupid
free, bleſt in li - berty not a ſigh ſhe blends with the ſtrain;
While from Cu - pid free bleſt in li - ber - ty not a ſigh ſhe
blends with the ſtrain. What bleſt hours un - tainted by ſorrow,


does the maiden prove who knows not love, ſo merrily ſo
merri - ly merrily ſo merri - ly ſhe mer - ri- ly ſings thro' the
day. As ſhe
gay - ly carols a - long, Let me join let me join
ſweet freedom's ſong, Oh may my heart ever bear a part in the

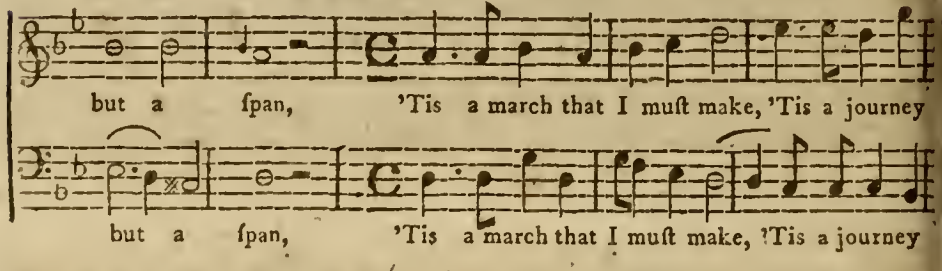

en - vy'd jo - cund lay, While merri - ly ſo merri - ly the
hap - py maid ſo blithe - ly ſo blithe - ly ſings thro' the
day.

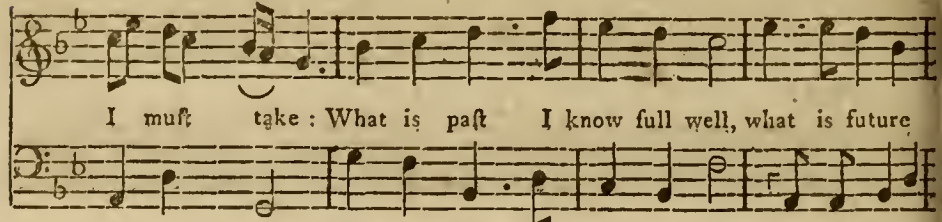
SINCE I'M BORN A MORTAL MAN.

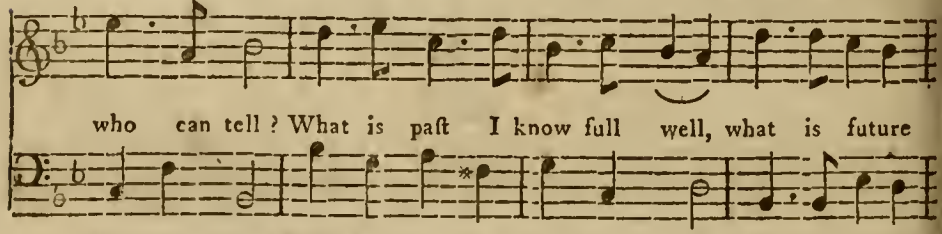
Larghetto.



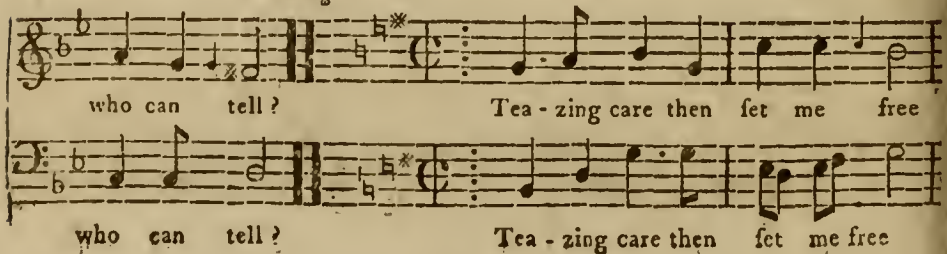
Moderato.

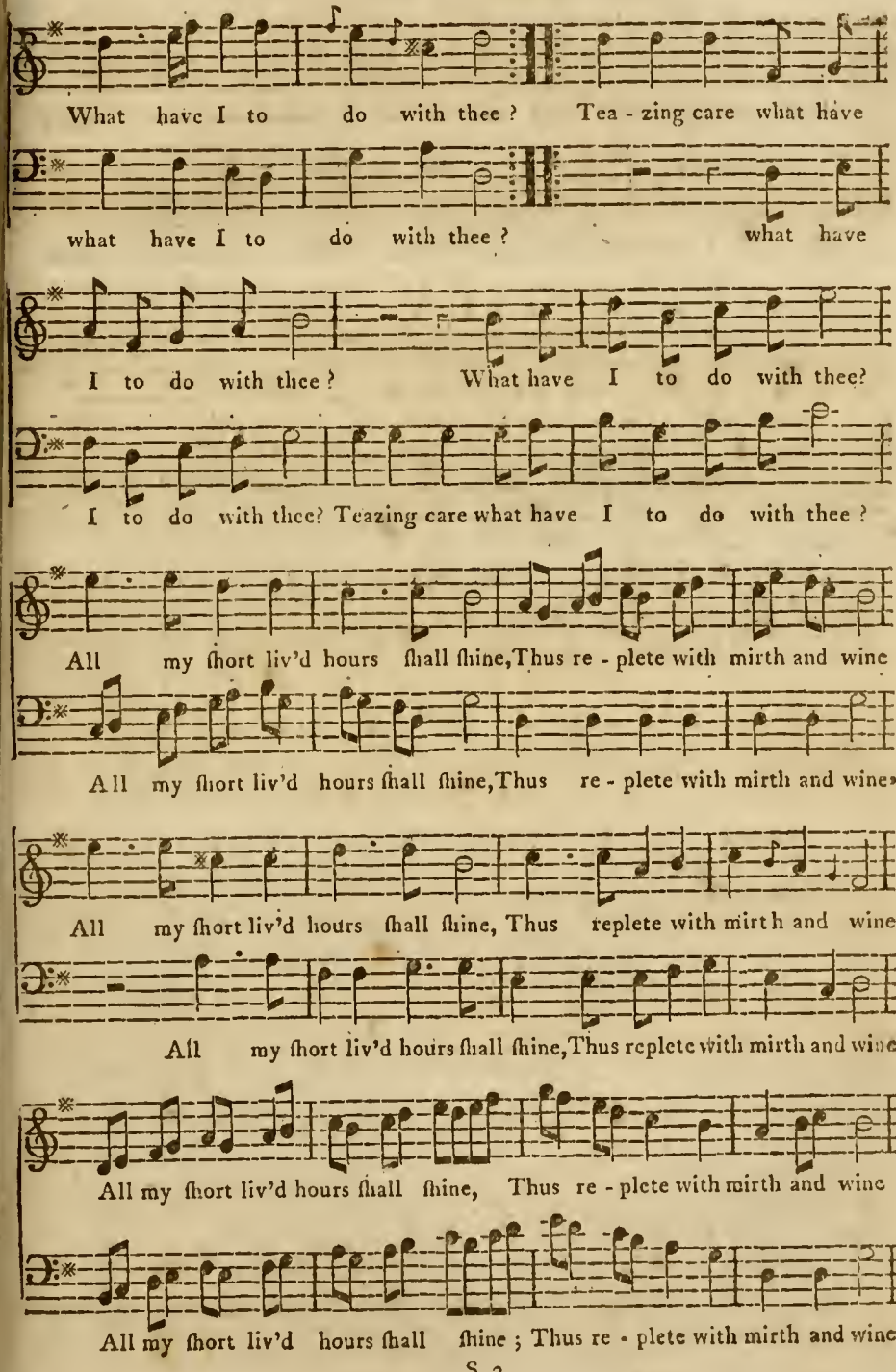


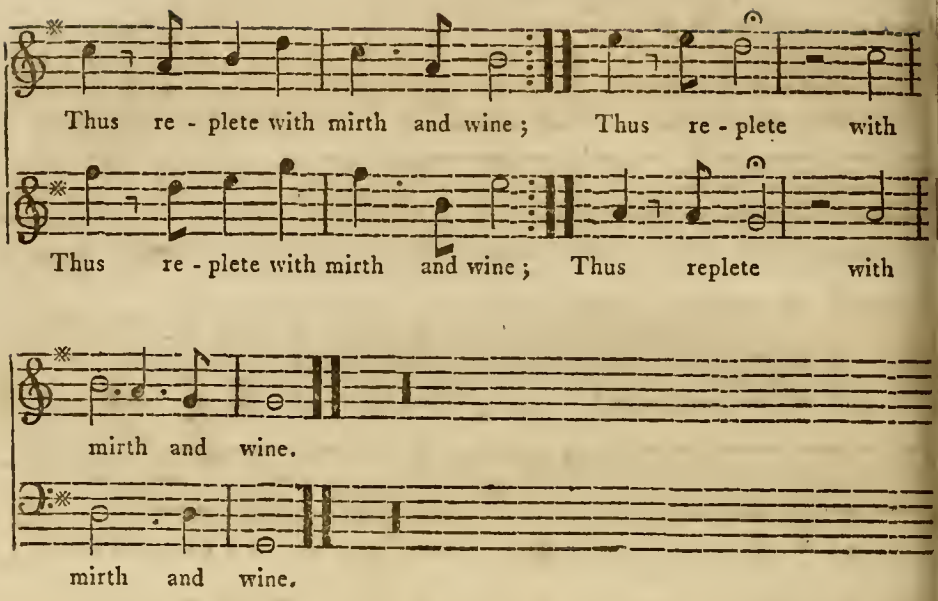




Allegro.

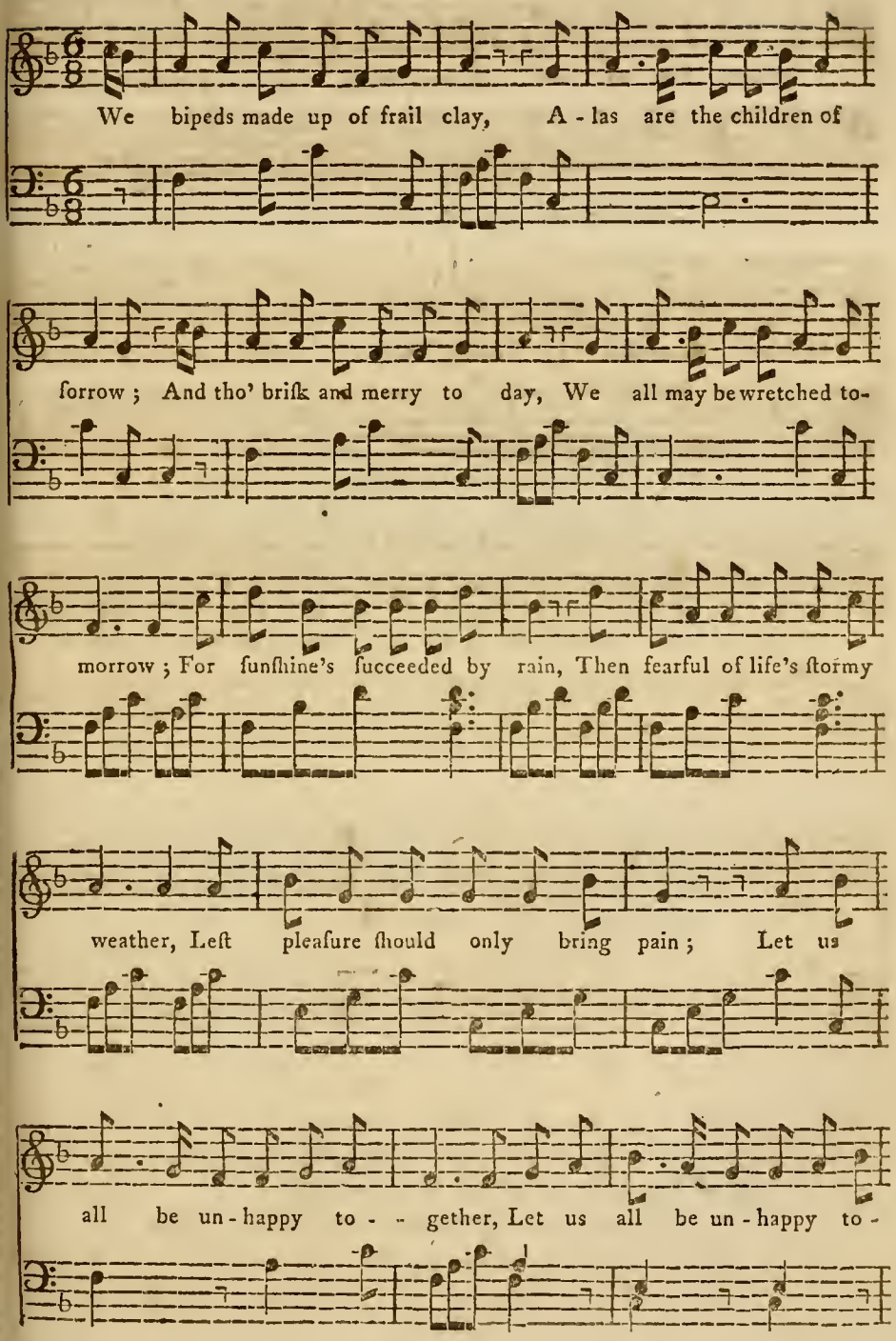



What have I to do with thee? Tea - zing care what have
what have I to do with thee? what have
I to do with thee? What have I to do with thee?
I to do with thee? Teazing care what have I to do with thee?
All my ſhort liv'd hours ſhall ſhine, Thus re - plete with mirth and wine
All my ſhort liv'd hours ſhall ſhine, Thus re - plete with mirth and wine
All my ſhort liv'd hours ſhall ſhine, Thus replete with mirth and wine
All my ſhort liv'd hours ſhall ſhine, Thus replete with mirth and wine
All my ſhort liv'd hours ſhall ſhine, Thus re - plete with mirth and wine
All my ſhort liv'd hours ſhall ſhine; Thus re - plete with mirth and wine


Thus re - plete with mirth and wine; Thus re - plete with
Thus re - plete with mirth and wine; Thus replete with
mirth and wine.
mirth and wine.

SONG LXX.

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY TOGETHER.



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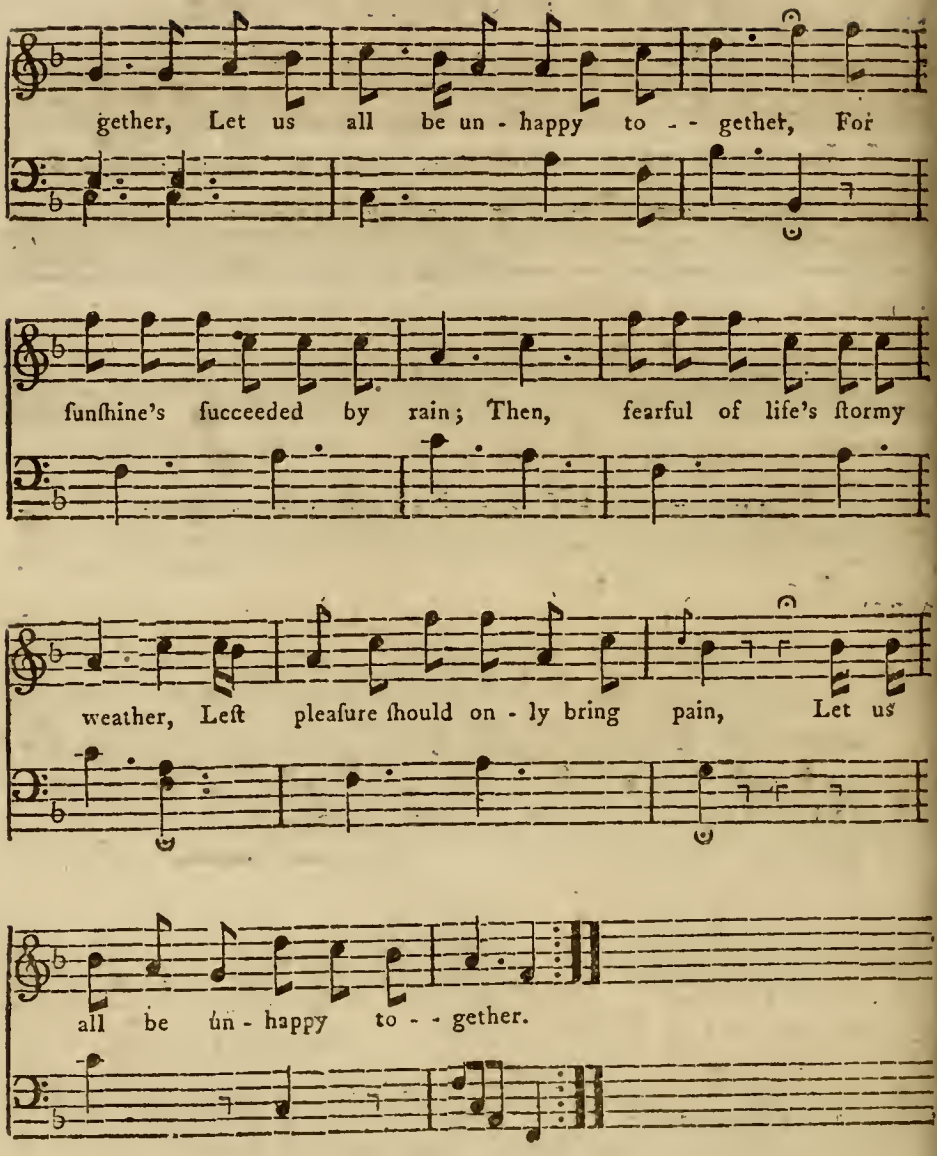


II.

I grant, the beſt bleſſing we know
Is a friend,—for true friendſhip's a treaſure,
And yet, leſt your friend prove a foe,
Oh taſte not the dangerous pleaſure,

Thus friendſhip's a flimſy affair,
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleaſing but trouble.

III.

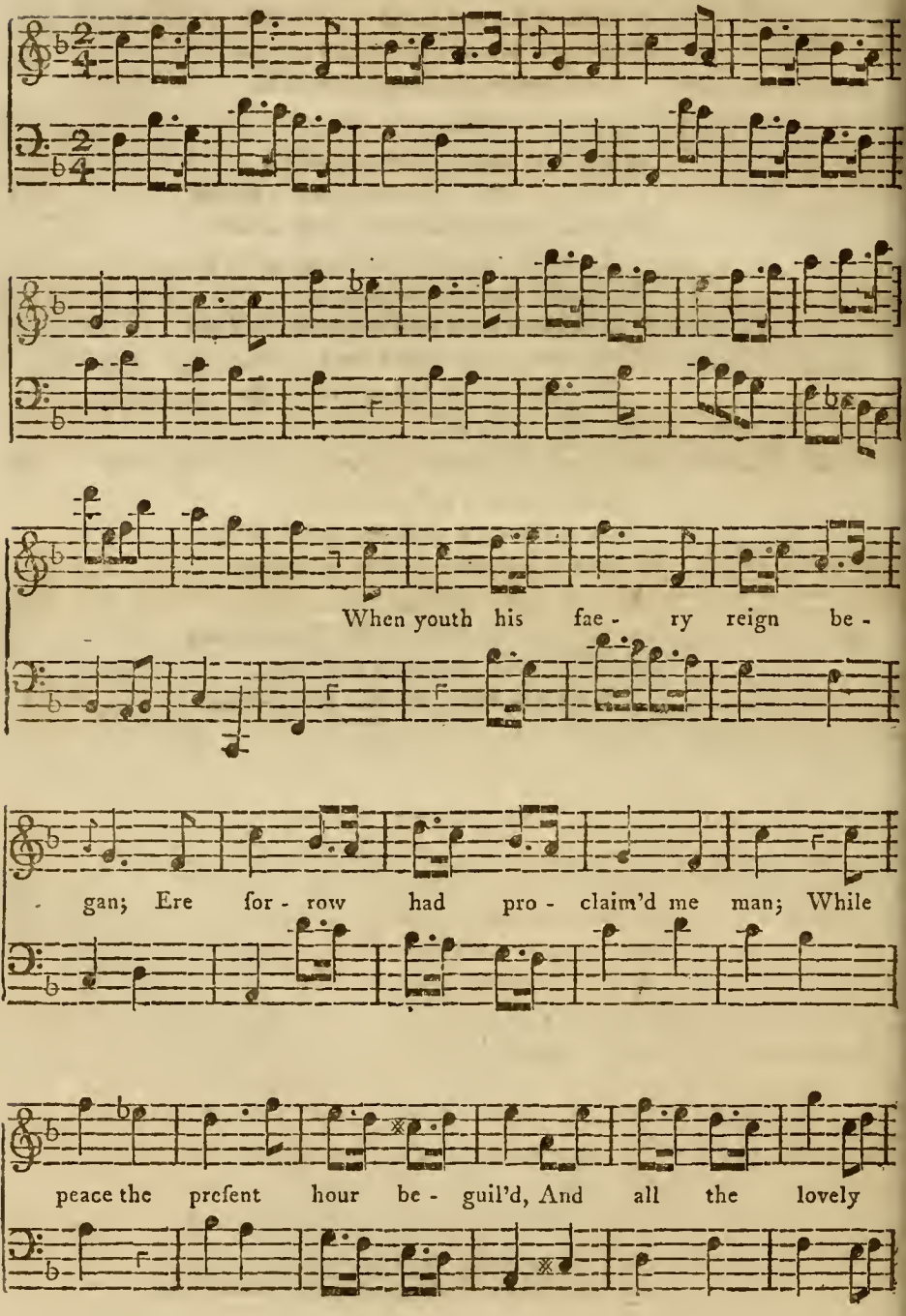
If a mortal would point out that life,
That on earth could be neareſt to heaven,
Let him, thanking his ſtars, chooſe a wife,
To whom truth and honour are given;
But honour and truth are ſo rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, ſo tingle,
That with all my reſpect for the fair,
I'd adviſe him to ſigh and live ſingle.

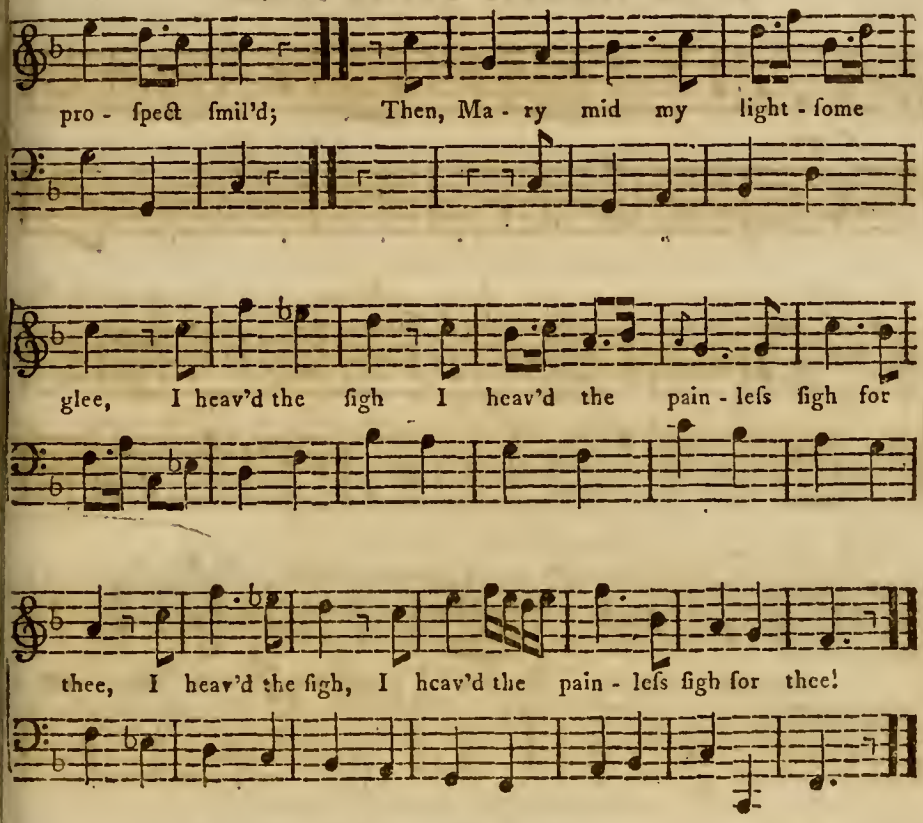
IV.

It appears from theſe premiſes plain,
That wiſdom is nothing but folly,
That pleaſure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy.
That all thoſe who laugh ought to cry,
That 'tis fine friſk and ſun to be grieving;
And that ſince we muſt all of us die,
We ſhould all be unhappy while living.

SONG LXXI.

WHEN YOUTH HIS FAERY REIGN BEGAN.





2

And when, along the waves of woe,
My haraſs'd heart was doom'd to know
The frantic burſt of outrage keen,
And the ſlow pang that gnaws unſeen;
Then ſhipwreck'd on life's ſtormy ſea,
I heav'd an anguiſh'd ſigh for thee.

3

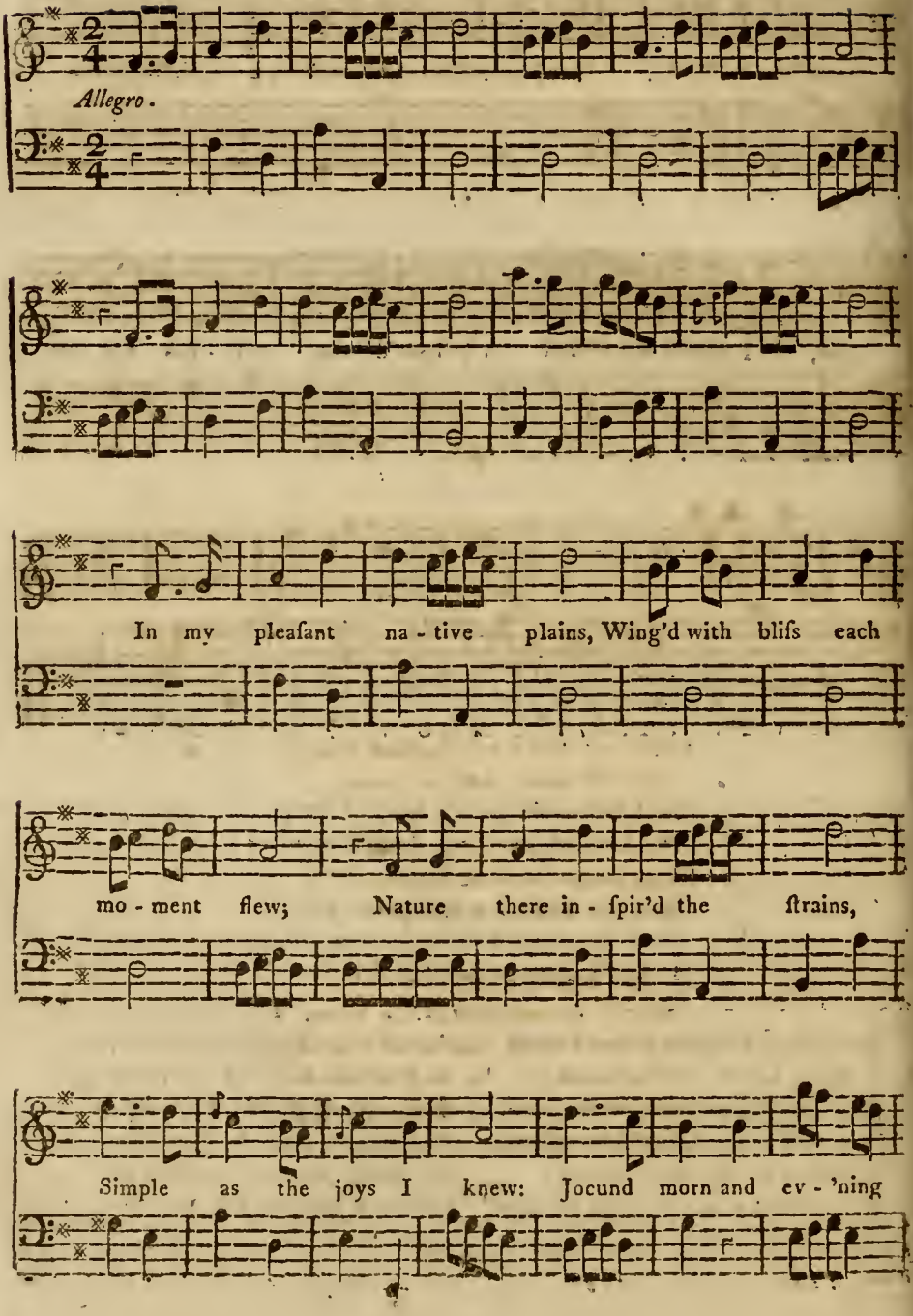
But ſoon reflection's power impreſt
A ſtiller ſadneſs on my breaſt;
And ſickly hope, with waning eye,
Was well content to droop and die;
I yielded to the ſtern decree,
And heav'd a languid ſigh for thee!

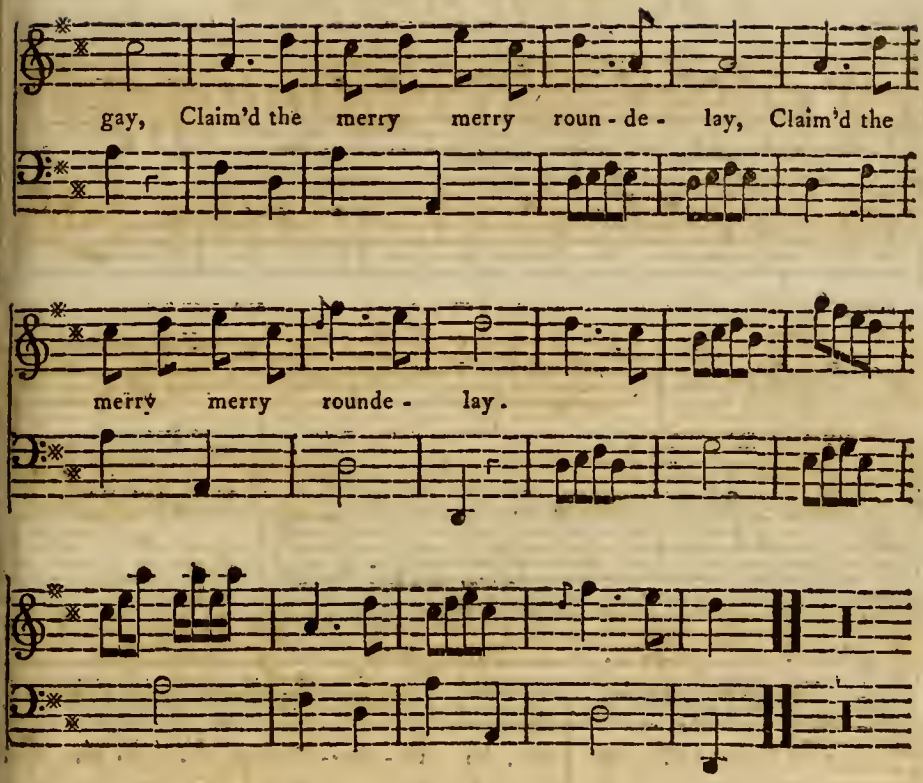
4

And tho' in diſtant climes to roam,
A wand'rer from my native home,
I fain would ſoothe the ſenſe of care,
And lull to ſleep the joys that were!
Thy image may not baniſh'd be,
I heave a hopeleſs ſigh for thee!

SONG LXXII.

IN MY PLEASANT NATIVE PLAINS.





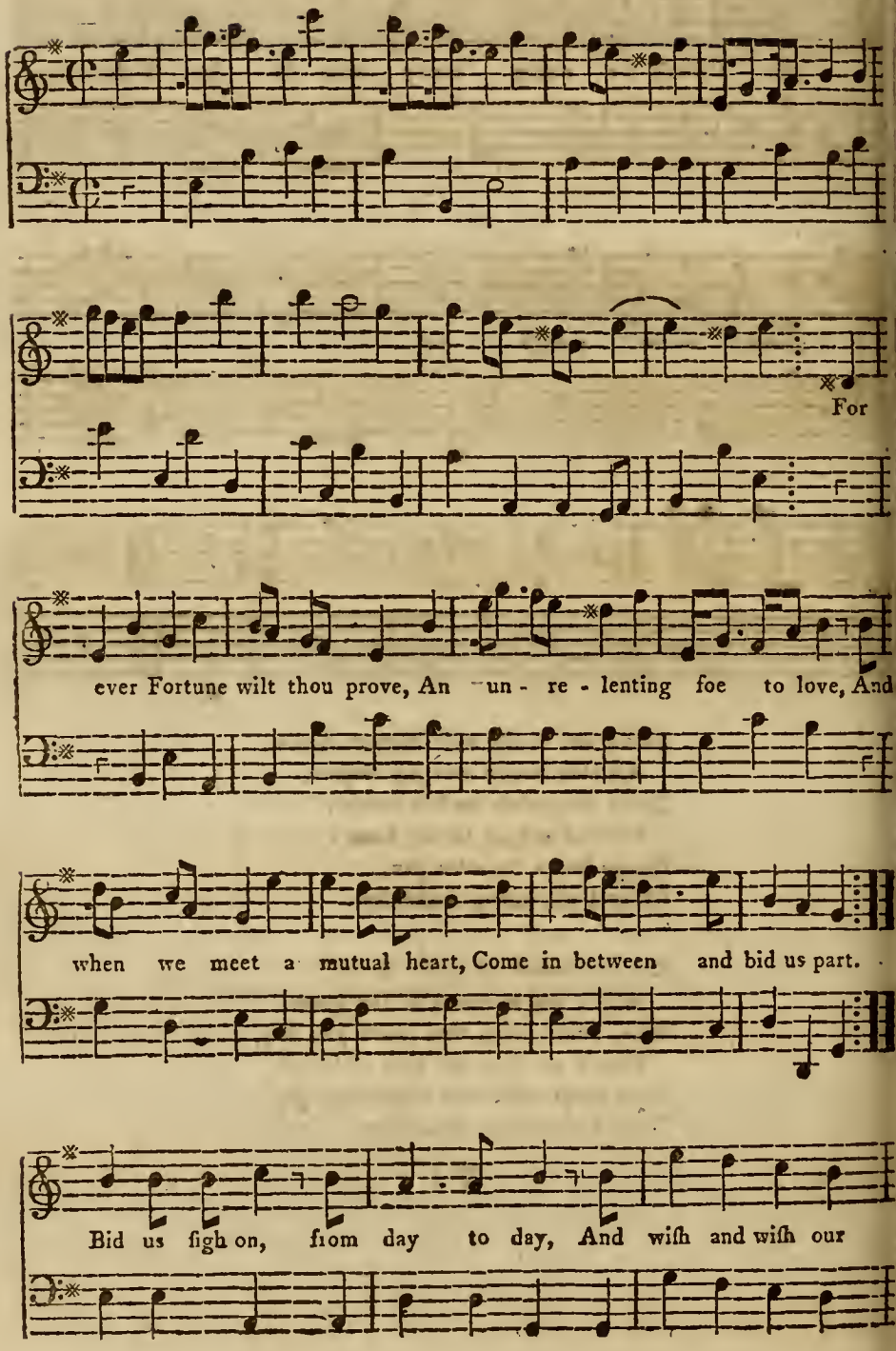
Fields and flocks and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and joy impart,
Call'd for artleſs muſic's pow'rs,
Faithful echoes to the heart.
Happy hours for ever gay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

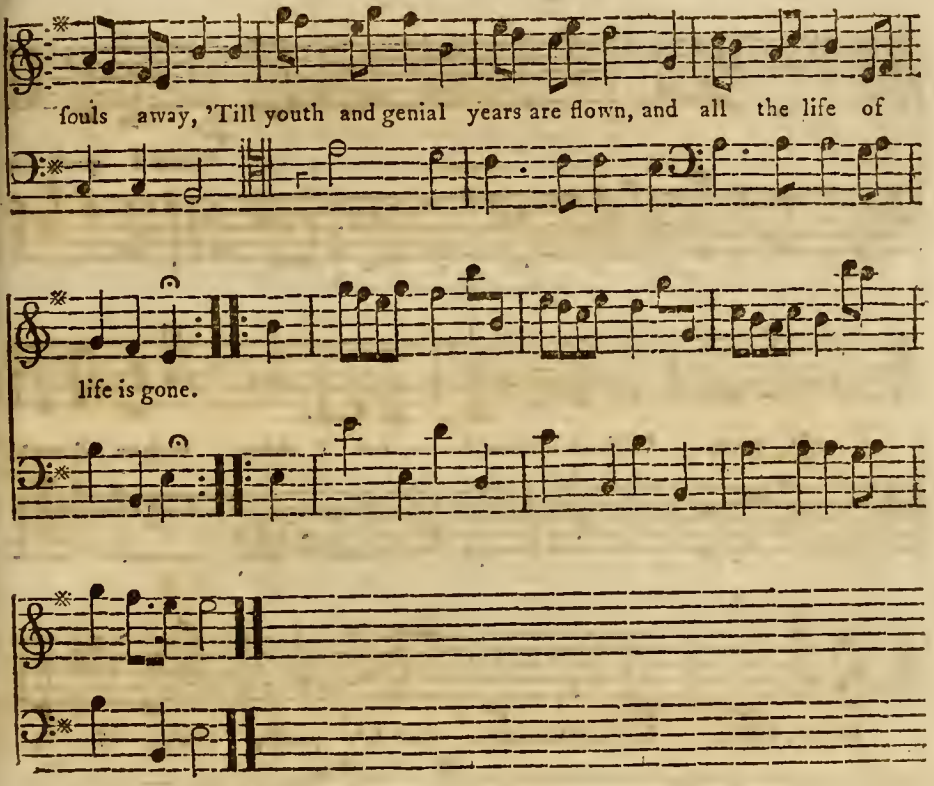
But the breath of genial ſpring,
Wak'd the warblers of the grove,
Who, ſweet birds, that heard you ſing,
Would not join the ſong of love?
Your ſweet notes and chauntings gay
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

SONG LXXIII.

FOR EVER FORTUNE.

Jackson



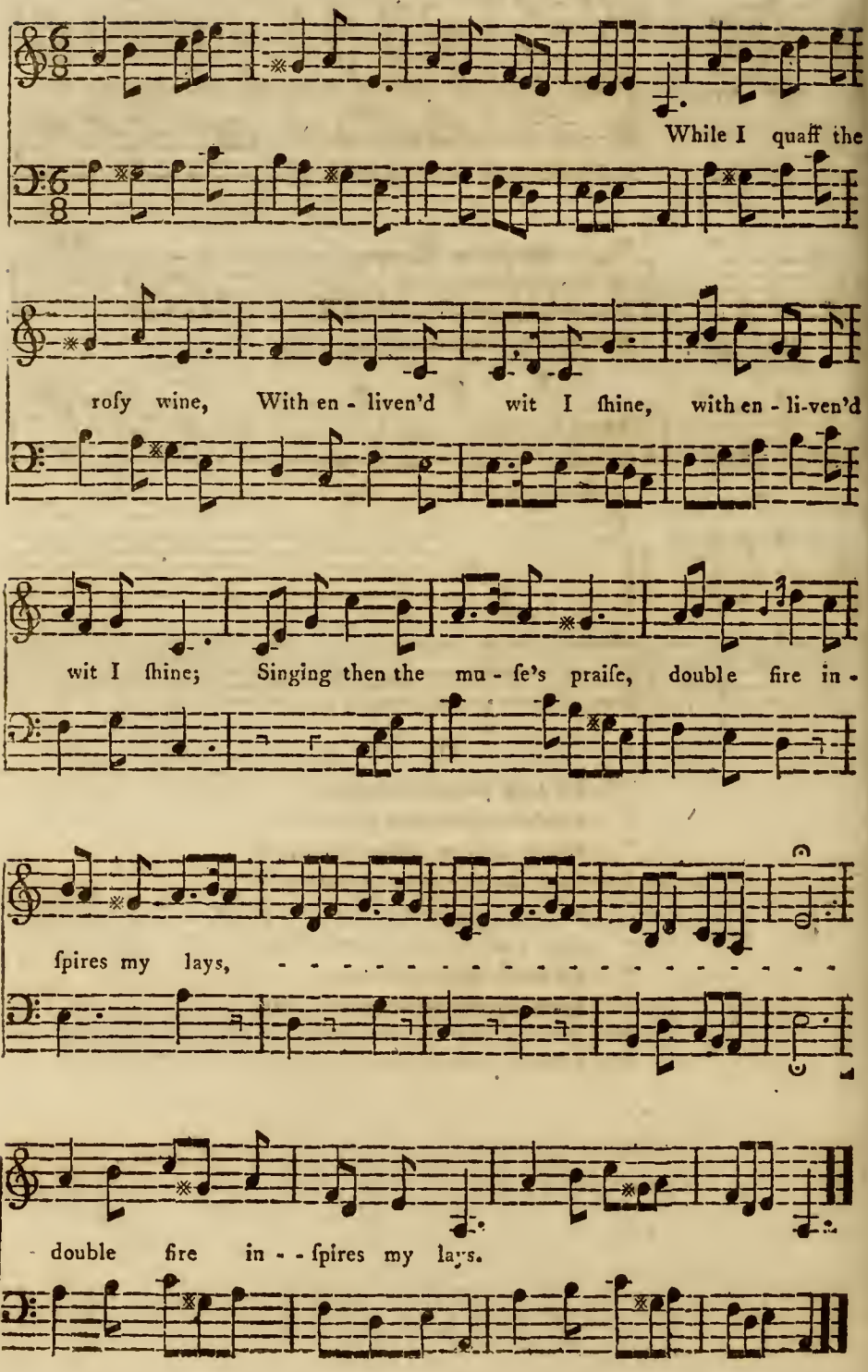


II.

But buſy buſy ſtill art thou,
To bind the loveleſs joyleſs vow,
The heart from pleaſure to delude,
And join the gentle with the rude.
For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I abſolve thy future care,
All other bleſſings I reſign,
Make but the dear AMANDA mine.

SONG LXXIV.

WHILE I QUAFF THE ROSY WINE.



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II.

While I quaff the roſy wine,
I feel I feel the pow'r divine
Free me from all ſorrow's ſway,
I puff like winds my care away.

III.

While I quaff the roſy wine,
All my faculties refine:
My temper grows ſerene and fair,
And like the Summer evening's air.

IV.

While I quaff the roſy wine,
Crowns of od'rous flow'rs I twine;
Singing to the echoing grove,
The pleaſures of that life I love.

V.

While I quaff the roſy wine,
To ſoft paſſions I incline;
My miſtreſs then my ſong employs,
And all love's pleaſing painful joys.

VI.

While I quaff the roſy wine,
Every paſt delight is mine,
Youth does again my veins inſpire,
I lead the dance and join the choir.

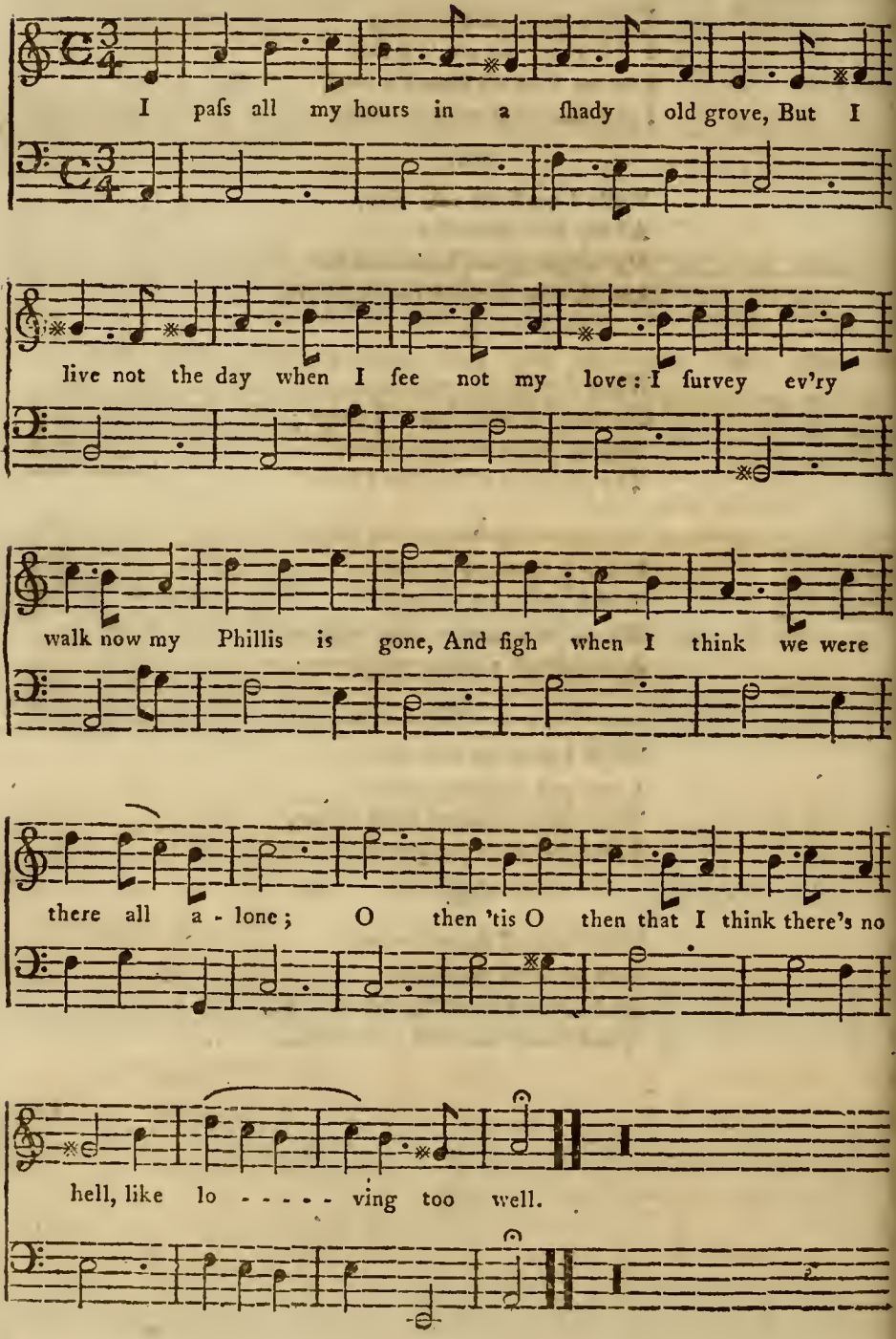
VII.

While I quaff the roſy wine,
I its force to reaſon join,
And ſteel my breaſt againſt that fall,
The common fate that waits us all.

SONG LXXV.

THE WORDS BY CHARLES II.

P. Humphrey.



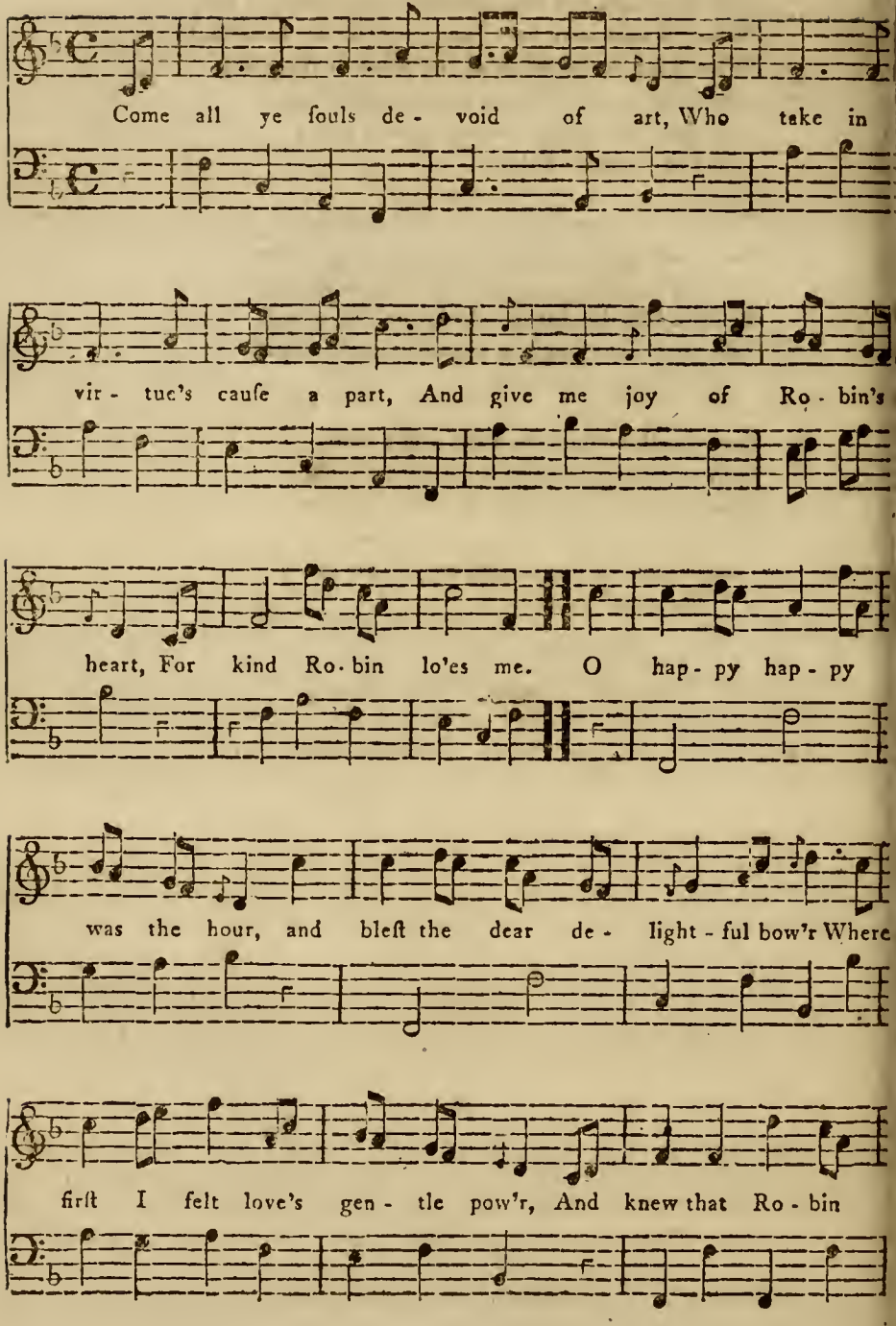
But each ſhade and each conſcious bow'r, when I find,
Where I once have been happy, and ſhe has been kind;
When I ſee the print left of her ſhape in the green,
And imagine the pleaſures may yet come again;
O then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleaſures of love.

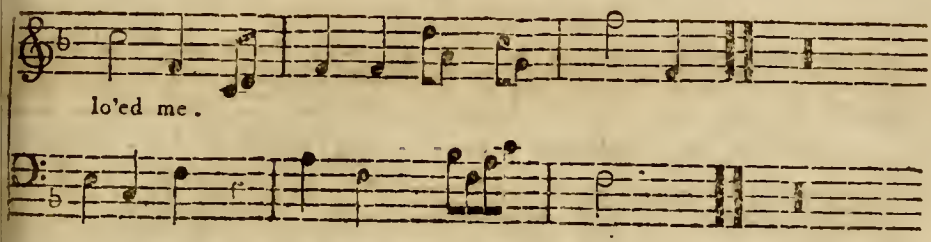
While alone to myſelf I repeat all her charms,
She I love may be lockt in another man's arms,
She may laugh at my cares, and ſo falſe ſhe may be,
To ſay all the kind things ſhe before ſaid to me;
O then 'tis O then that I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

But when I conſider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent paſſion, ſo kind without art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope ſhe may be
So full of true love to be jealous of me;
And then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleaſures of love.

SONG LXXVI.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.





O witneſs ev'ry bank and brae,
Witneſs ye ſtreams that thro' them play,
And ev'ry field and meadow gay,
That kind Robin lo'es me.

Tell it, ye birds! from ev'ry tree,
Breathe it, ye winds! o'er ilka lea,
Ye waves! proclaim from ſea to ſea,
That kind Robin lo'es me.

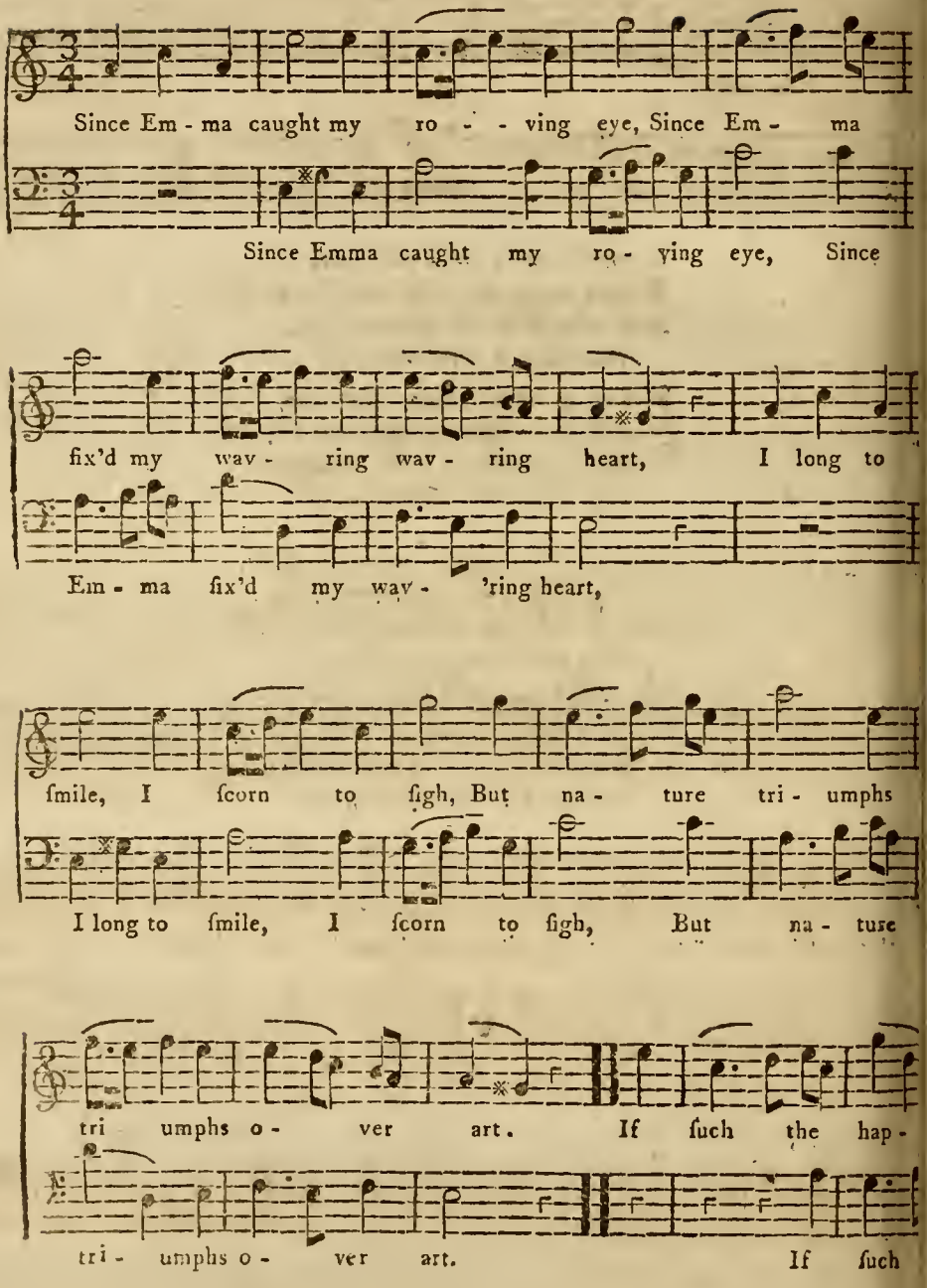
The winter's cot, the ſummer's ſhield,
The freezing ſnaw, the flow'ry field,
Alike to me true pleaſures yield,
Since kind Robin lo'es me.

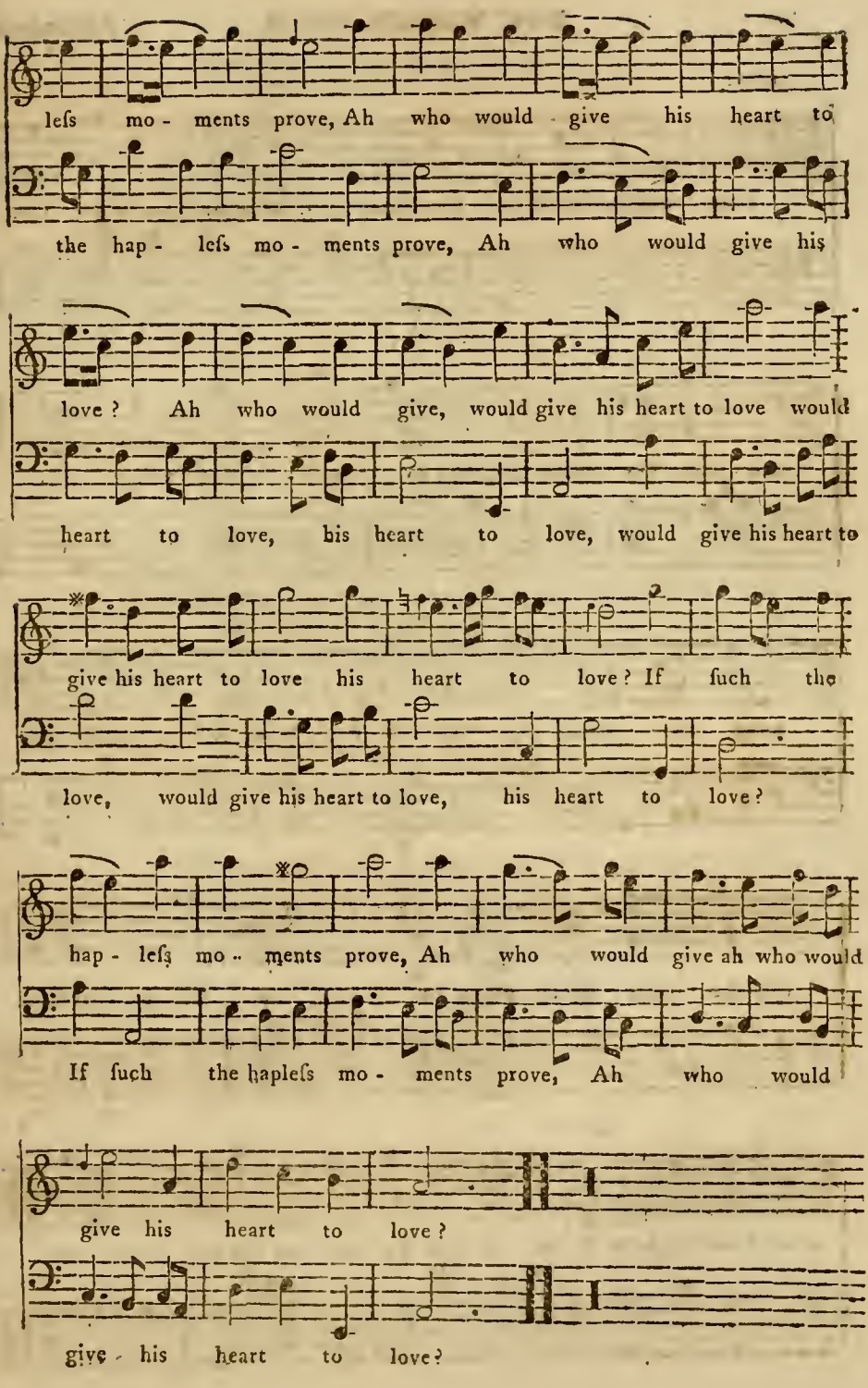
For warld's gear I'll never pine,
Nor ſeek in gay attire to ſhine;
A kingdom's mine if Robin's mine,
The lad that truely lo'es me.

SONG LXXVII.

SINCE EMMA CAUGHT.

TRAVERS.

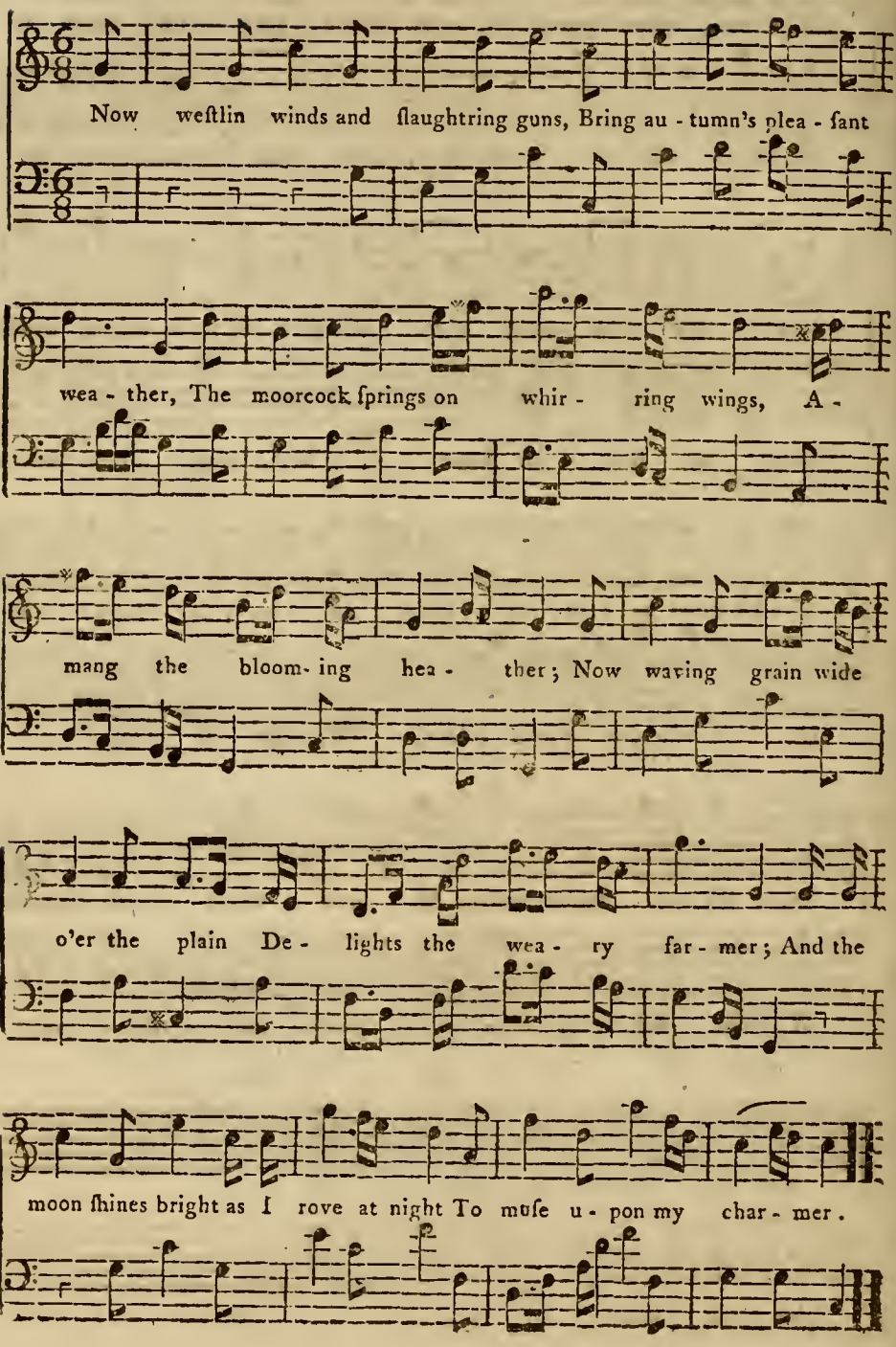



leſs mo - ments prove, Ah who would give his heart to
the hap - leſs mo - ments prove, Ah who would give his
love ? Ah who would give, would give his heart to love would
heart to love, his heart to love, would give his heart to
give his heart to love his heart to love ? If ſuch the
love, would give his heart to love, his heart to love ?
hap - leſs mo - ments prove, Ah who would give ah who would
If ſuch the hapleſs mo - ments prove, Ah who would
give his heart to love ?
give - his heart to love ?

SONG LXXVIII.

NOW WESTLIN WINDS. *Reichardt.*

Slow.



The Partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The Plover loves the mountains;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The ſoaring Hern the fountains;
Thro' lofty groves the Cuſhat roves,
The path of man to ſhun it;
The hazel buſh o'erhangs the Thruſh,
The ſpreading thorn the Linnet.

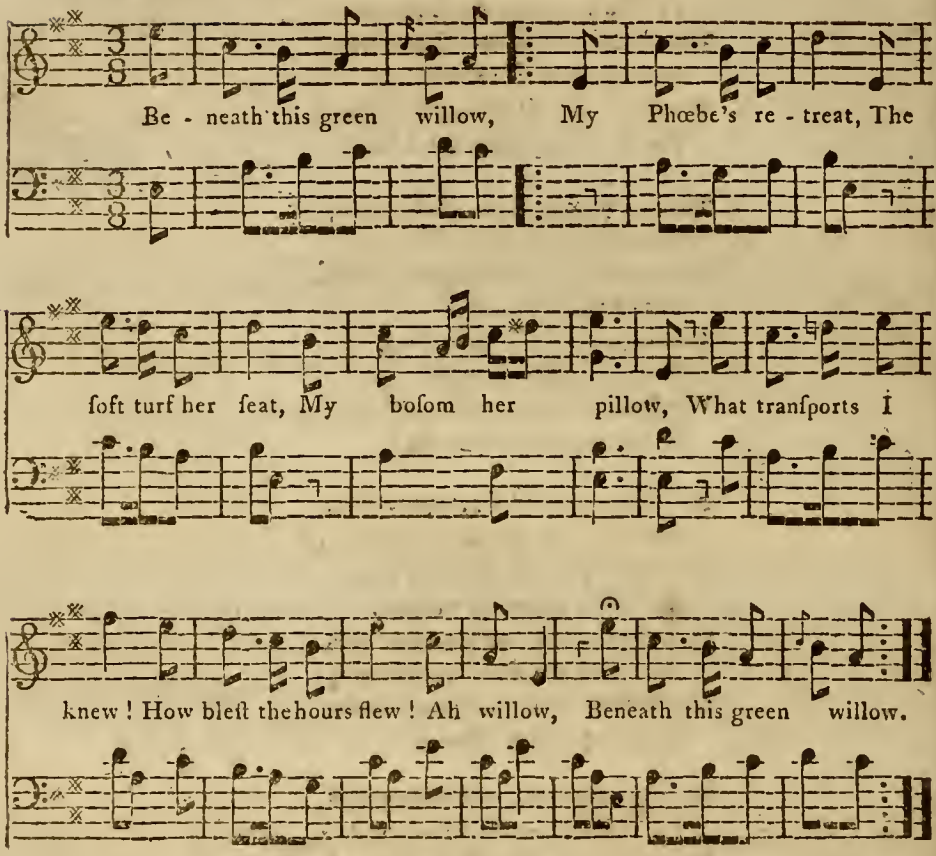
Thus ev'ry kind their pleaſure find,
The ſavage and the tender;
Some ſocial join and leagues combine;
Some ſolitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel ſway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The ſportſman's joy, the murd'ring cry
The flutt'ring gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the ſkimming ſwallow;
The ſky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow:
Come let us ſtray our gladſome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The ruſtling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and ſweetly talk,
Till the ſilent moon ſhine clearly;
I'll graſp thy waiſt, and, fondly preſt,
Swear how I love thee dearly;
Not vernal ſhow'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer!

BENEATH THIS GREEN WILLOW. SCHULZ.

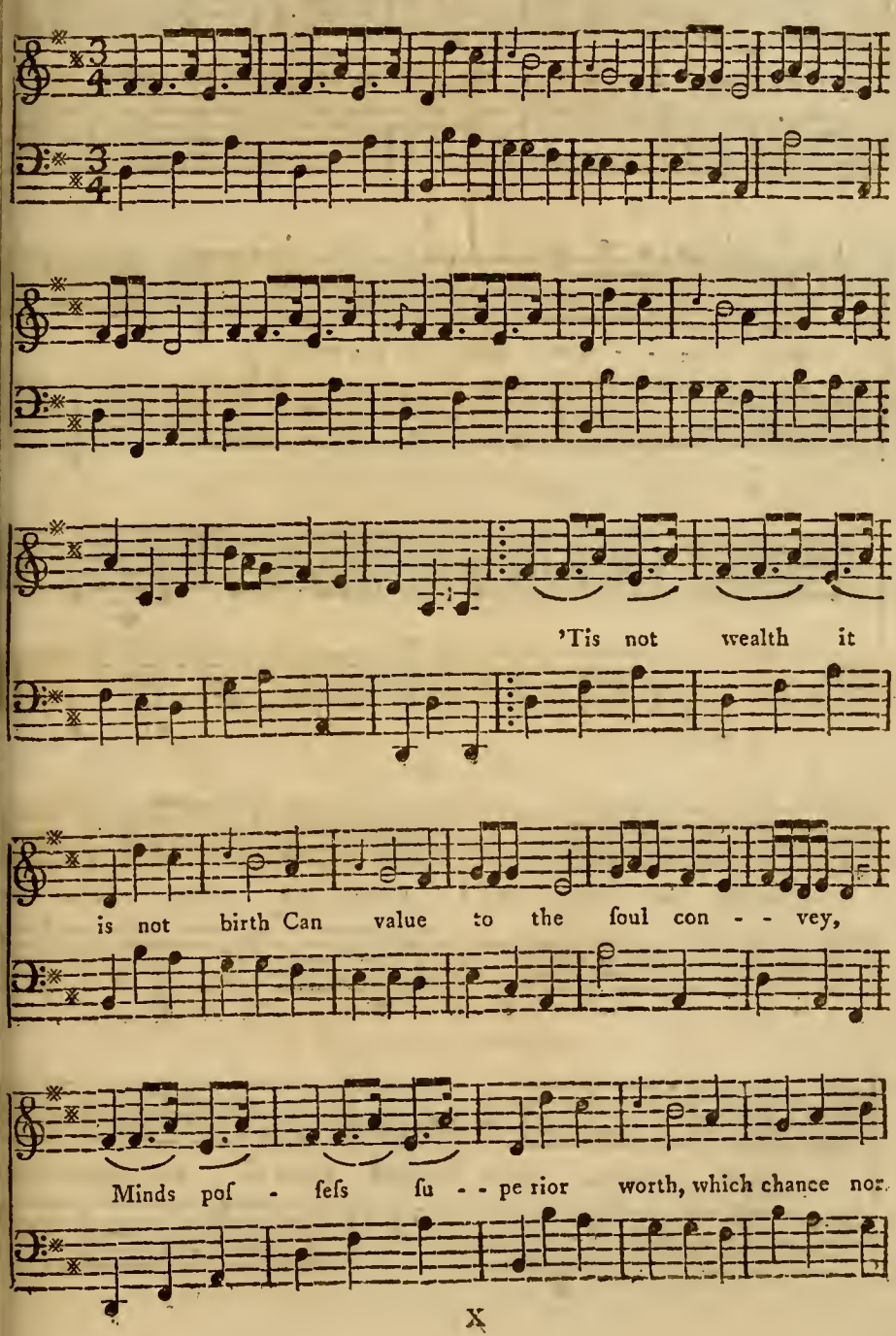
Andante.

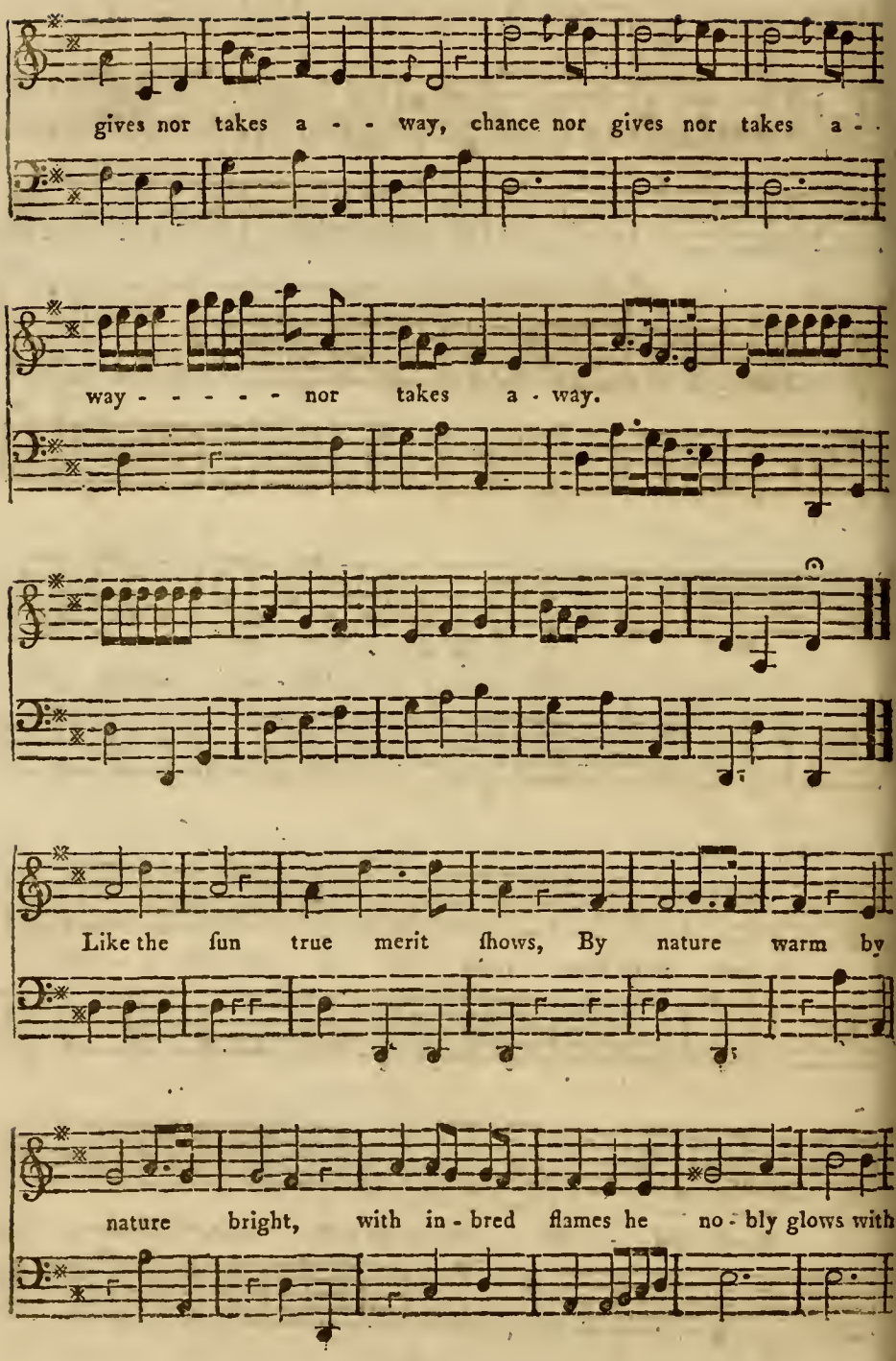


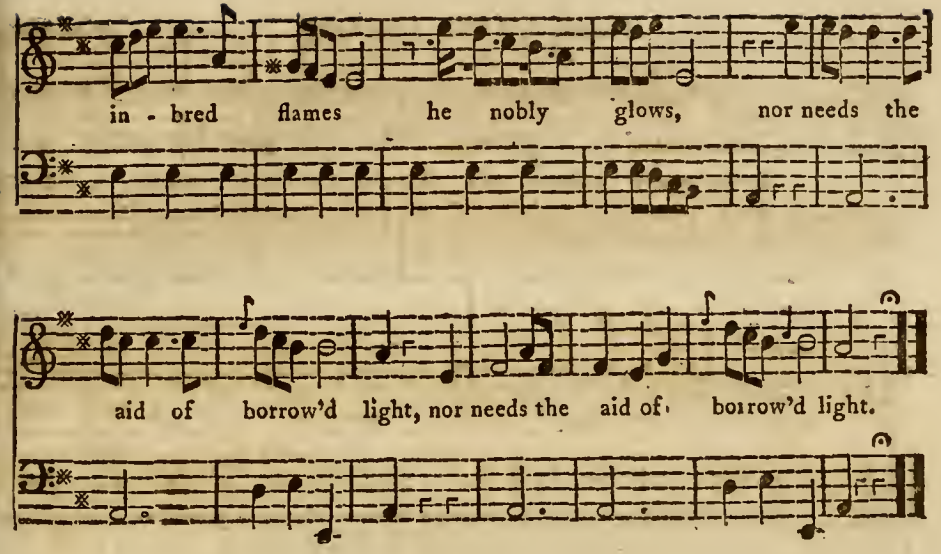
But long tempeſt-toſt,
Now Phœbe is loſt
On life's ſtormy billow,
I ſit all alone
And make my ſad moan
Ah willow!
Beneath this green willow.

SONG LXXX.

'TIS NOT WEALTH. *GIARDINI.*

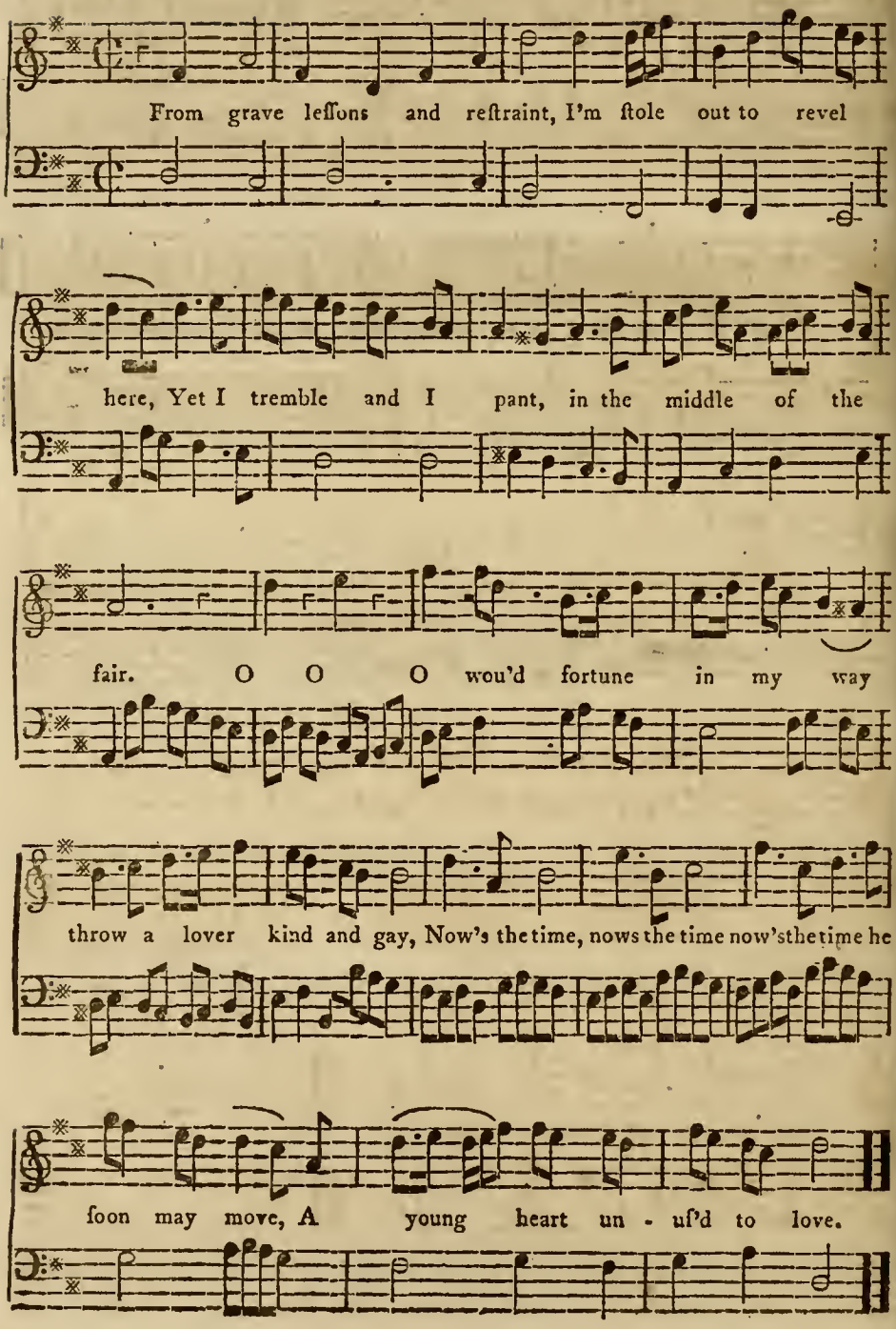


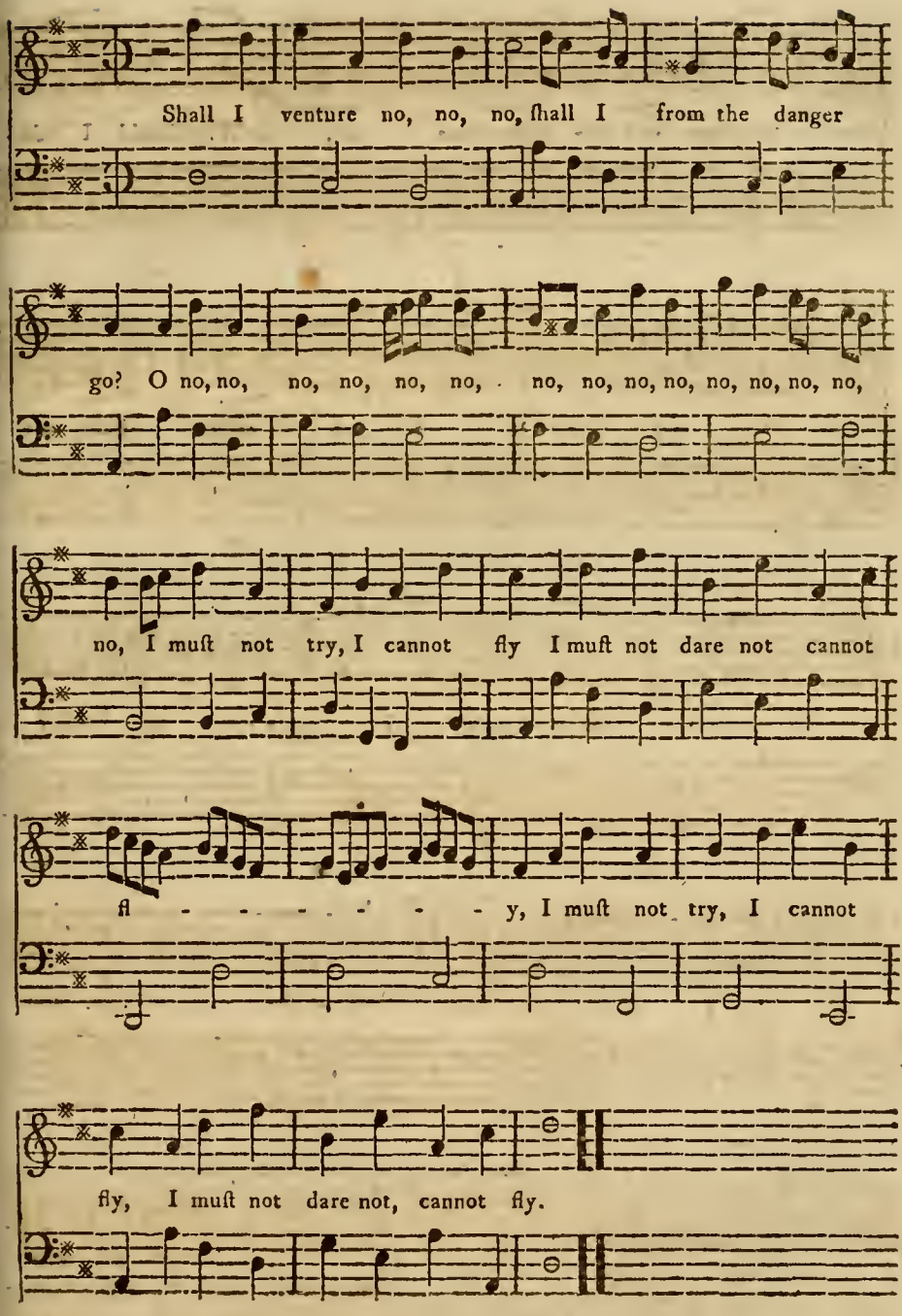

gives nor takes a - - - way, chance nor gives nor takes a - -
way - - - - - nor takes a - way.
Like the ſun true merit ſhows, By nature warm by
nature bright, with in - bred flames he no - bly glows with

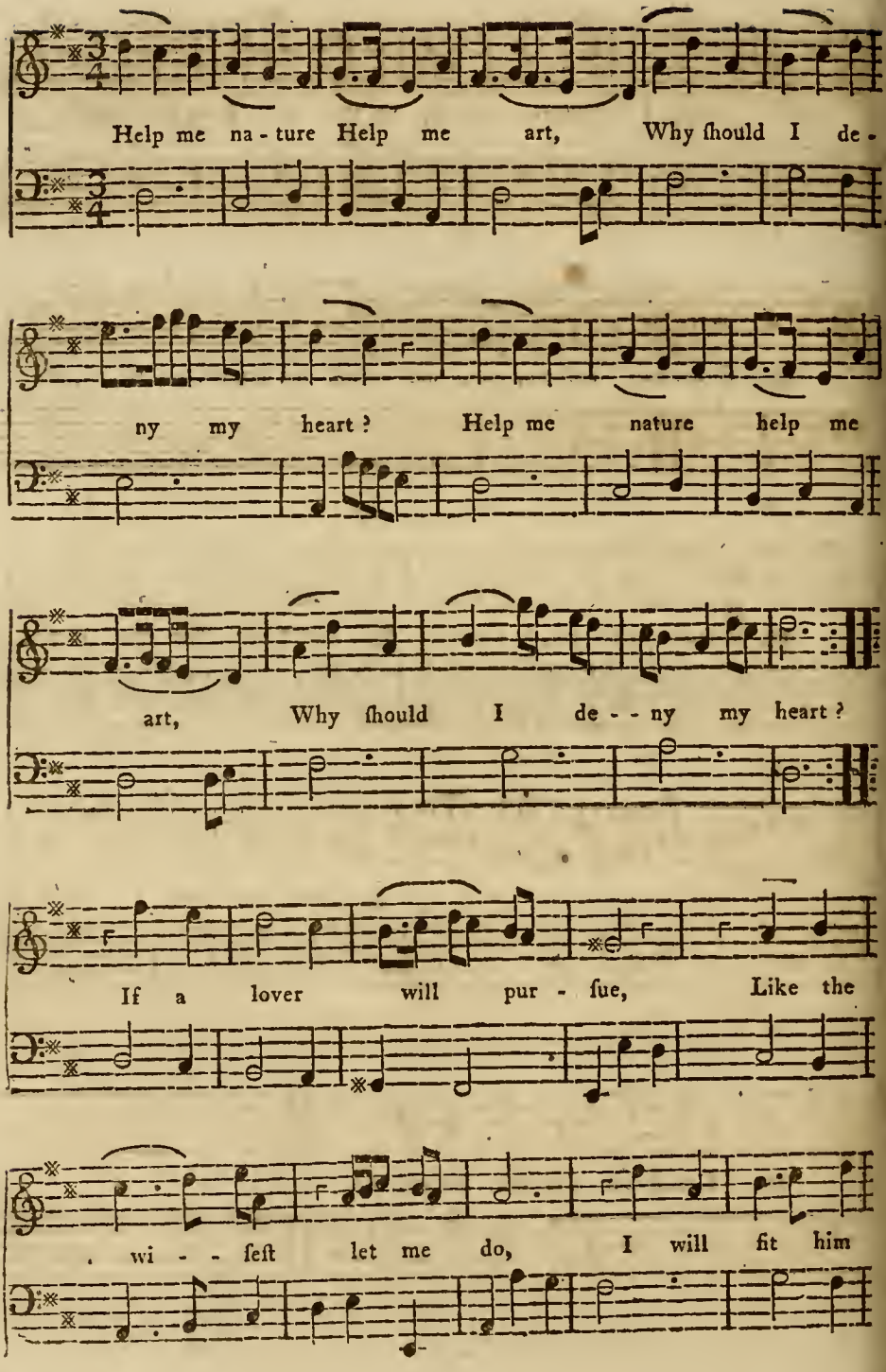

in - bred flames he nobly glows, nor needs the
aid of borrow'd light, nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

SONG LXXXI.

FROM GRAVE LESSONS. *WELDON.*




Shall I venture no, no, no, ſhall I from the danger
go? O no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
no, I muſt not try, I cannot fly I muſt not dare not cannot
fl - - - - - - - y, I muſt not try, I cannot
fly, I muſt not dare not, cannot fly.


Help me na - ture Help me art, Why ſhould I de -
ny my heart ? Help me nature help me
art, Why ſhould I de - - ny my heart ?
If a lover will pur - ſue, Like the
wi - - ſeſt let me do, I will fit him

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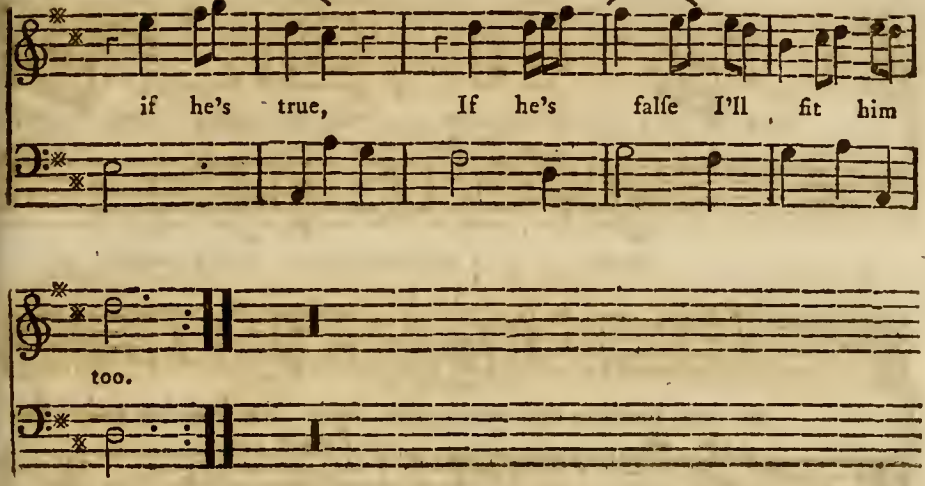
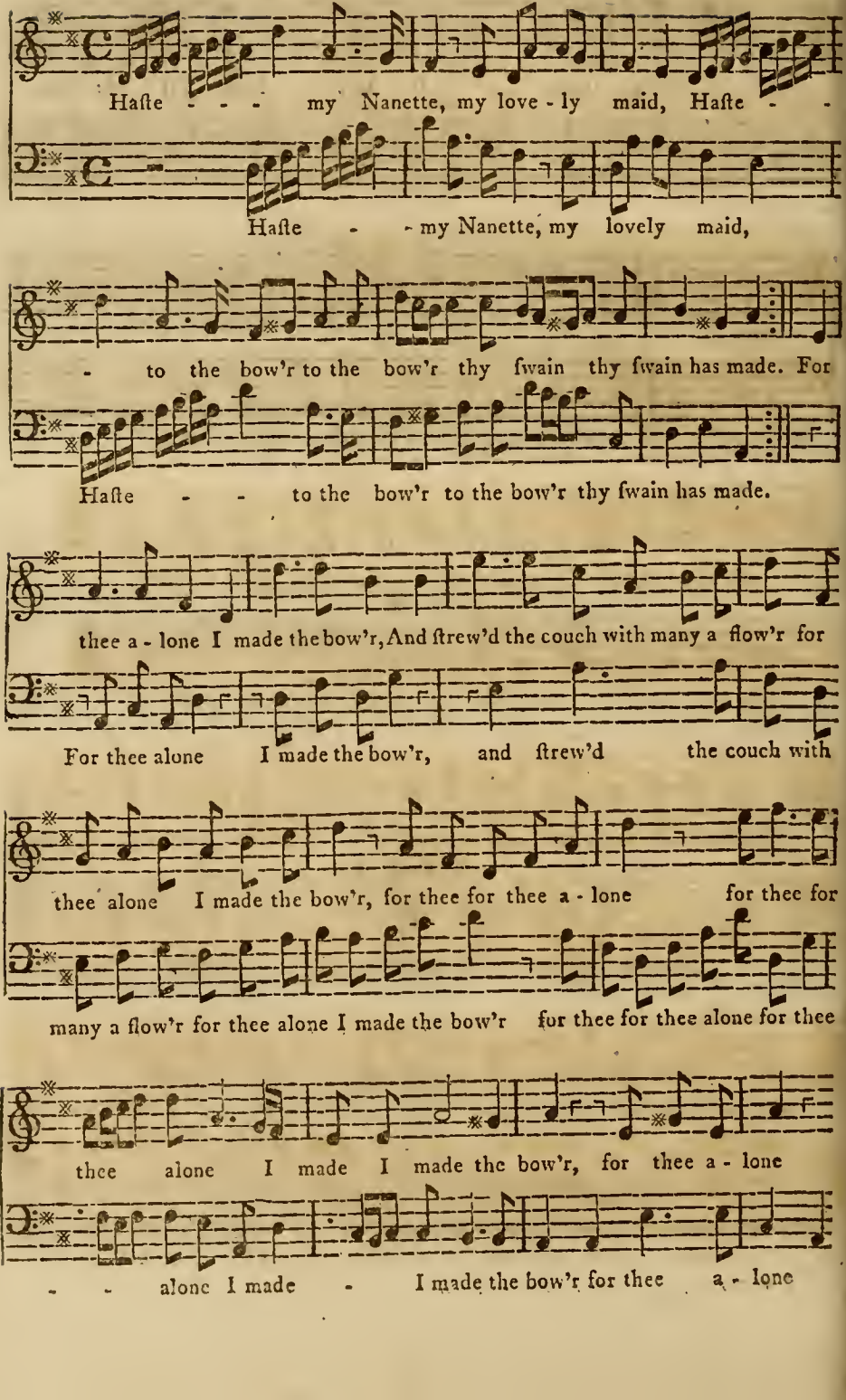
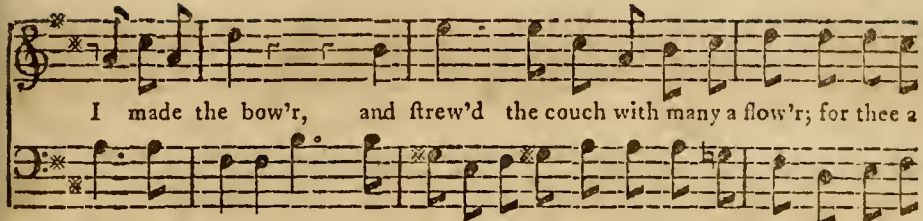
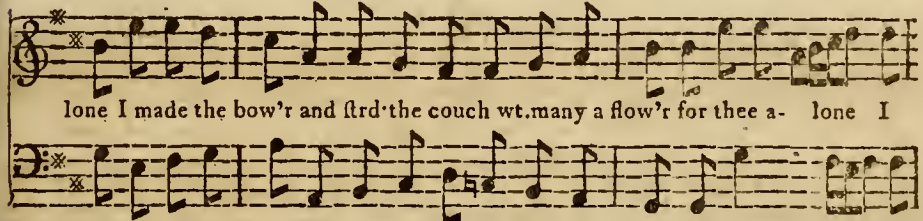


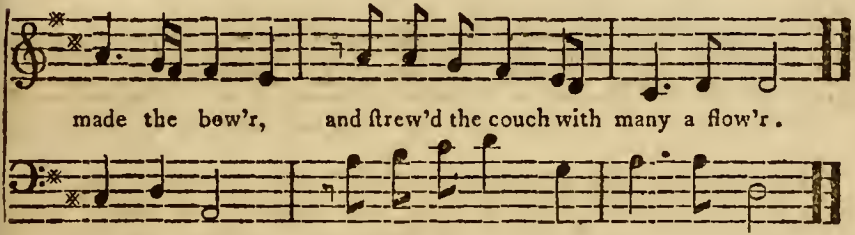
SONG LXXXII.

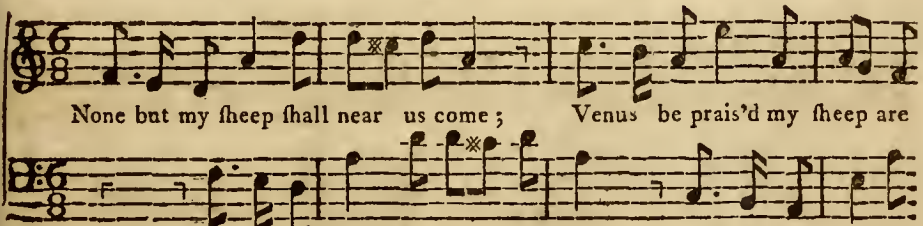
HASTE MY NANETTE. *TRAVERS.*

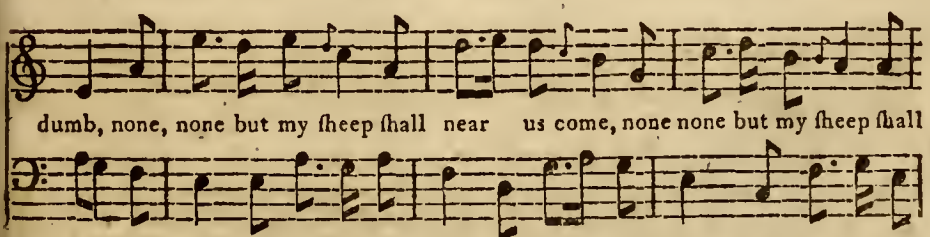


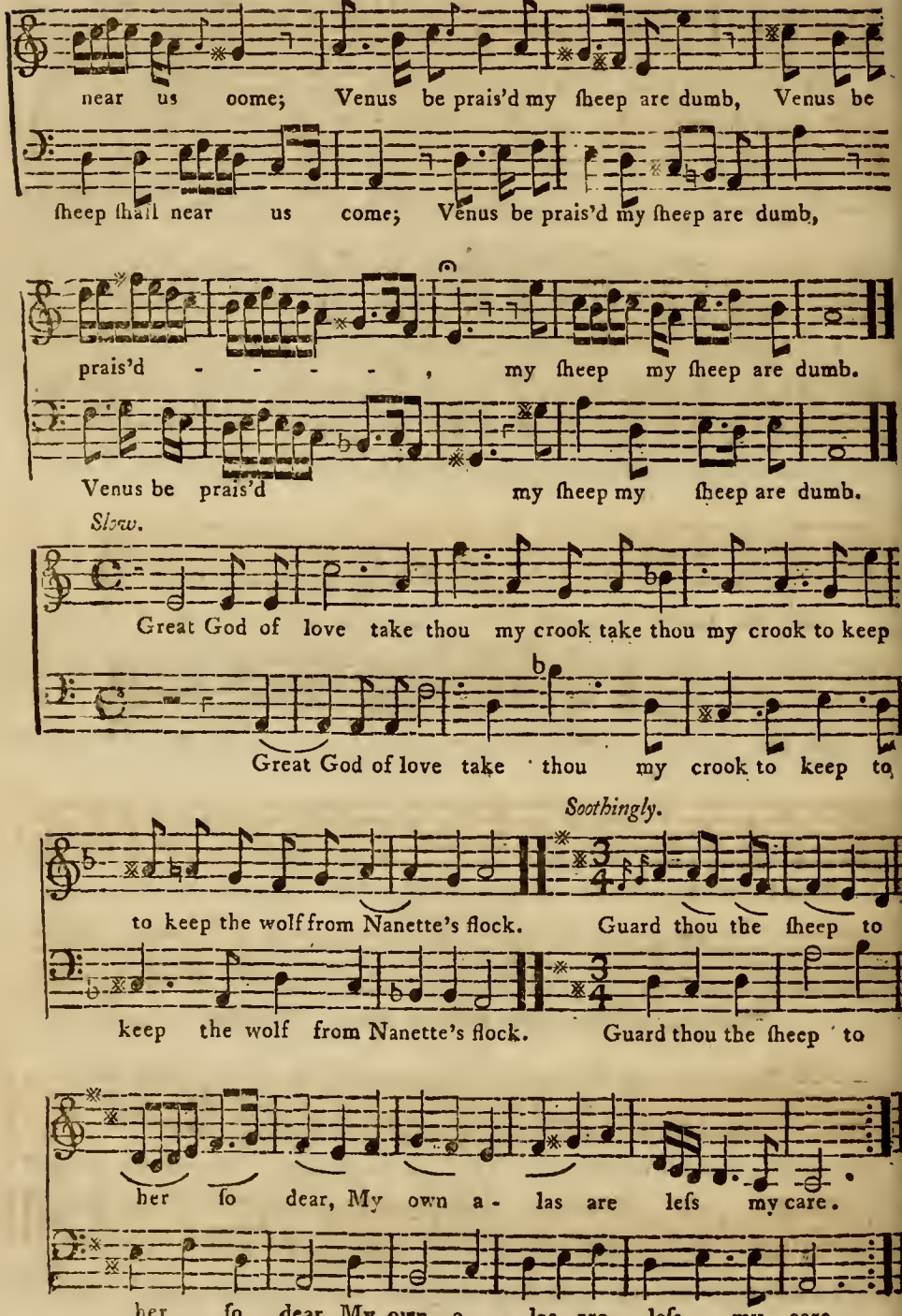

I made the bow'r, and ſtrew'd the couch with many a flow'r; for thee a
made the bow'r & ſtrew'd the couch wt. many a flow'r for thee a- lone I made the

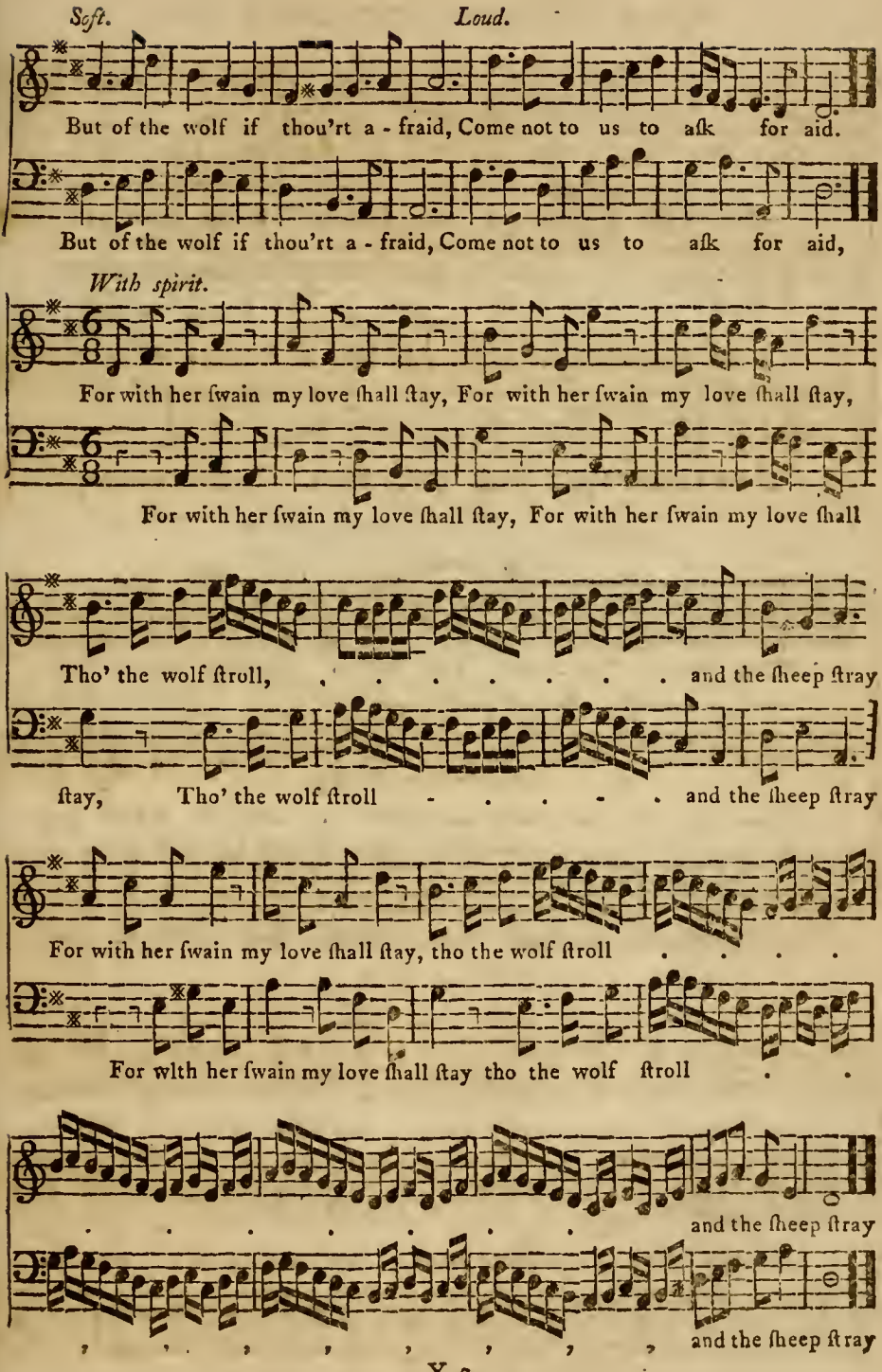

lone I made the bow'r and ſtrd the couch wt. many a flow'r for thee a- lone I
bow'r, and ſtr'd the couch wt. many a flow'r for thee a - lone I made - I


made the bow'r, and ſtrew'd the couch with many a flow'r.
made the bow'r, and ſtrew'd the couch with many a flow'r.


None but my ſheep ſhall near us come; Venus be prais'd my ſheep are
None but my ſheep ſhall near us come, Venus be prais'd my


dumb, none, none but my ſheep ſhall near us come, none none but my ſheep ſhall
ſheep are dumb, none none but my ſheep ſhall near us come, none none but my

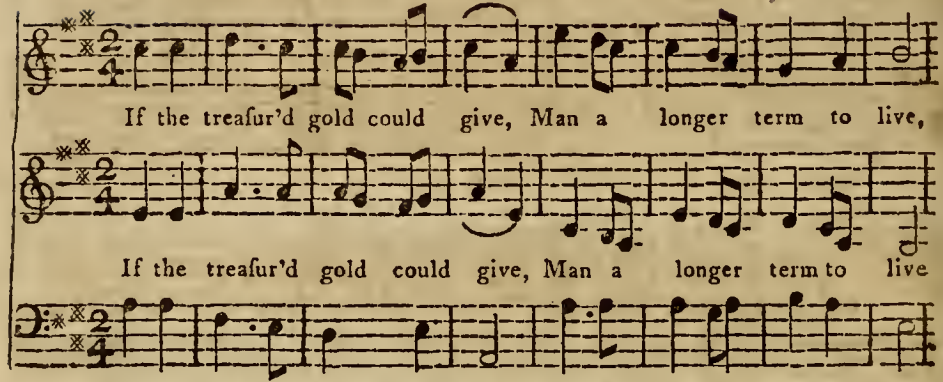

near us oome; Venus be prais'd my ſheep are dumb, Venus be
ſheep ſhall near us come; Venus be prais'd my ſheep are dumb,
prais'd - - - - - , my ſheep my ſheep are dumb.
Venus be prais'd my ſheep my ſheep are dumb.
Slow.
Great God of love take thou my crook take thou my crook to keep
Great God of love take thou my crook to keep to
Soothingly.
to keep the wolf from Nanette's flock. Guard thou the ſheep to
keep the wolf from Nanette's flock. Guard thou the ſheep to
her ſo dear, My own a - las are leſs my care.
her ſo dear, My own a - las are leſs my care.

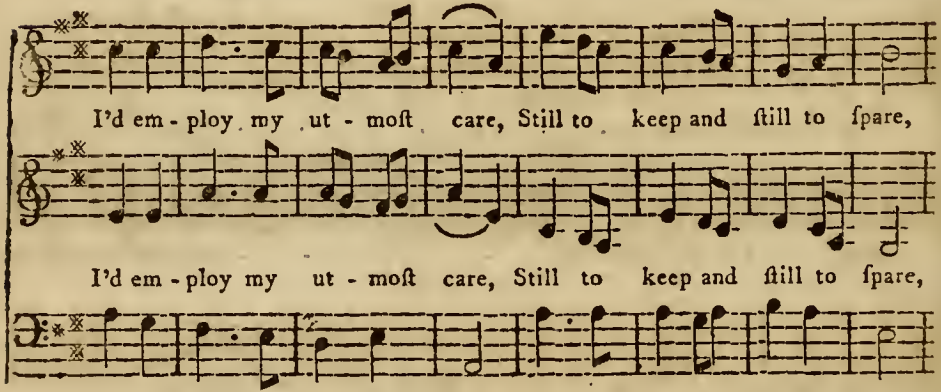

Soft.
Loud.
But of the wolf if thou'rt a - fraid, Come not to us to aſk for aid.
But of the wolf if thou'rt a - fraid, Come not to us to aſk for aid,
With ſpirit.
For with her ſwain my love ſhall ſtay, For with her ſwain my love ſhall ſtay,
For with her ſwain my love ſhall ſtay, For with her ſwain my love ſhall
Tho' the wolf ſtroll, ... and the ſheep ſtray
ſtay, Tho' the wolf ſtroll - . . . . and the ſheep ſtray
For with her ſwain my love ſhall ſtay, tho the wolf ſtroll . . . .
For wlth her ſwain my love ſhall ſtay tho the wolf ſtroll . .
. . . . . and the ſheep ſtray
and the ſheep ſtray

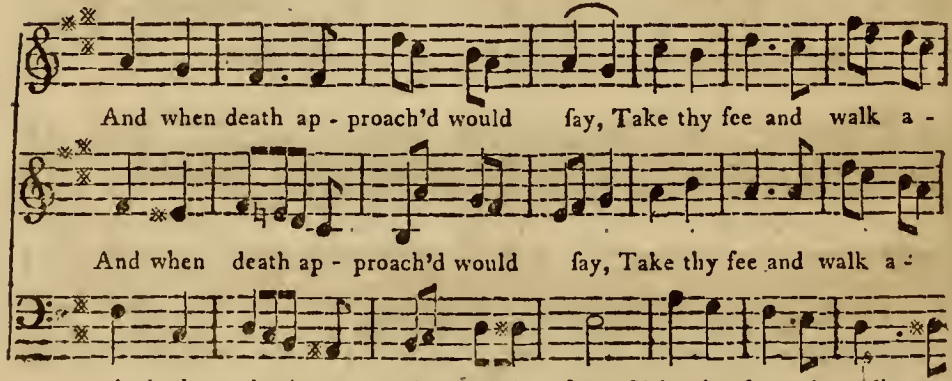
SONG LXXXIII.

IF THE TREASUR'D GOLD COULD GIVE.

REICHARDT.







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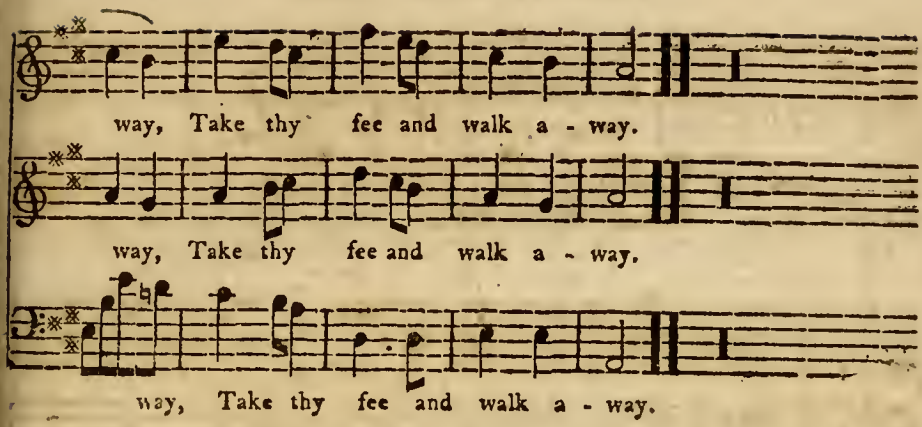


II.

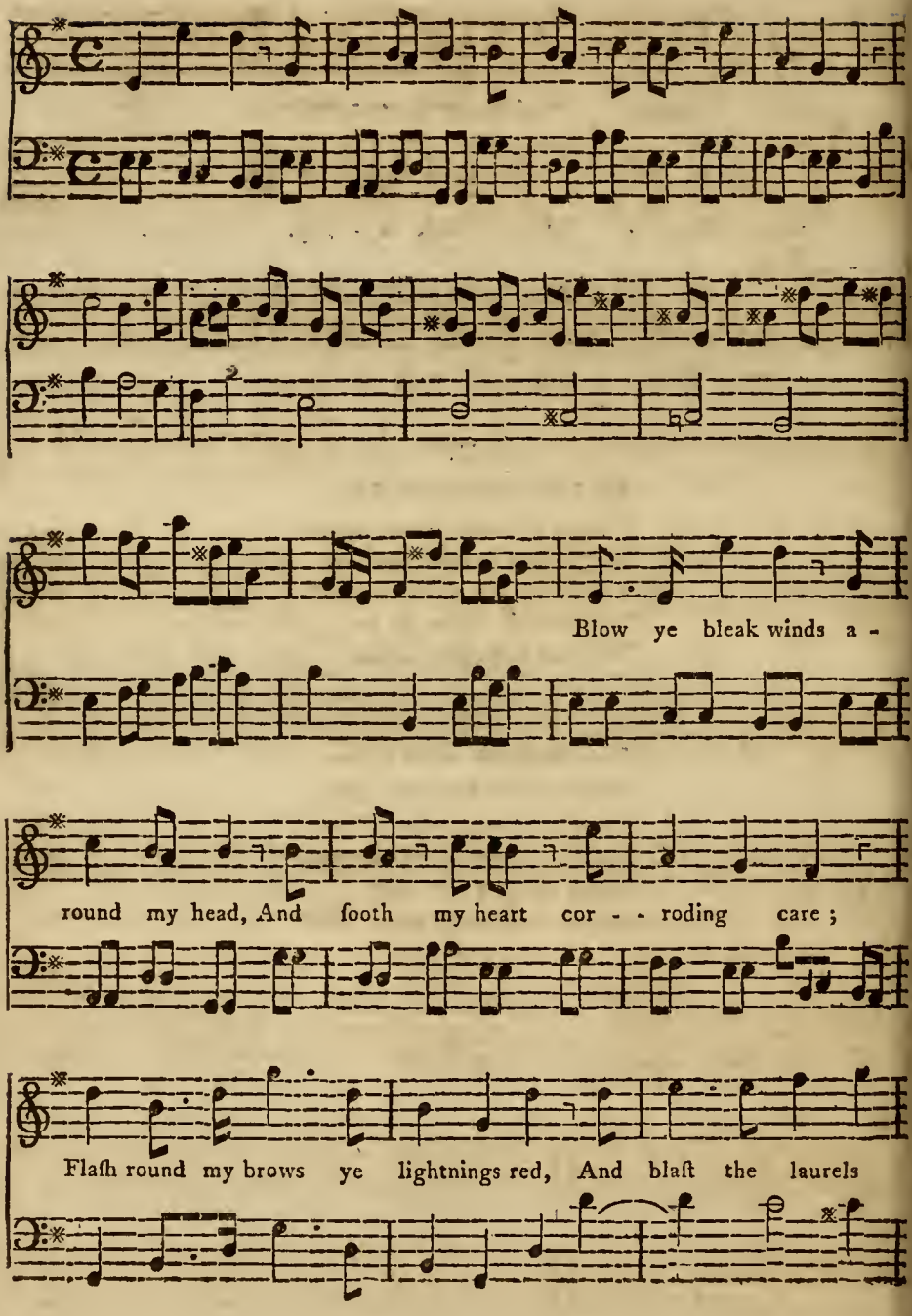
But ſince riches cannot ſave,
Mortals fram the gloomy grave,
Why ſhould I myſelf deceive,
Vainly ſigh and vainly grieve?
Death will ſurely be my lot,
Whether I am rich or not.

III.

Give me freely while I live,
Generous wines in plenty give,
Soothing joys my life to cheer,
Beauty kind and friends ſincere;
Happy could I ever find,
Friends ſincere and beauty kind.

SONG LXXXIV.

BLOW YE BLEAK WINDS.



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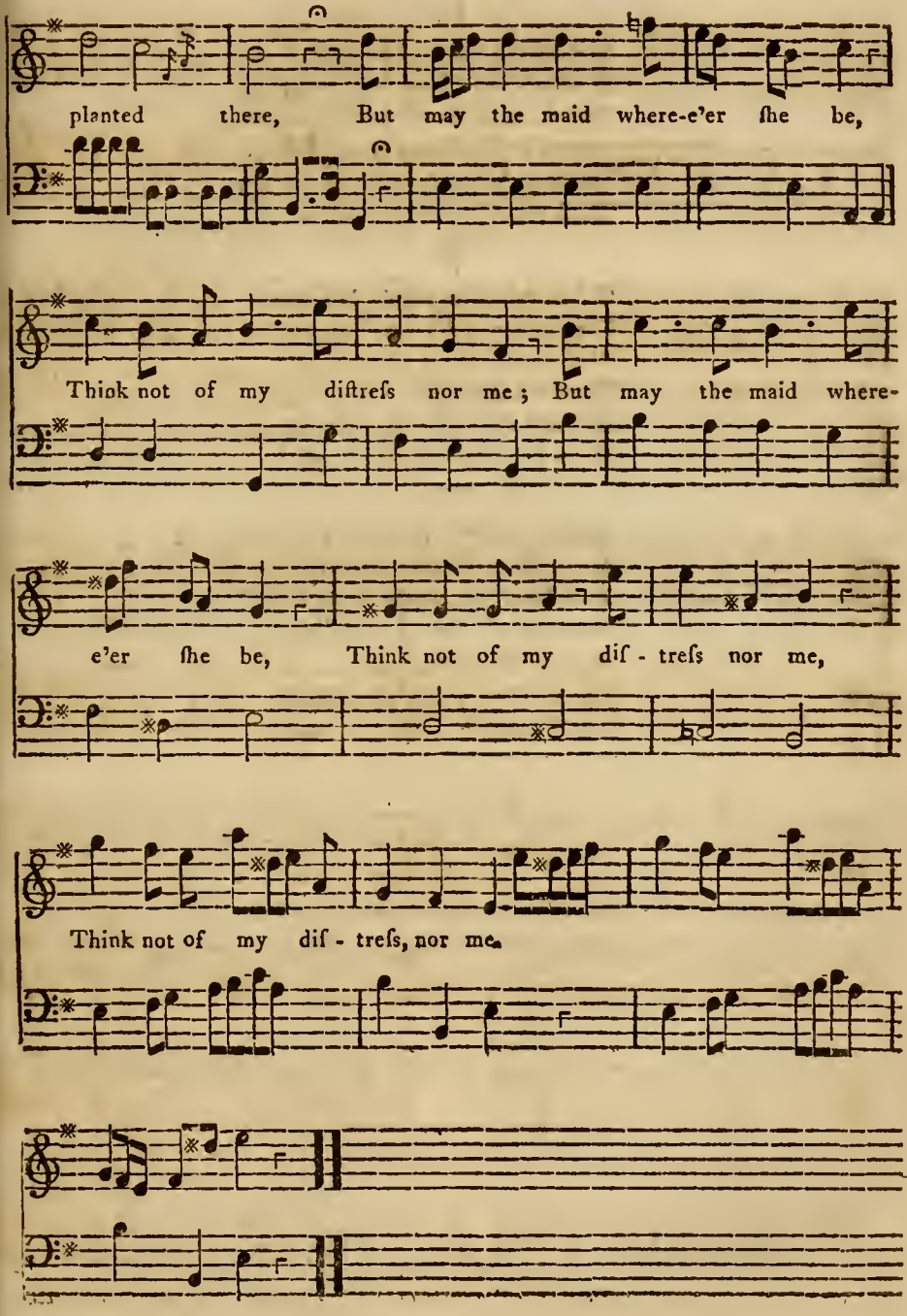

planted there, But may the maid where-e'er ſhe be,
Think not of my diſtreſs nor me; But may the maid where-
e'er ſhe be, Think not of my diſ - treſs nor me,
Think not of my diſ - treſs, nor me.

II.

May all the traces of our love,
Be ever blotted from her mind ;
May from her breaſt my vows remove,
And no remembrance leave behind ;
But may the maid where e'er ſhe be,
Think not of my diſtreſs nor me.

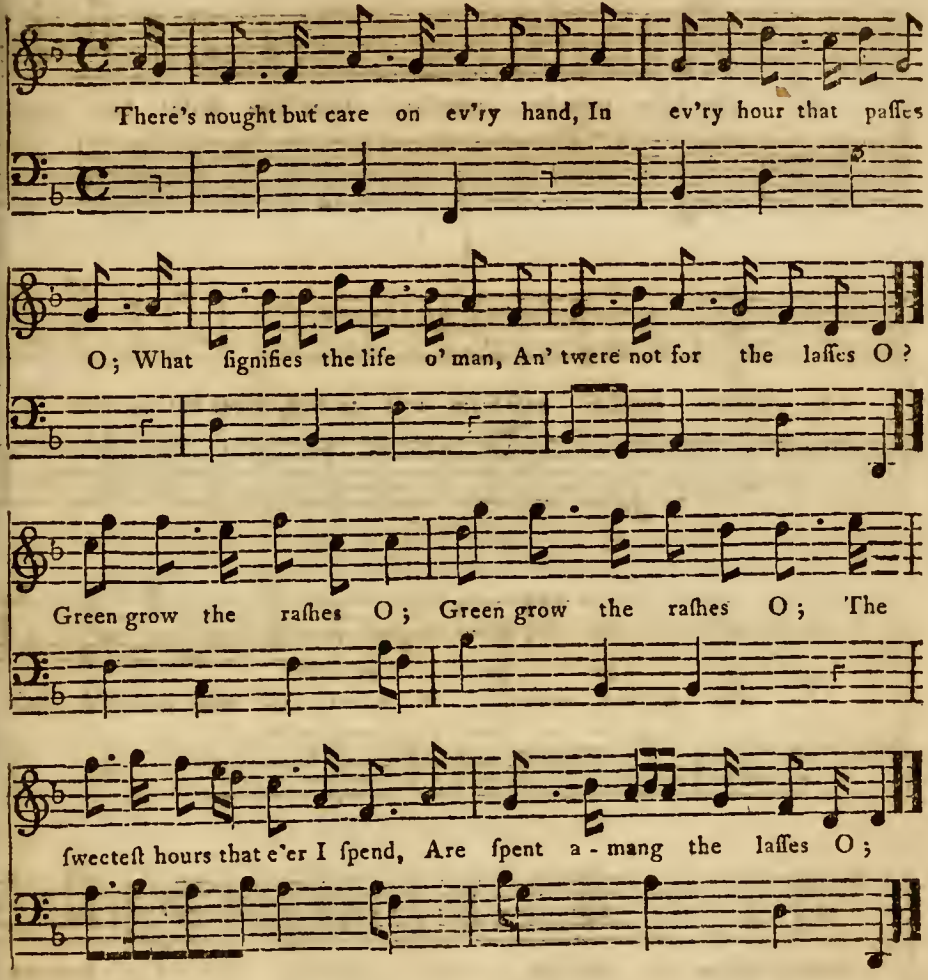
III.

O ! may I ne'er behold her more ;
For ſhe has robb'd my ſoul of reſt :
Wiſdom's aſſiſtance is too poor,
To calm the tempeſt in my breaſt ;
But may the maid where-e'er ſhe be,
Think not of my diſtreſs nor me.

IV.

Come death, O ! come thou friendly fleet
And with my ſorrows lay me low :
And ſhould the gentle virgin weep,
Nor ſharp nor laſting be her woe ;
But may ſhe think where-e'er ſhe be,
No more of my diſtreſs nor me.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES O.



The warldly race may riches chace
An' riches ſtill may flie them O;
An' tho' at laſt they catch them faſt,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O;
Green grow &c.

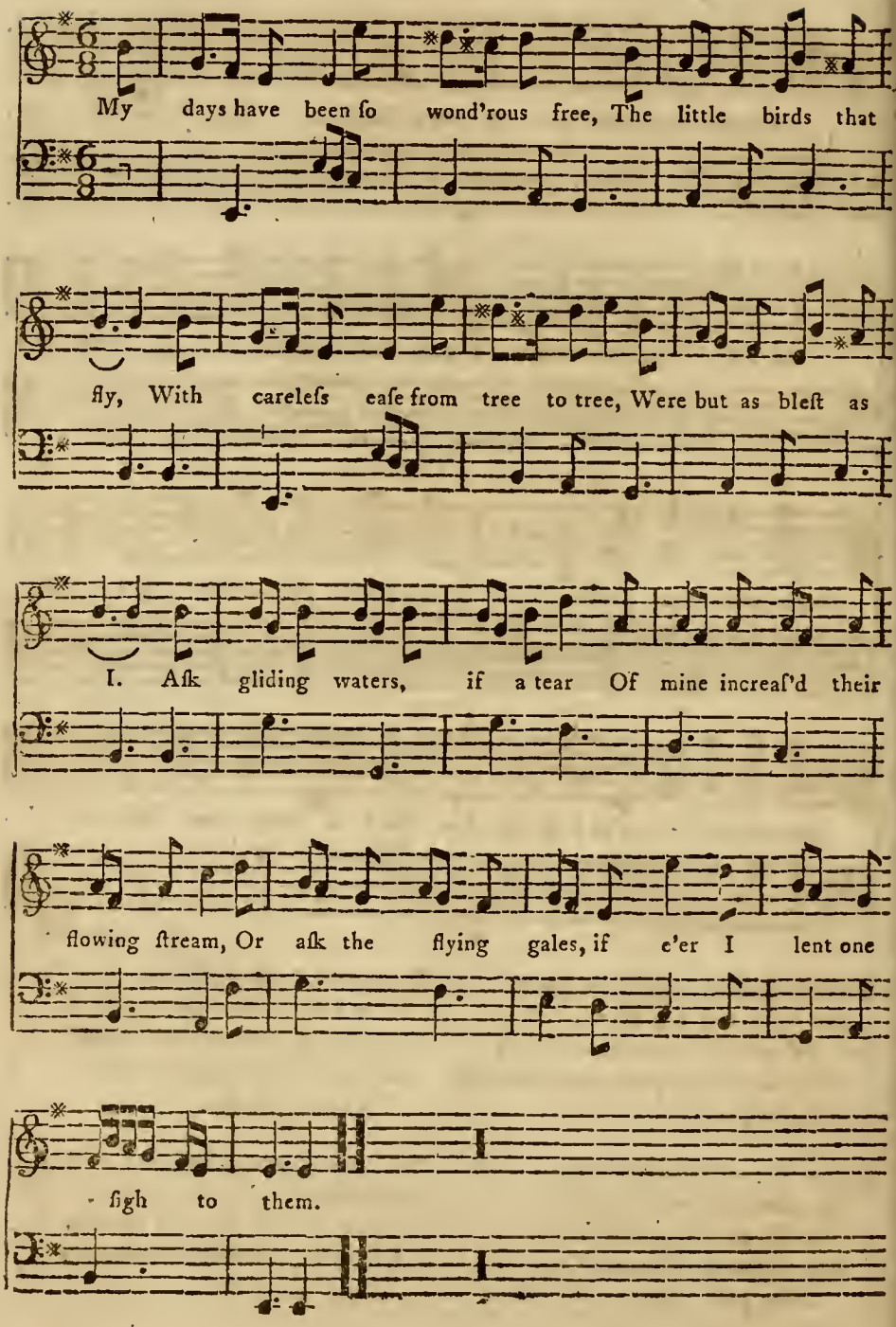
Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An warldly care, an' warldly men,
May a' gae tapſailteerie, O;
Green grow, &c

For you ſae douſe ye ſnarl at this,
Ye're nought but ſenſeleſs aſſes O:
The wiſeſt man the warld' e'er ſaw,
He dearly loe'd the laſſes O;
Green grow, &c.

Auld nature ſwears, the lovely dears,
Her nobleſt work ſhe claſſes O,
Her prentice han' ſhe try'd on man,
An' then ſhe made the laſſes, O;
Green grow, &c.

SONG LXXXVI.

MY DAYS HAVE BEEN SO WONDROUS FREE.



II.

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of ſweet deſire,
Are fix'd upon my thought.
An eager hope within my breaſt
Does ev'ry anxious doubt controul,
And charming Celia ſtands confeſt
The fav'rite of my ſoul.

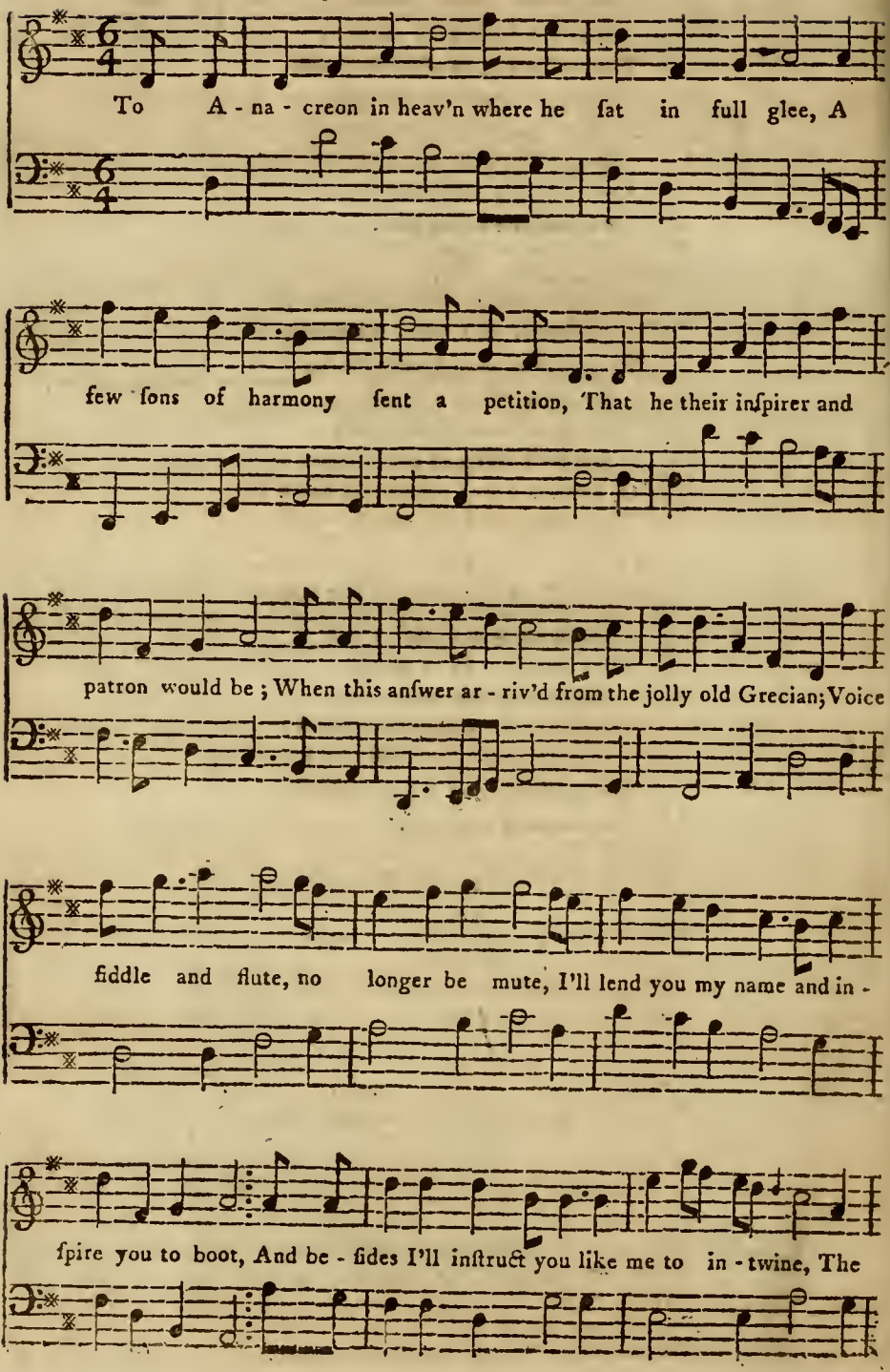
III.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſted pines,
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye cloſe retreats of love;
With all of nature, all of art,
Aſſiſt the ſoft and dear deſign;
O, teach a young unpractiſ'd heart
To make fair Celia mine.

IV.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of deſpair;
Nor ever covet to be great
Unleſs it be for her.
'Tis true, the paſſion in my mind
Is mixt with a ſevere diſtreſs;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.



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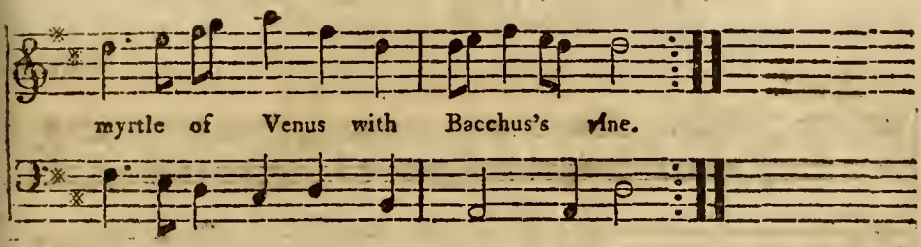


The news through Olympus immediately flew,
When Old Thunder pretended to give himſelf airs,
" If theſe mortals are ſuffer'd their ſcheme to purſue,
" The devil a goddeſs will ſtay above ſtairs.
" Hark ! already they cry, with tranſports of joy,
" Away to the ſons of Anacreon we'll fly,
" And there with good fellows, we'll learn to intwine,
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

" The yellow hair'd god and his nine fuſty maids,
" From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee ;
" Idalia will boaſt but of tenantleſs ſhades,
" And the bi-forked hill a mere defart will be ;
" My thunder no fear on't, will ſoon do its errand,
" And dam'me I'll ſwinge the ringleaders I warrant,
" I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine,
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo roſe up and ſaid, " Prythee ne'er quarrel,
" Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below ;
" Your thunder is uſeleſs ;" then ſhewing his laurel,
Cry'd, Sic evitabile fulmen, you know !
" Then over each head my laurels I'll ſpread,
" So my ſons from your crackers no miſchief ſhall dread,
" Whilſt ſnug in their club-room, they jovially twine,
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

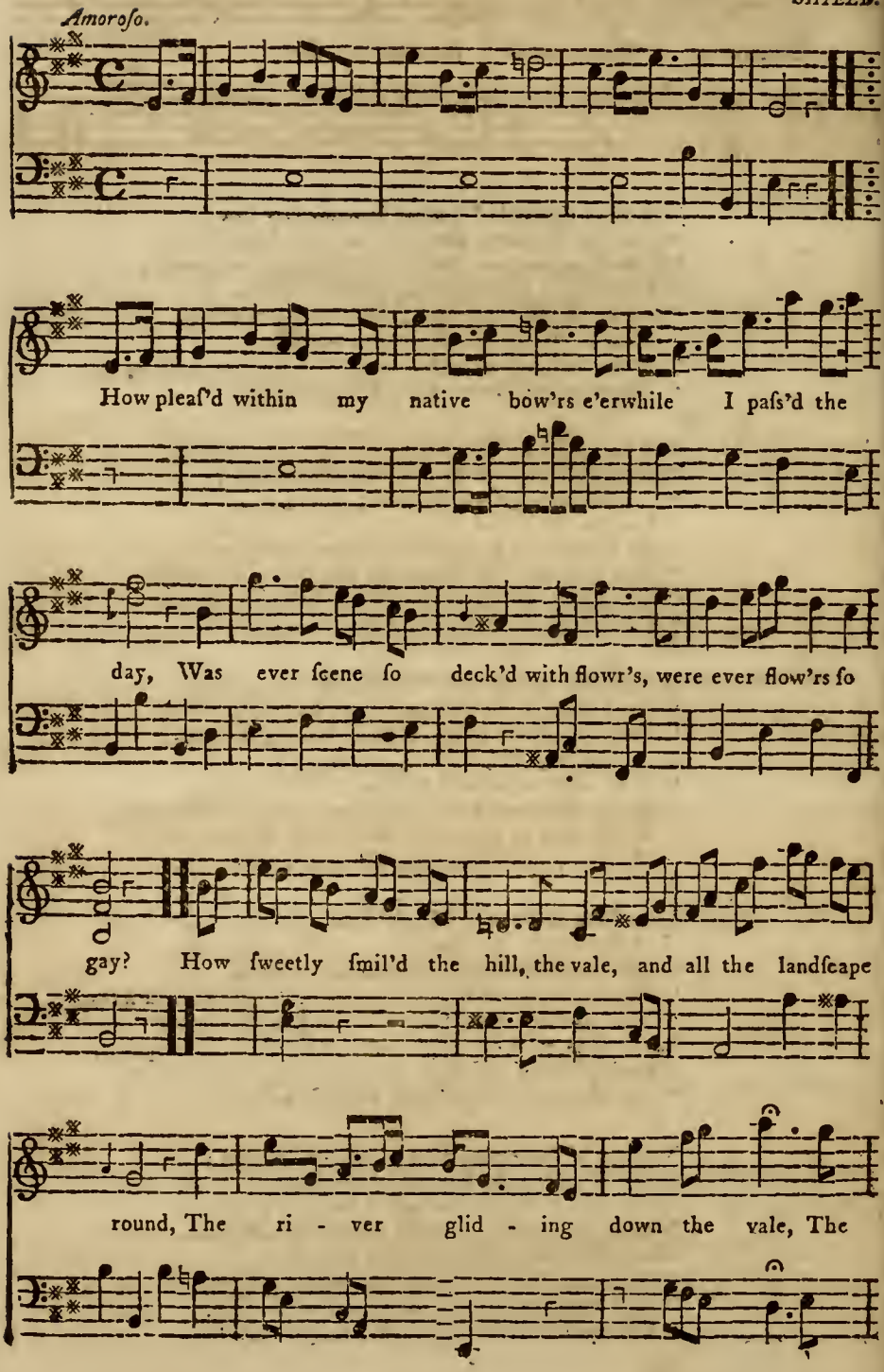
Next Momus got up, with his riſible phiz,
And ſwore with Apollo he'd chearfully join ;
" The full tide of harmony ſtill ſhall be his,
" But the ſong, and the catch, and the laugh ſhall be mine,
" Then Jove be not jealous of theſe honeſt fellows."
Cry'd Jove, " We relent, ſince the truth you now tell us,
" And ſwear by old Styx, that they long ſhall intwine,
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Ye ſons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand ;
Preſerve unanimity, friendſhip, and love ;
'Tis your's to ſupport what's ſo happily plann'd ;
You've the ſanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.
While thus we agree, our toaſt let it be,
" May our club flouriſh happy, united, and free,
" And long may the ſons of Anacreon intwine,
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

SONG LXXXVIII.

HOW PLEAS'D WITHIN MY NATIVE BOW'RS.

SHIELD.



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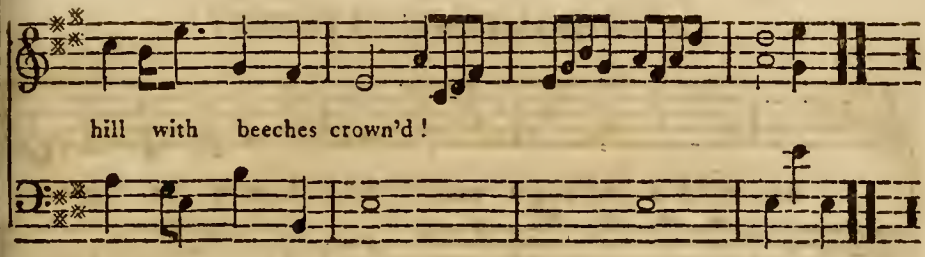
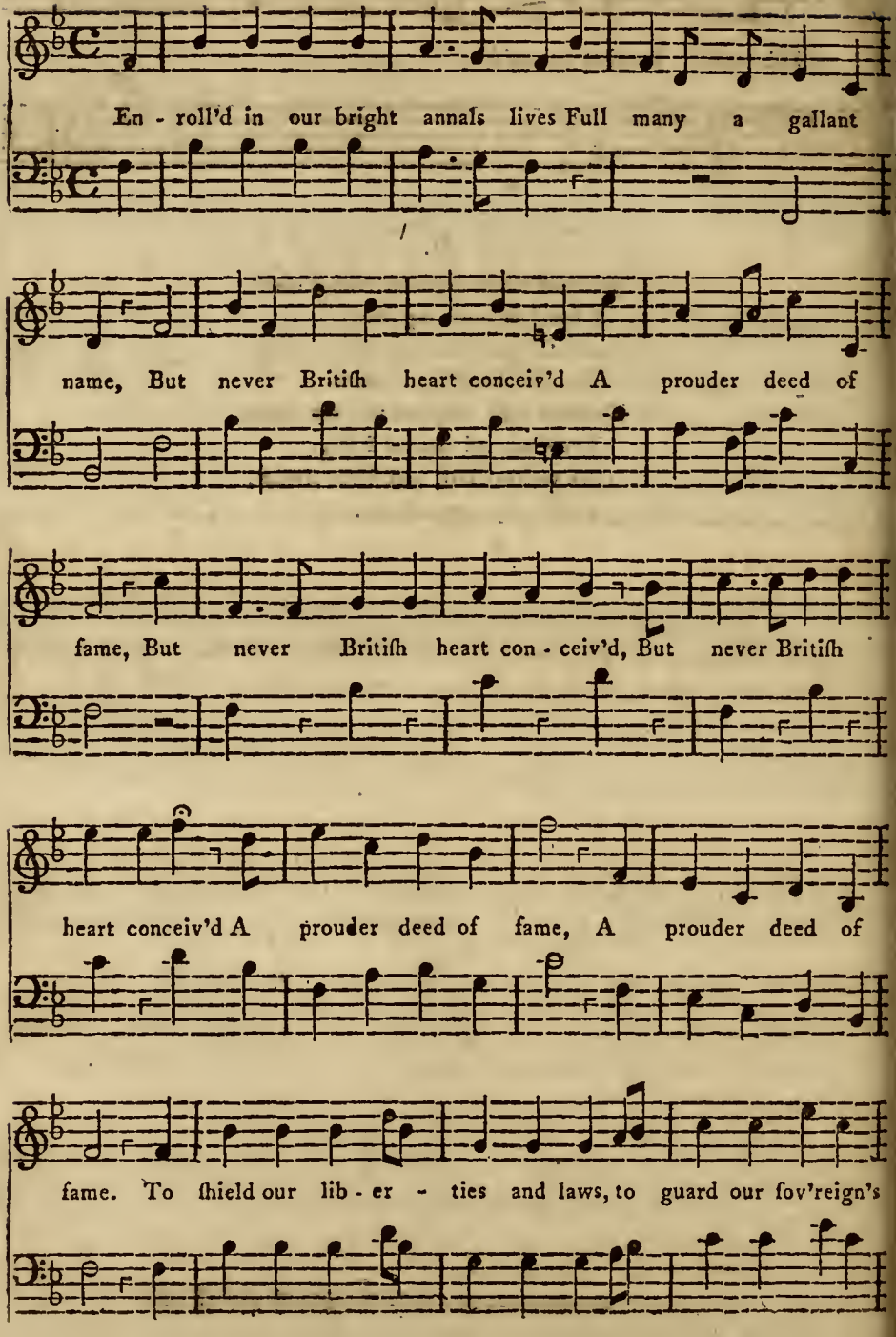


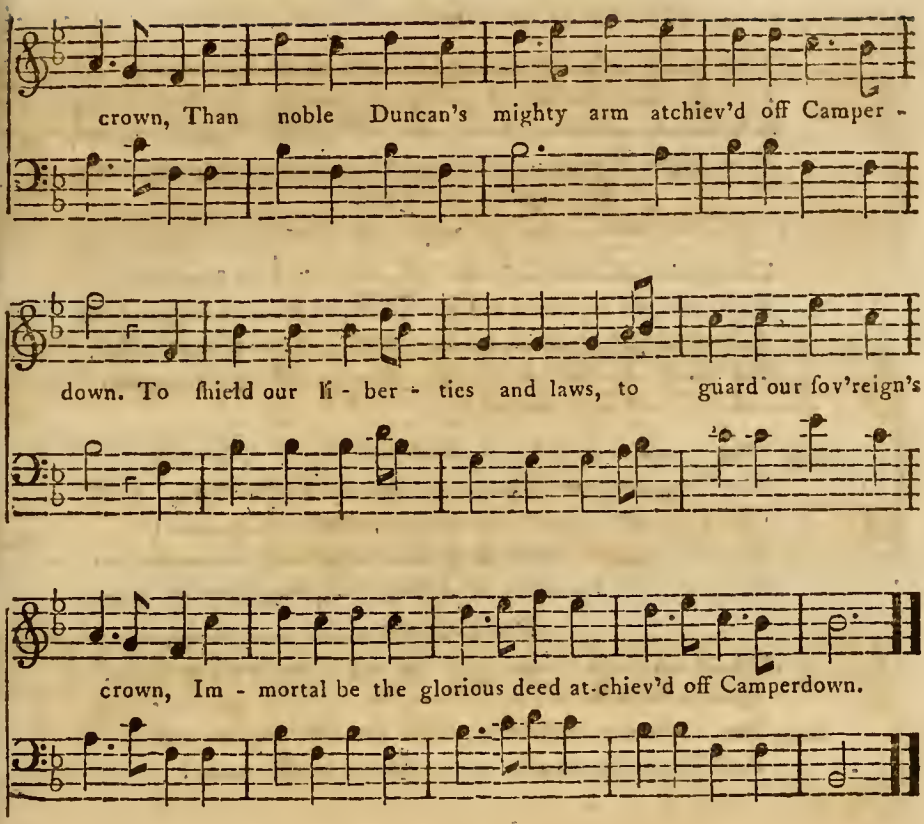
II.

But now when urg'd by tender woes,
I ſpeed to meet my dear,
That hill and ſtream my zeal oppoſe,
And check my fond career.
No more ſince Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I ſee,
That verdant hill, and ſilver ſtream,
Divide my love and me.

SONG LXXXIX.

ON ADMIRAL DUNCAN'S VICTORY.





II,

October the eleventh it was, he ſpied the Dutch at nine,
The Britiſh ſignal flew to break their cloſe embattled line ;
Their line was broke, for all our tars on that auſpicious day
All bitter memory of the paſt had vowed to wipe away.
Their line was broke &c,

III.

At three o'clock nine mighty ſhips had ſtruck their colours proud,
And two brave Admirals at his feet their vanquiſhed flags had bowed :
Our Duncan's towering colours ſtreamed all honour to the laſt,
For in the battles fierceſt rage, he nailed them to the maſt ;
Our Duncan's towering colours &c.

IV.

The victory was now complete ; the cannon ceas'd to roar ;
The ſcatter'd remnants of the foe ſlunk to their native ſhore ;
No power the pride of conqueſt had his heart to lead aſtray,
He ſummoned his triumphant crew, and thus was heard to ſay,

Chorus. " Let every man now bend the knee, and here in ſolemn pray'r,
" Give thanks to God, who in this fight has made our cauſe his care.

V.

Then on the deck, the noble field of that proud days renown,
Brave Duncan with his crew devout before their God knelt down,
And humbly bleſs'd his Providence, and hail'd his guardian power,
Who valour, ſtrength, and ſkill inſpir'd in that dread battle's hour.
And humbly bleſs'd &c.

VI.

The captive Dutch this ſolemn ſcene ſurvey'd with ſilent awe,
And rue'd the day when Holland join'd to France's impious law,
And marked, how virtue, courage, faith, unite to form this land,
For victory, for fame, and power, juſt rule, and high command.
And marked &c.

VII.

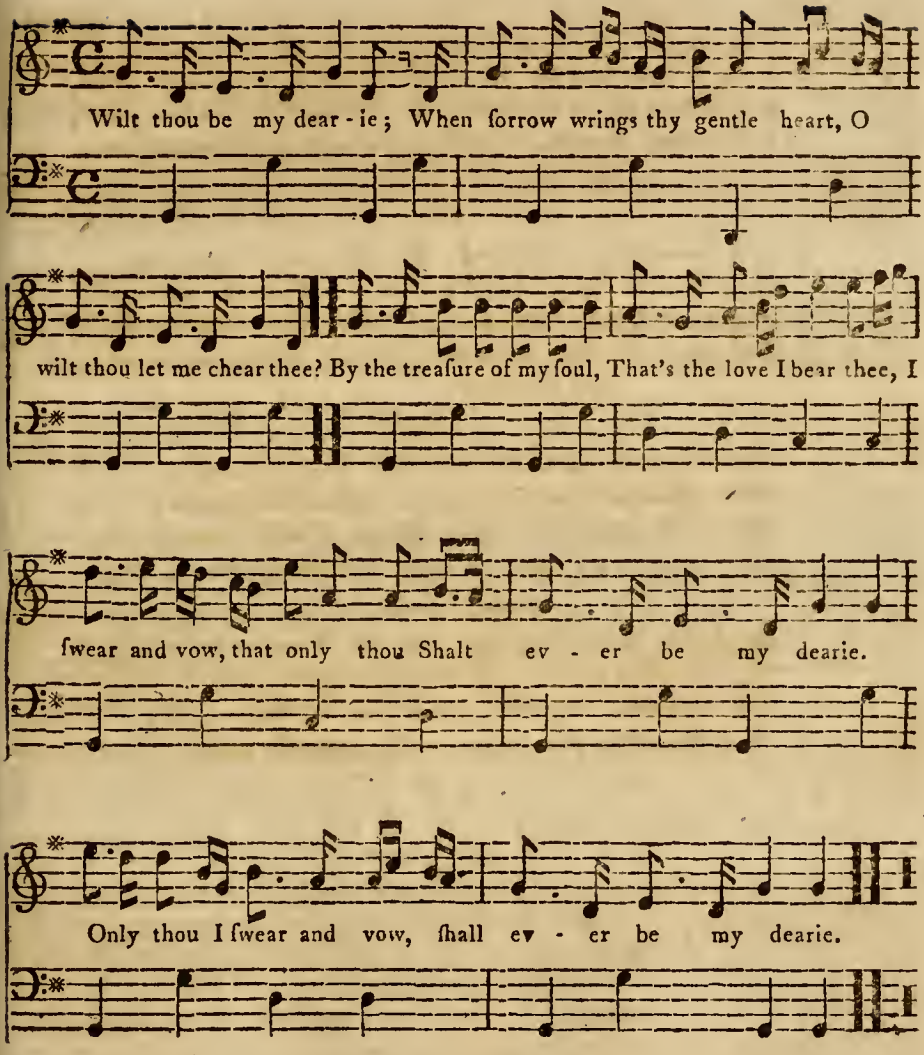
The Venerable was the ſhip, that bore his flag to fame,
Our veteran hero well becomes his gallant veſſel's name;
Behold his locks! they ſpeak the toil of many a ſtormy day;
For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been his way.

Grand Chorus.

Behold his locks! they ſpeak the toil of many a ſtormy day,
For fifty years and more my boys, has fighting been his way;
The Venerable was the ſhip that bore his flag to fame,
And Venerable ever be our vet'ran Duncan's name!

SONG XC.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE.

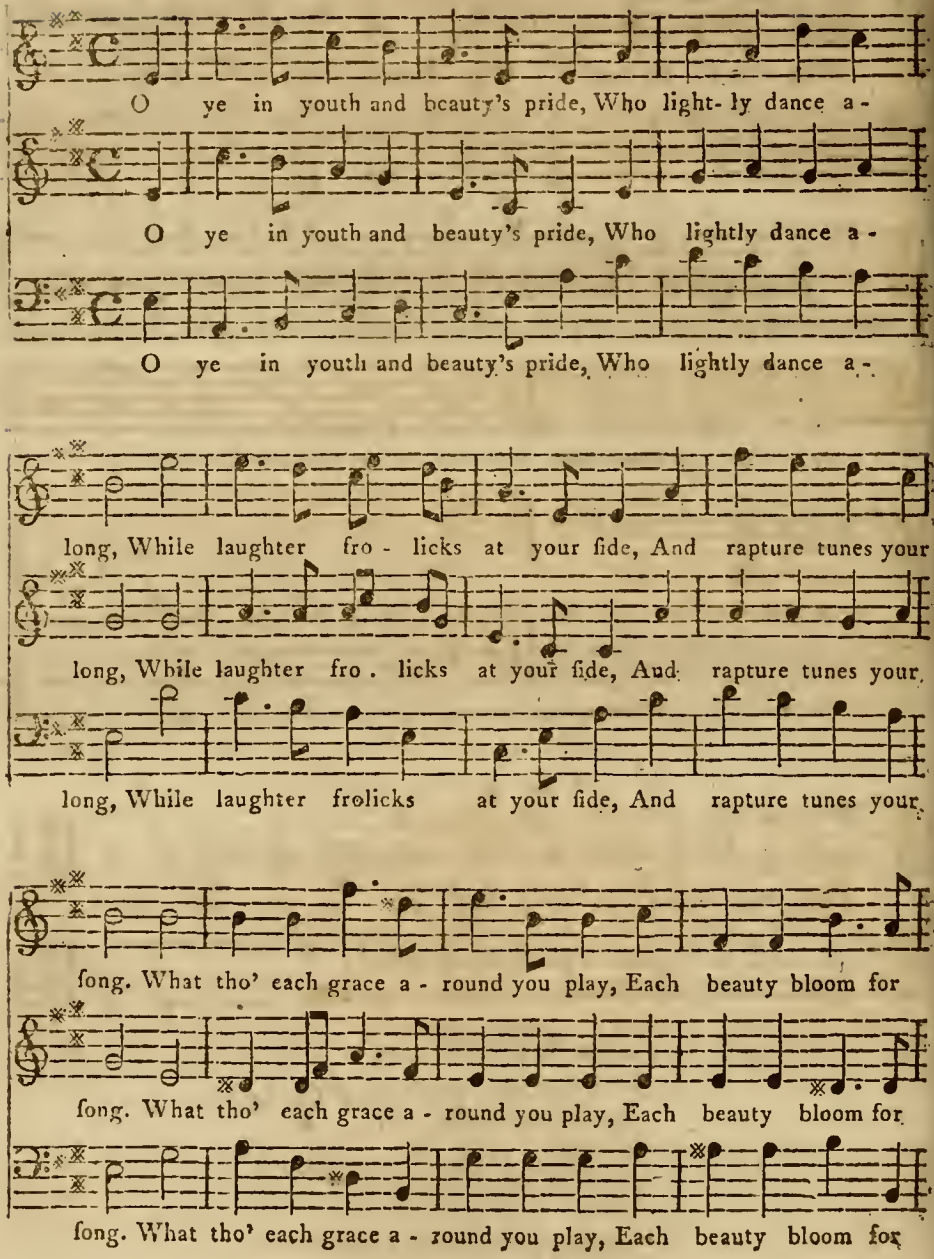


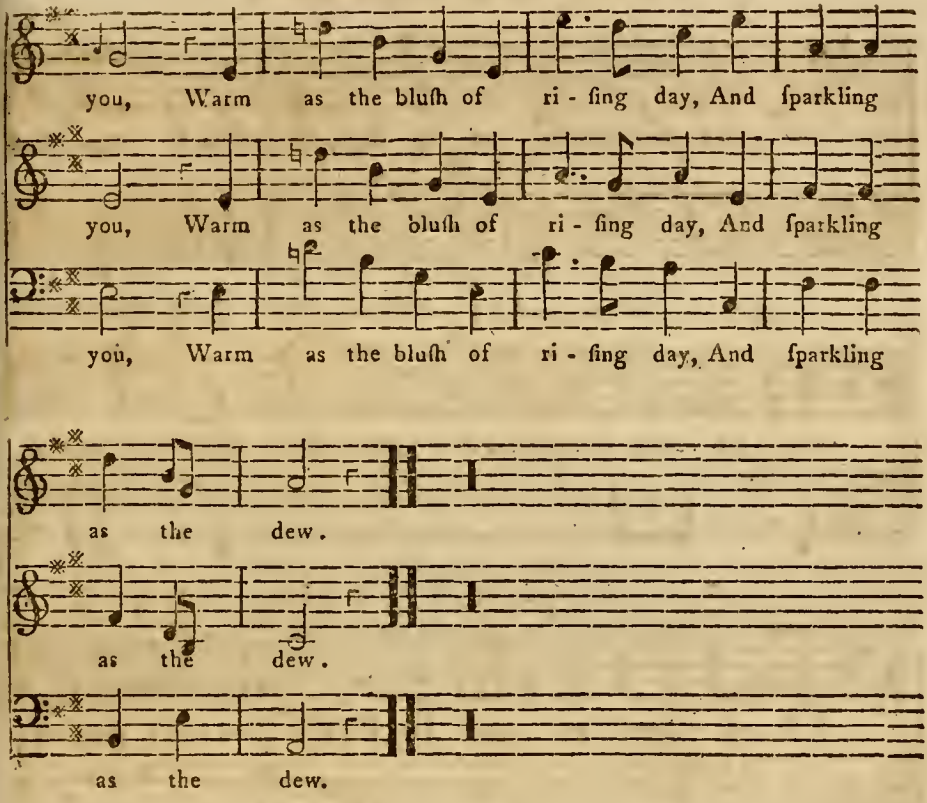
Laſſie, ſay thou lo'es me,
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuſe me;
If it winna canna be,
Thou for thine may chuſe me,
Let me laſſie quickly die,
Truſting that thou lo'es me.

SONG XCI.

O YE IN YOUTH AND BEAUTY'S PRIDE.

Schulz.





The bluſh that glows ſo gaily now,
  But glows to diſappear,
And quiv'ring from the bending bough,
  Soon breaks the pearly tear!

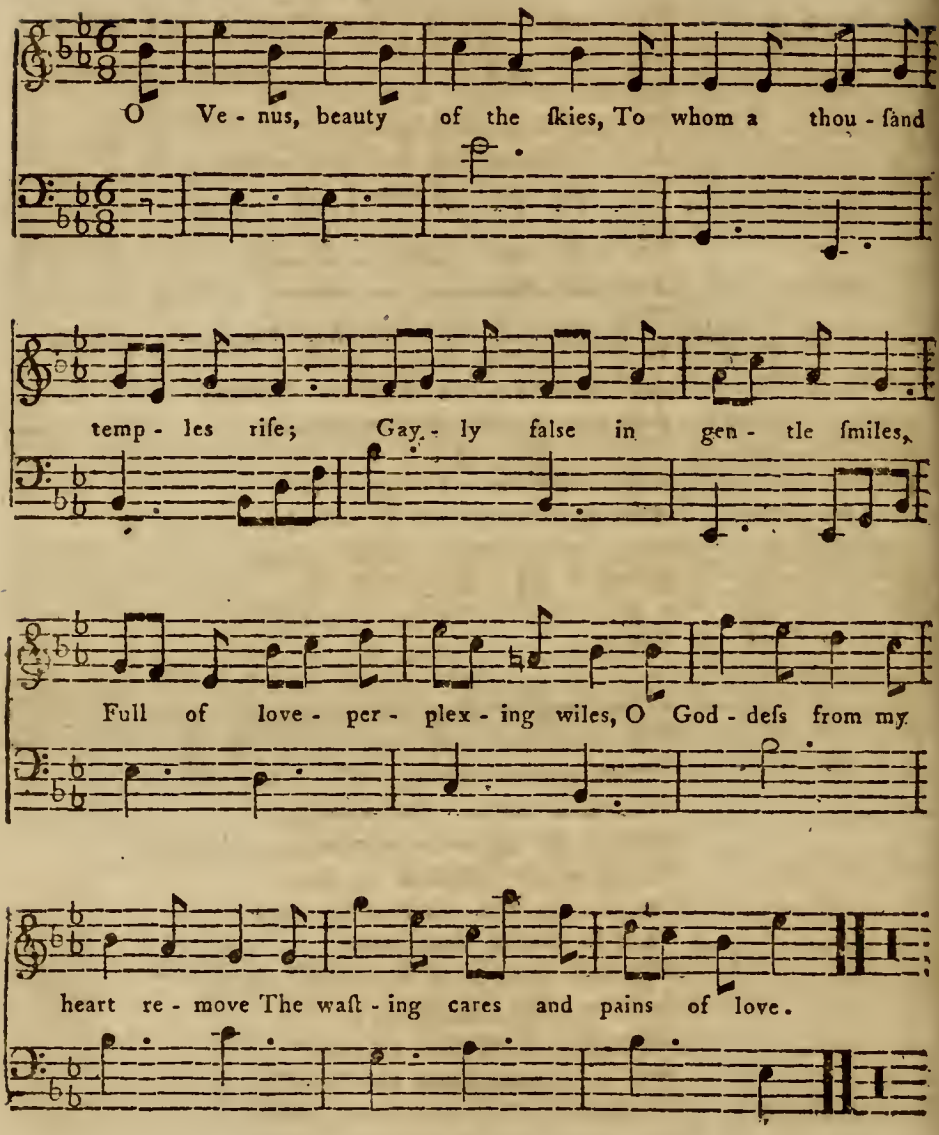
So paſs the beauties of your prime,
  That e'en in blooming die;
So ſhrinking at the blaſt of time,
  The treach'rous graces fly.

With charms that win beyond the ſight,
  And hold the willing heart,
O learn then to await their flight,
  Nor ſigh when they depart;

Theſe graces ſhall remain behind,
  Theſe beauties ſtill controul,
The graces of the poliſh'd mind,
  The beauties of the ſoul.

SONG XCII.

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS.



If ever thou haſt kindly heard
A song in ſoft diſtreſs preferr'd;
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O gentle Goddeſs hear me now.
Deſcend thou bright immortal gueſt,
In all thy radiant charms confeſt.

CONTINUED.

Thou once didſt leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
Thy car the wanton ſparrows drew,
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I ſaw their quiv'ring pinions play.

The birds dismiſt, while you remain,
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature ſmil'd,
And aſk'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid;

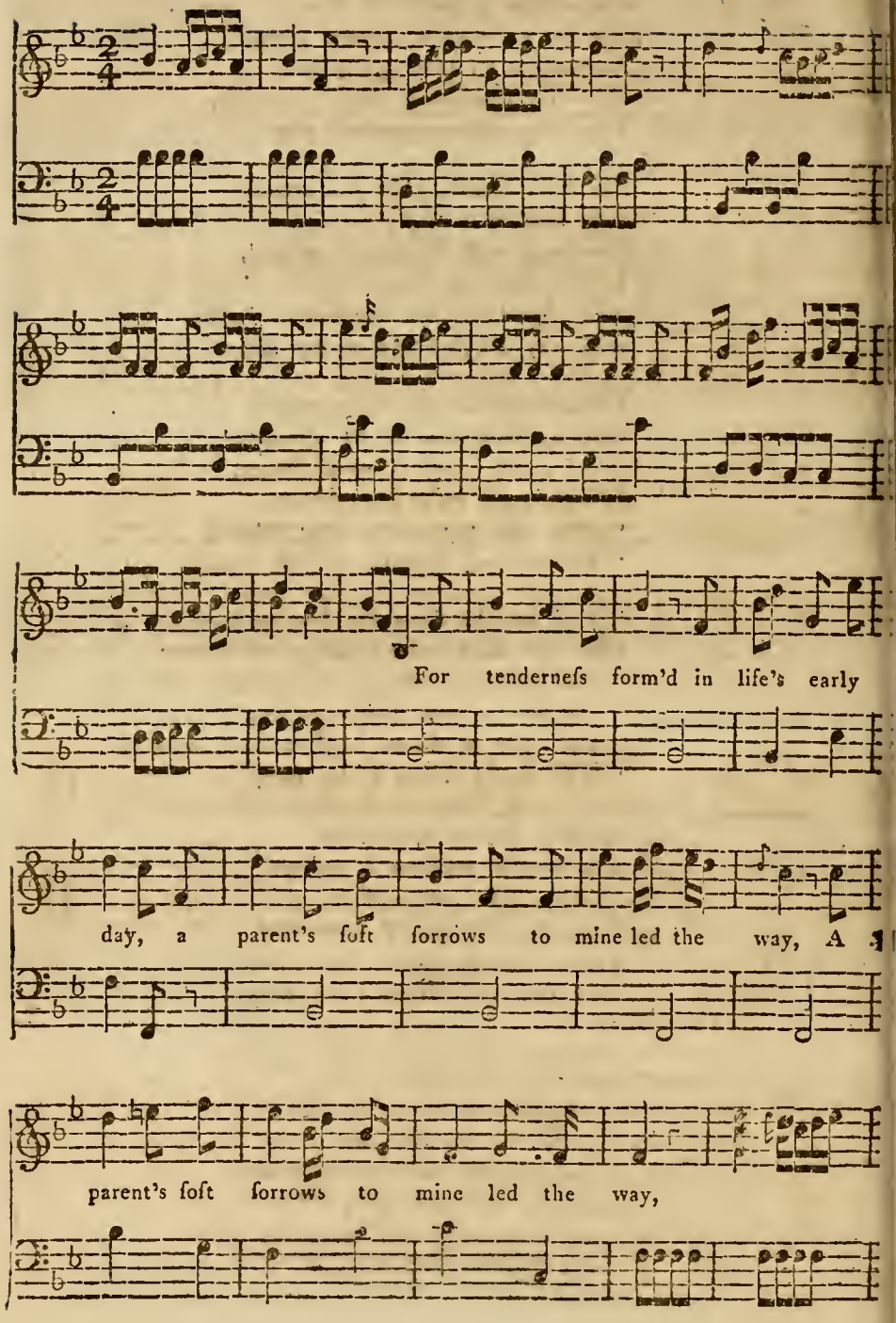
What frenzy in my boſom raged,
And by what cure to be aſſwaged,
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils ſecure;
"Who does thy tender heart ſubdue,
"Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?"

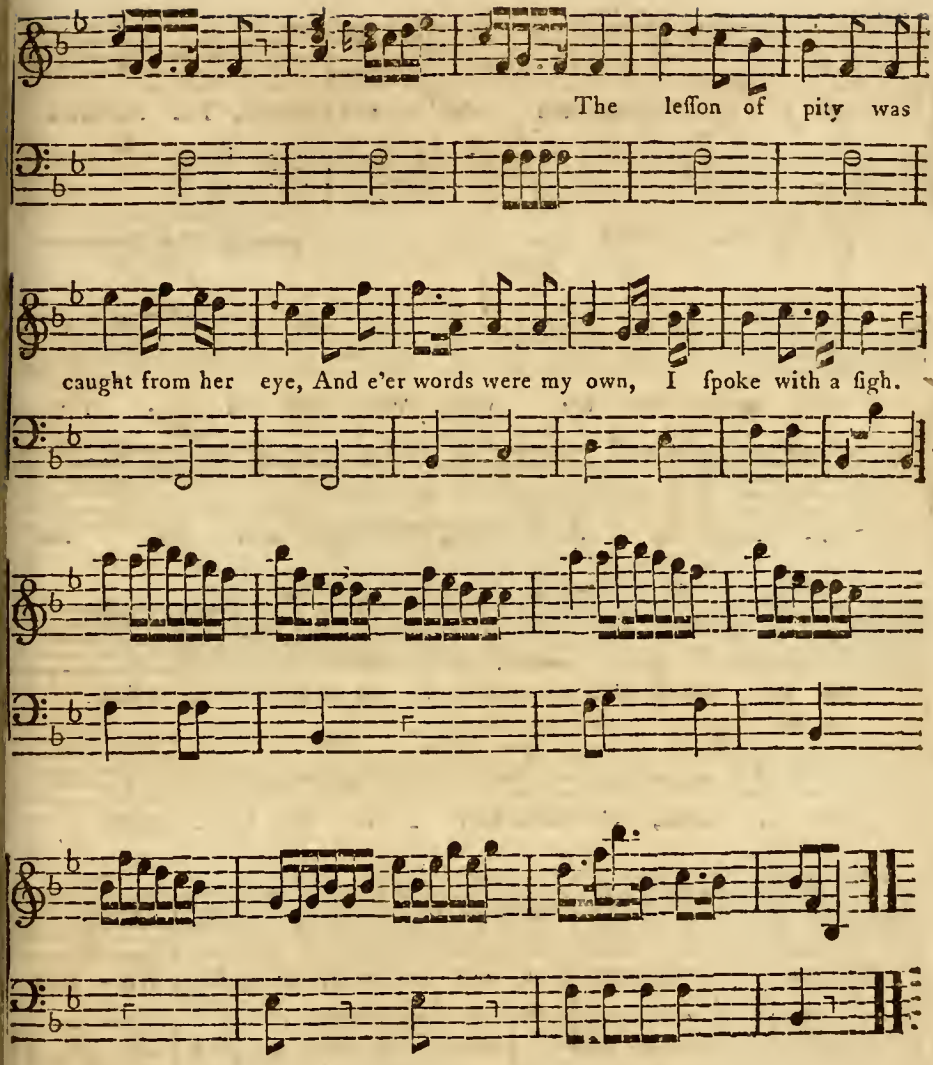
"Tho' now he ſhuns thy longing arms,
"He ſoon ſhall court thy ſlighted charms;
"Tho' now thy off'rings he deſpiſe,
"He ſoon to thee ſhall sacrifice;
"Tho now he freeze he ſoon ſhall burn;
"And be thy victim in his turn,

Celeſtial viſitant, once more
Thy needful preſence I implore!
In pity, come and eaſe my grief,
Bring my diſtemper'd ſoul relief;
Favour thy ſuppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart deſires.

SONG XCIII.

FOR TENDERNESS FORM'D.



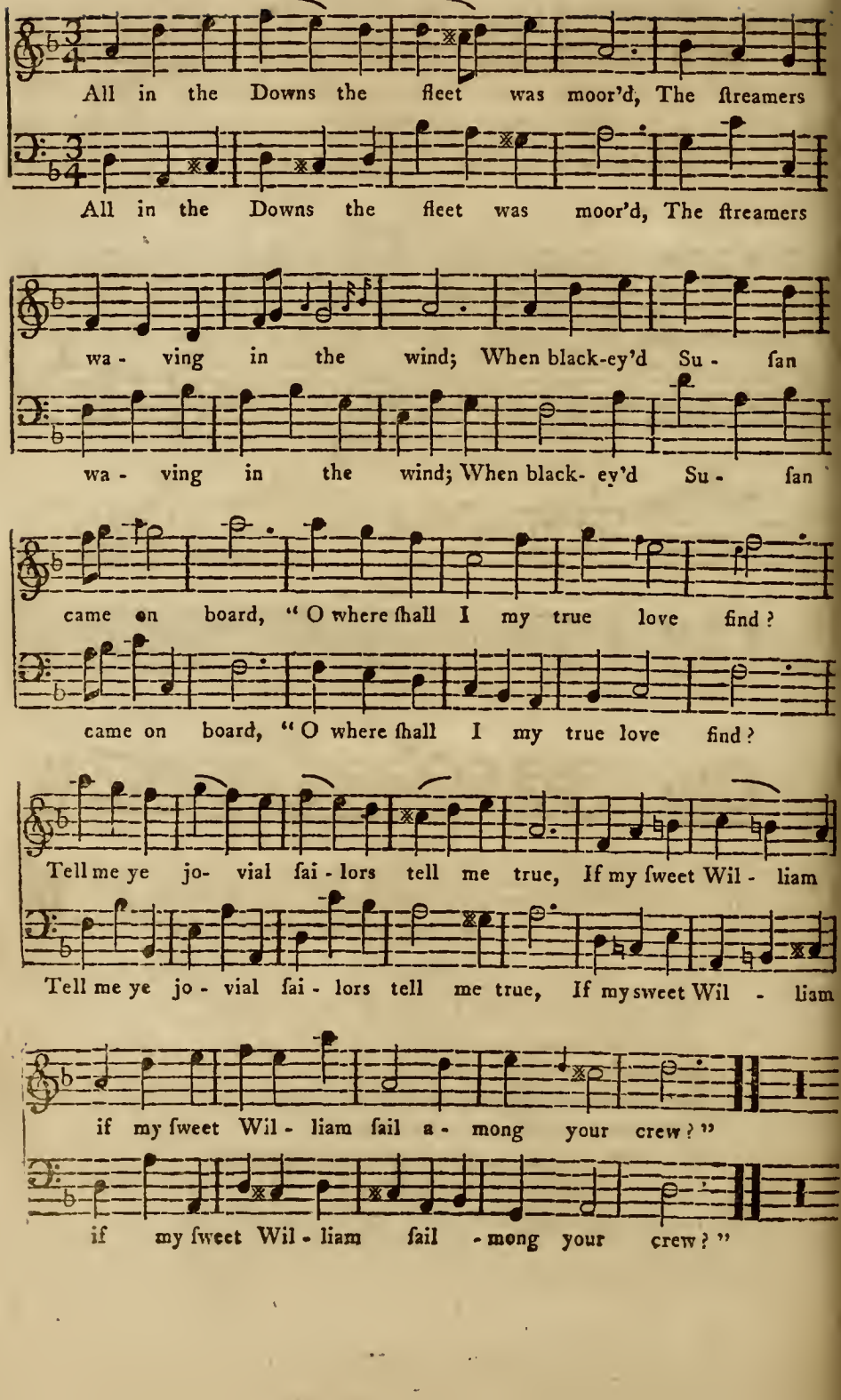


II.

The nightingale plunder'd, the mate widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the ſuffering grove,
To youth as it ripen'd gave ſentiment new,
The object ſtill changing, the ſympathy true.
Soft embers of paſſion, yet reſt in the glow,
A warmth of more pain may this breaſt never know!
Or if too indulgent the bleſſing I claim,
Let the ſpark drop from reaſon that wakens the flame.

SONG XCIV.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.



II.

William who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard
He ſigh'd and caſt his eyes below:
The cord ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he ſtands.

III.

So the ſweet lark high poiſ'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
(If chance his Mate's ſhrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt Captain in the Britiſh Fleet,
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

IV.

O Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain;
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again,
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

V.

Believe not what the land men ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind,
They'll tell thee, ſailors when away
In every port a miſtreſs find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell you ſo,
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

VI.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Africk's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charms of lovely Sue.

VII.

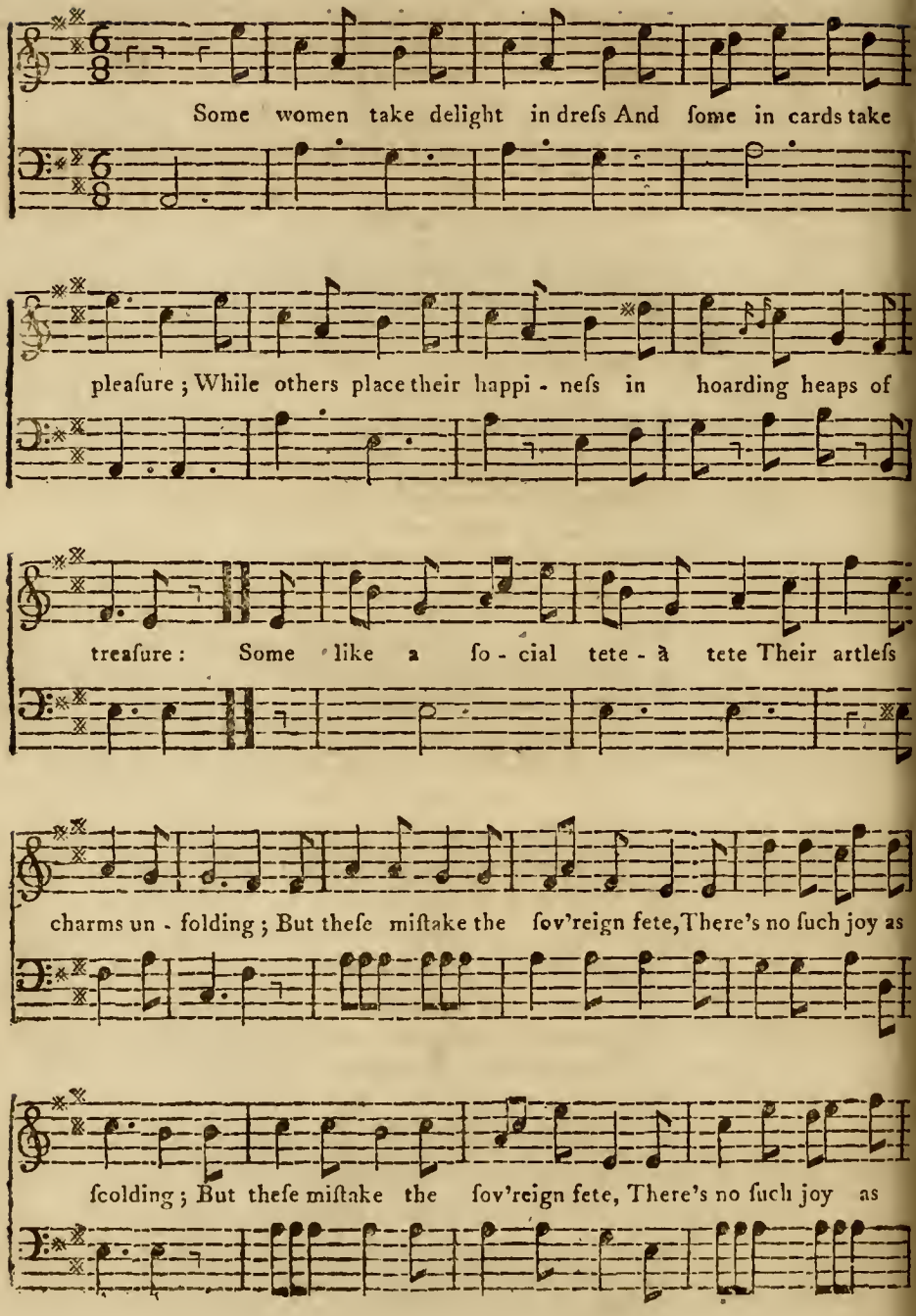
Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Suſan mourn;
Tho' canons roar, yet ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eye.

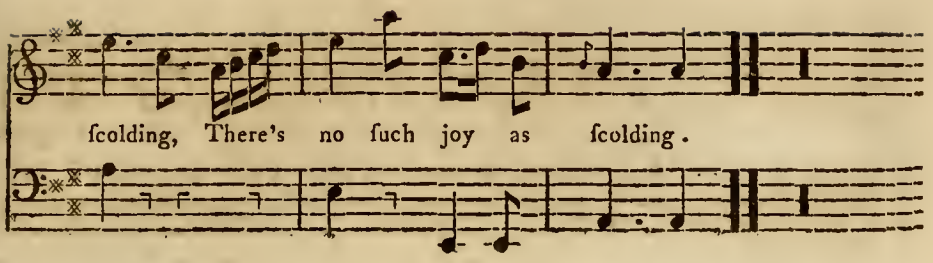
VIII.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, he hung his head.
Her leſs'ning boat, unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, ſhe cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG XCV.

SOME WOMEN TAKE DELIGHT IN DRESS.





2

The inſtant that I ope mine eyes,
Adieu all day to ſilence;
Before my neighbours they can riſe,
They hear my tongue a mile hence.
When at the board I take my ſeat,
'Tis one continued riot;
I eat and ſcold, and ſcold and eat,
My clack is ne'er at quiet.

3

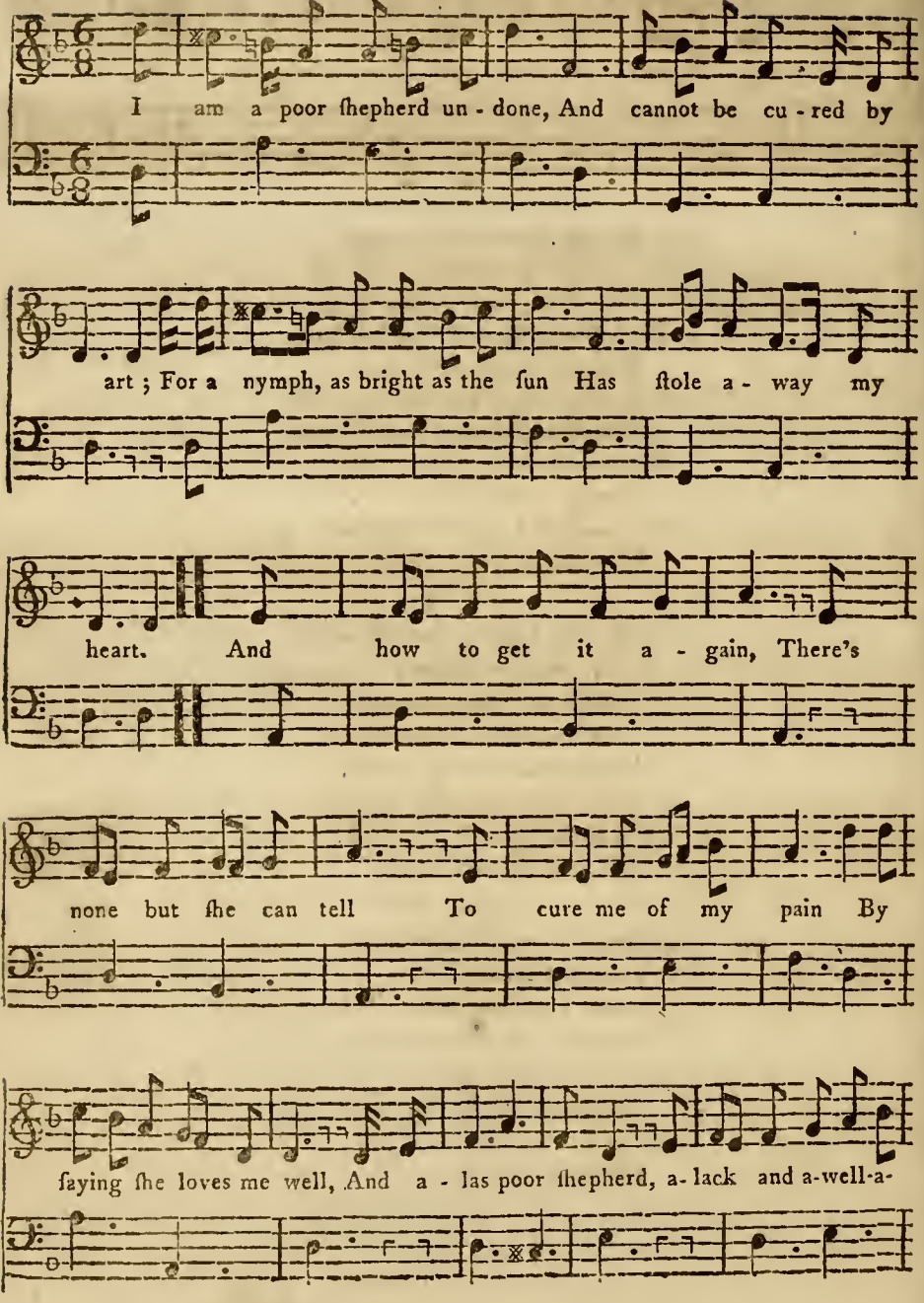
Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold;
I ever am complaining;
Too freſh, too ſtale, too young, too old,
Each gueſt at table paining:
Let it be fowl, or fleſh, or fiſh,
Tho' of my own providing,
I ſtill find fault with ev'ry diſh,
Still ev'ry ſervant chiding.

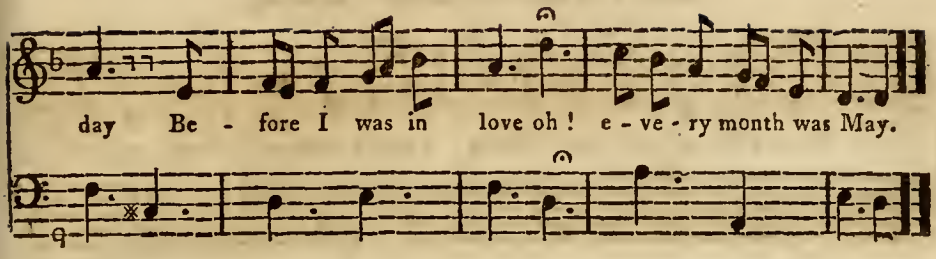
4

But when I go to bed at night,
I ſurely fall to weeping;
For then I loſe my great delight;
Oh could I ſcold when ſleeping!
But this my pain doth mitigate,
And ſoon diſperſes ſorrow,—
Altho' to-night it be too late,
I'll pay it off to-morrow!

SONG XCVI.

I AM A POOR SHEPHERD UNDONE.



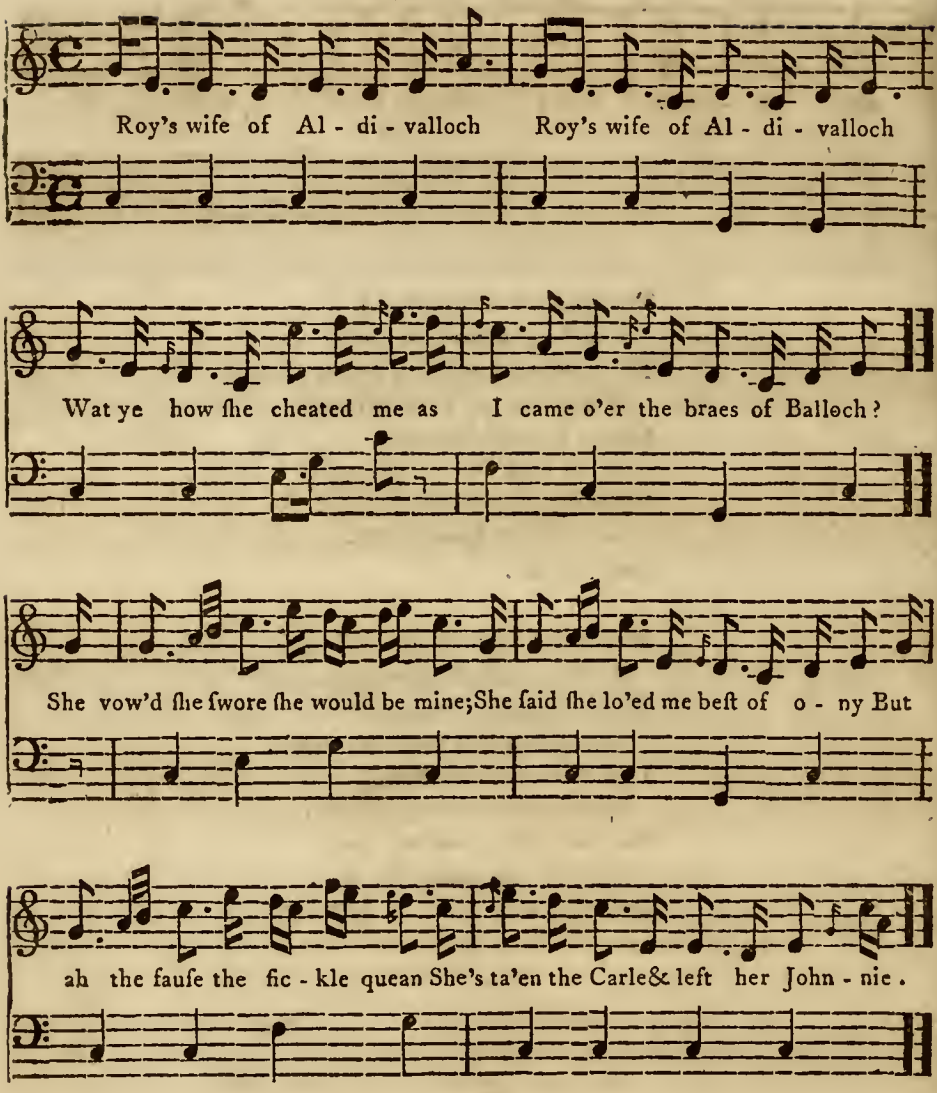


She aſk'd me of my eſtate;
I told her a flock of ſheep;
The graſs whereon they graze,
Where ſhe and I might ſleep;
Beſides a good ten pound,
In old king Harry's groats,
With hooks and crooks abound
And birds of ſundry notes.
And alas &c.

If to love ſhe ſhould not incline,
I told her I'd die in an hour.
To die, ſays ſhe, 'tis in thine;
But to love, 'tis not in my pow'r.
I aſk'd her the reaſon why
She could not of me approve;
She ſaid 'twas a taſk too hard
To give any reaſon for love.
And alas &c.

SONG XCVII.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.



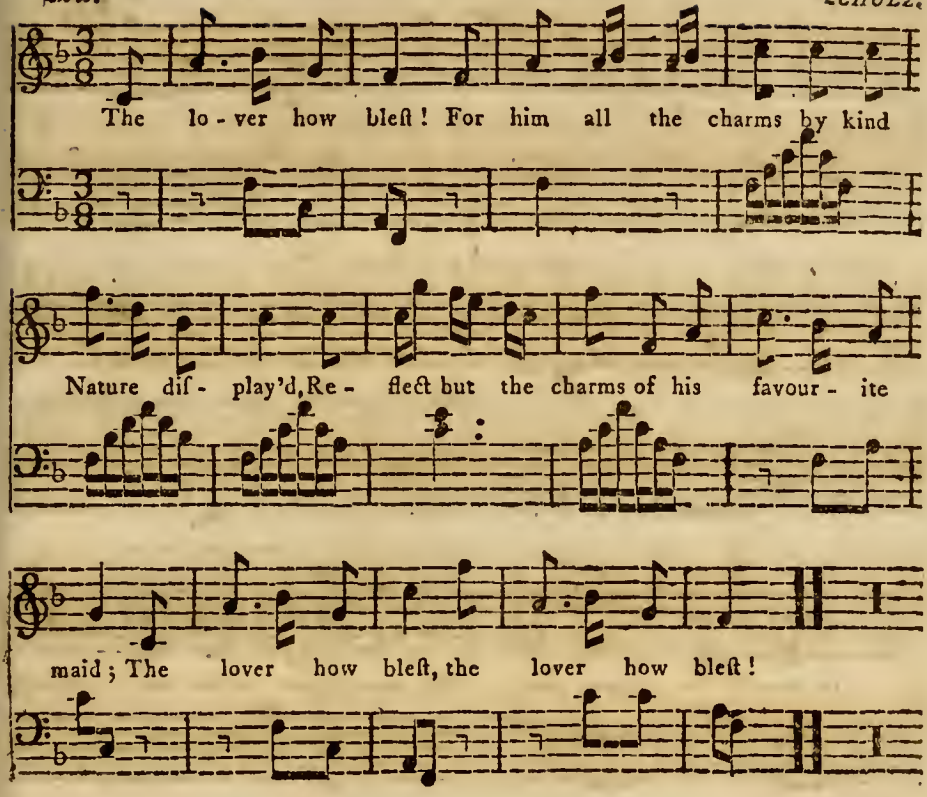
Her hair's ſae fair, her een's ſae clear,
Her wee bit mou's ſae ſweet and bonny,
To me ſhe ever will be dear,
Tho' ſhe 's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife &c.

But O, ſhe was the canty quean.
And weel could dance the highland walloch,
How happy I had ſhe been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!
Roy's wife &c.

SONG XCVIII.

THE LOVER HOW BLEST.

Slow. *SCHULZ.*



The lover how bleſt!
He hears in the carol that burſts from the grove
The voice of his fair-one confeſsing her love;
The lover how bleſt, the lover how bleſt!

The lover how bleſt!
The ſoft-flowing ſtreams as they gurgle impart
The whiſper of love and the throb of the heart; &c.

The lover how bleſt!
The dew-drops that bend while they deck the ſweet flower,
Are the tear-ſwimming eye, in affection's ſoft hour; &c.

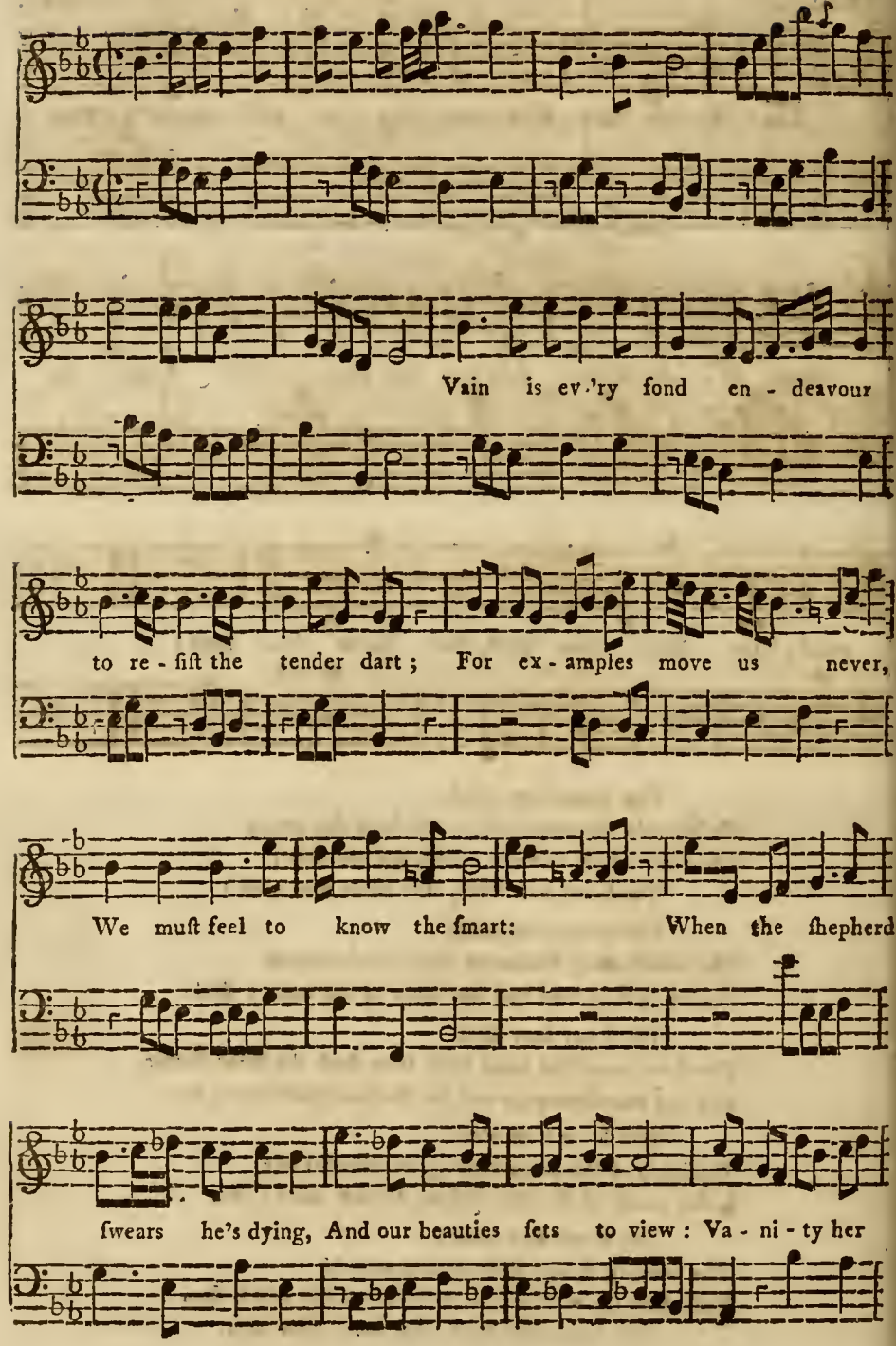
The lover how bleſt!
The bluſh of the dawn leading on chearful day
Is the cheek of his love ſmiling ſorrow away; &c.

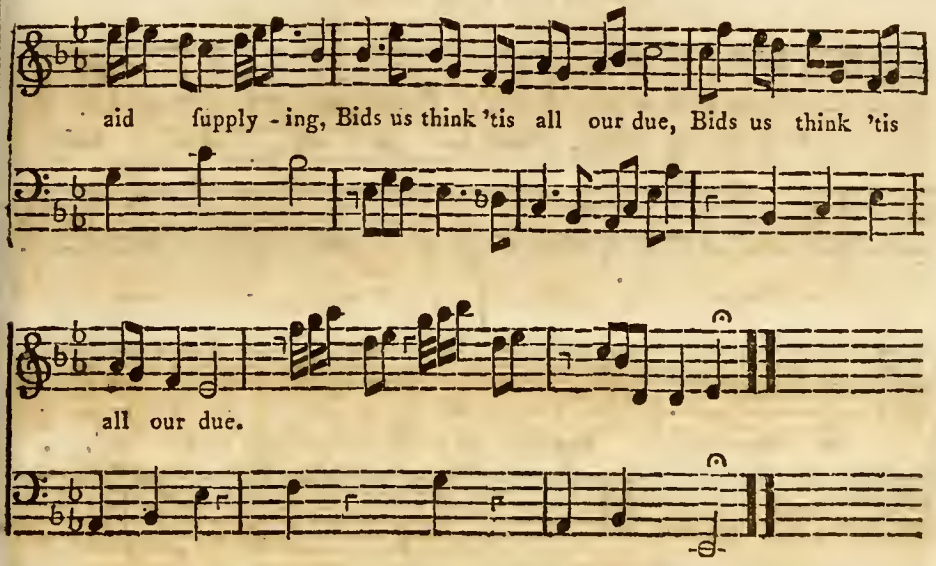
The lover how bleſt!
The evening in dun ſober mantle array'd
Reſembles the virtues that deck his chaſte maid, &c.
The lover how bleſt, the lover how bleſt.

SONG XCIX.

VAIN IS EVERY FOND ENDEAVOUR,

ARNE:

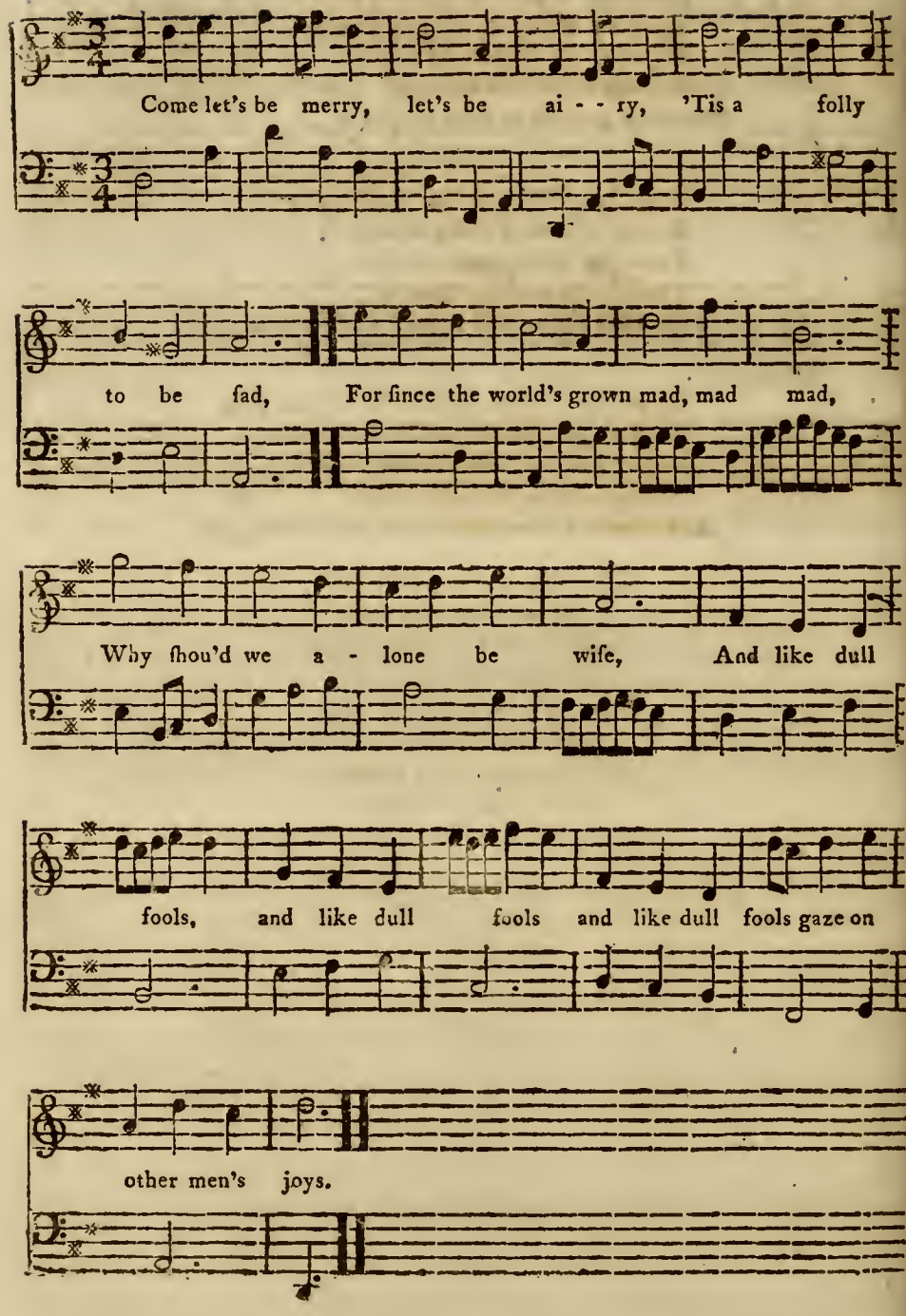




Softer than the vernal breezes,
Is the mild deceitful ſtrain;
Frowning truth our ſex diſpleaſes,
Flatt'ry never ſues in vain;
Soon, too ſoon, the happy lover,
Does our tend'reſt hopes deceive;
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Fooliſh woman to believe.

SONG C.

COME LET'S BE MERRY.



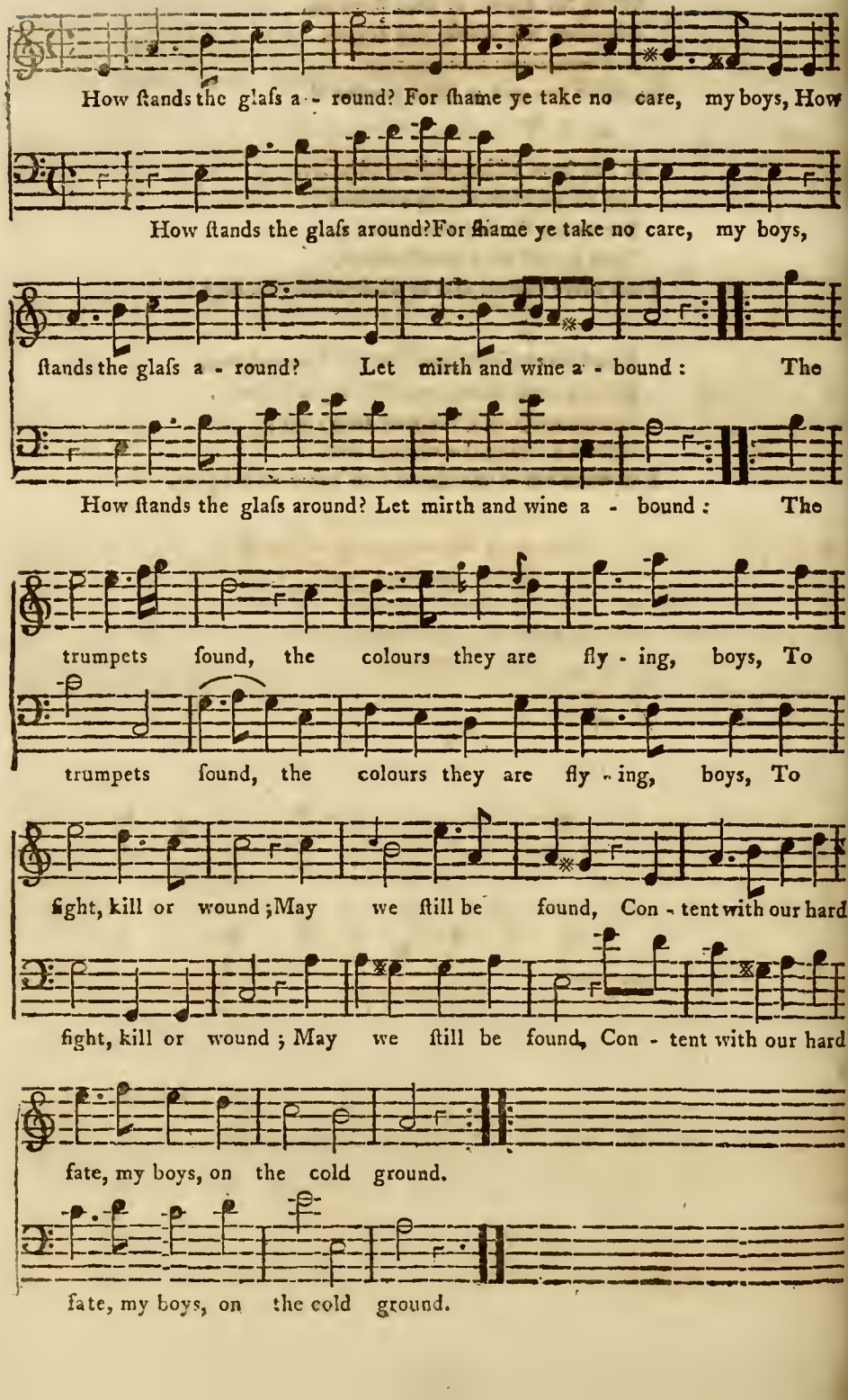
Let not to-morrow bring your ſorrow,
While the ſtream of time flows on,
But when the bliſsful day is paſt,
Still endeavour that the next
Be full as gay, and as little perplex'd.

If you have leiſure, follow pleaſure;
Let not an hour of bliſs paſs by;
For as the fleeting moments fly,
Time it will your youth decay,
Then ſtrive to live, and be bleſt whilſt you may.

If you have plenty, nought will torment you,
But yet your ſelves, your ſelves may annoy;
Hearty and free's the poor man's joy;
Gladly yielding the minutes paſs,
And when old Time ſhakes him, takes off his glaſs.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND.

HANDEL.



II.

Why, Soldiers, why,
Shou'd we be melancholy boys?
Why Soldiers, why,
Whose buſ'neſs 'tis to die!
What, ſighing, fie!
Damn fear, drink on, be jolly boys,
'Tis he, you or I,
Cold, hot, wet, or dry;
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly.

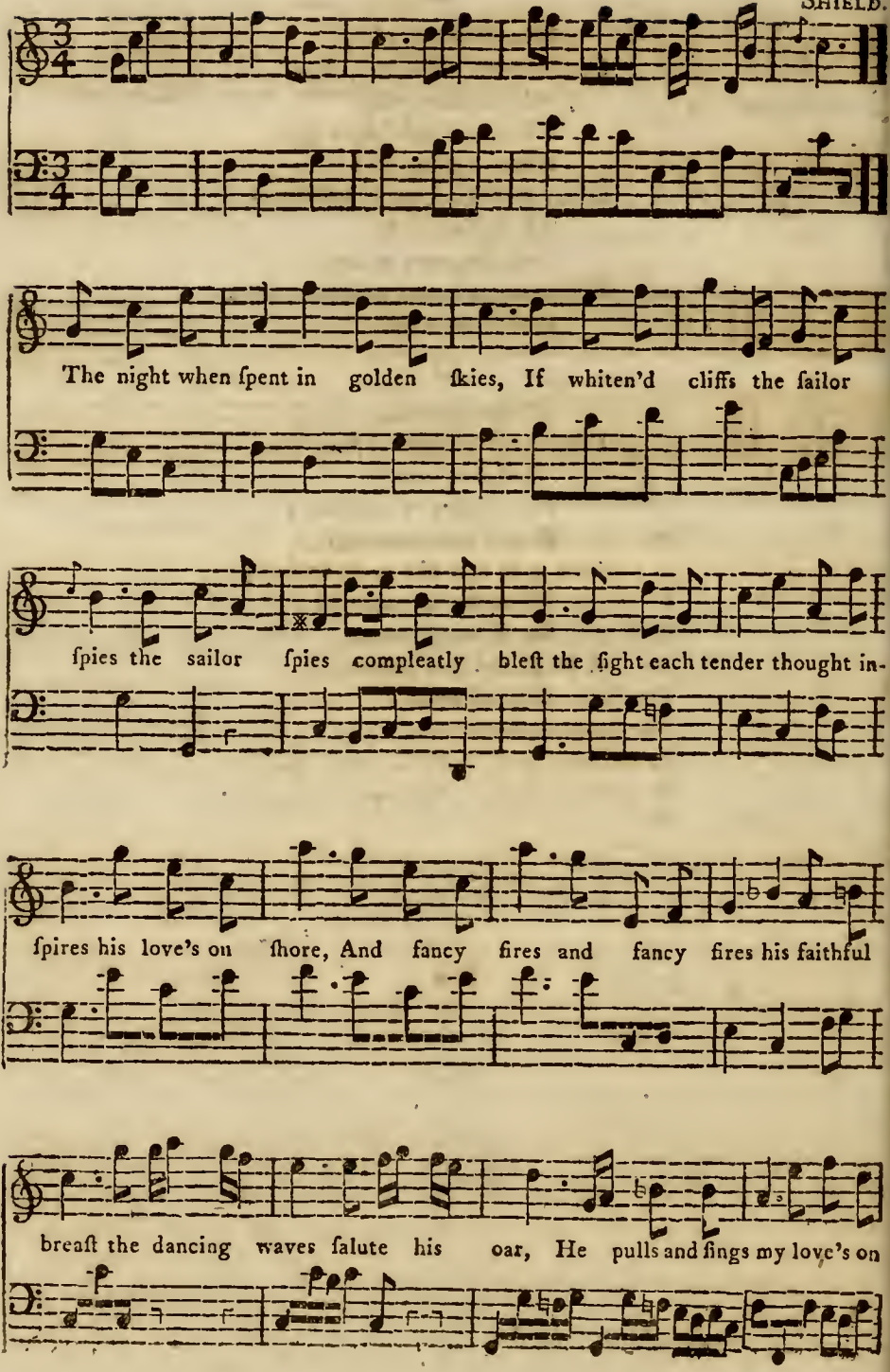
III.

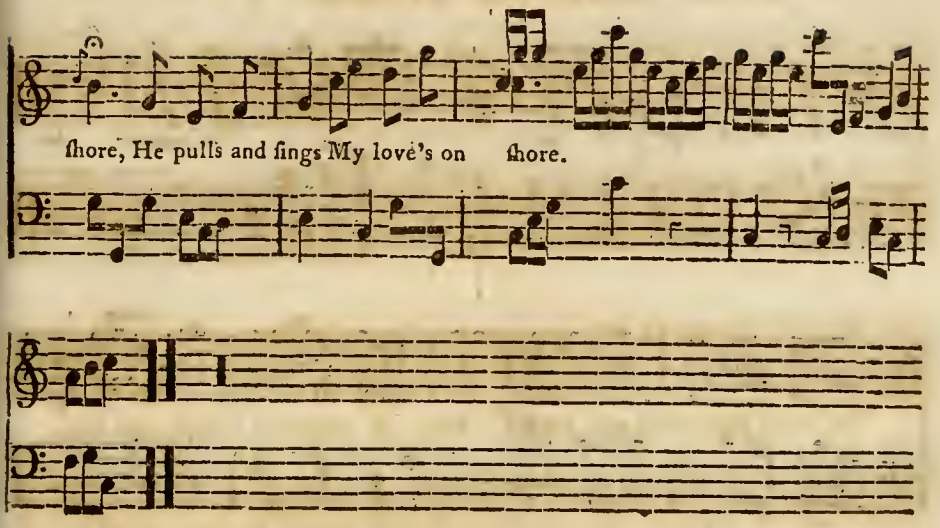
'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,
'Tis but in vain
For Soldiers to complain;
Shou'd next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

SONG CII.

GOLDEN SKIES.

SHIELD.

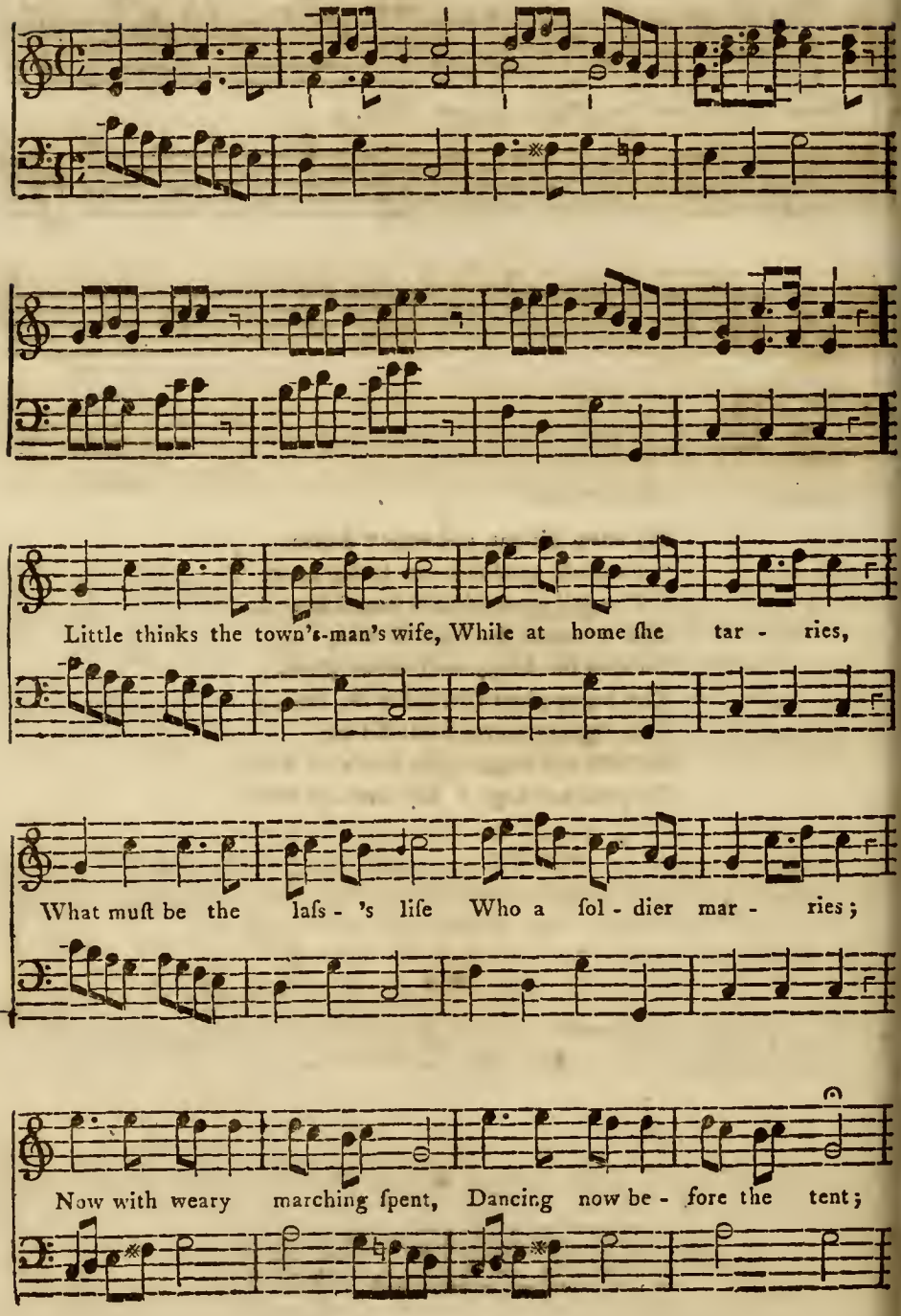


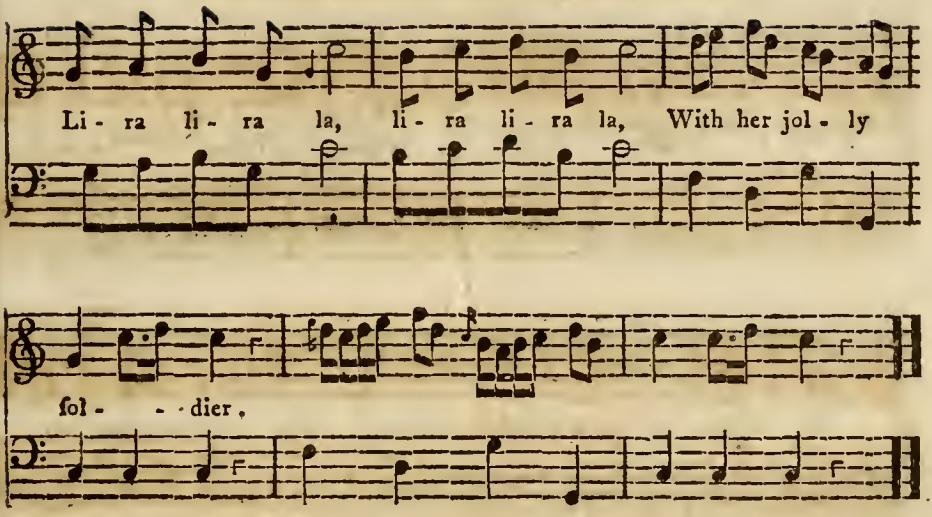


He waves his hat, and cries "Adieu,
"Farewell good ſhip and loving crew,
"Farewell good ſhip; for love I ſteer."
And as around he turns his face,
To view the happy well known place,
The happy place that holds his dear,
The dancing waves ſalute his oar,
He pulls and ſings, "My love's on ſhore,"
He pulls and ſings, "My love's on ſhore,"

SONG CIII.

LITTLE THINKS THE TOWNSMAN'S WIFE.





2

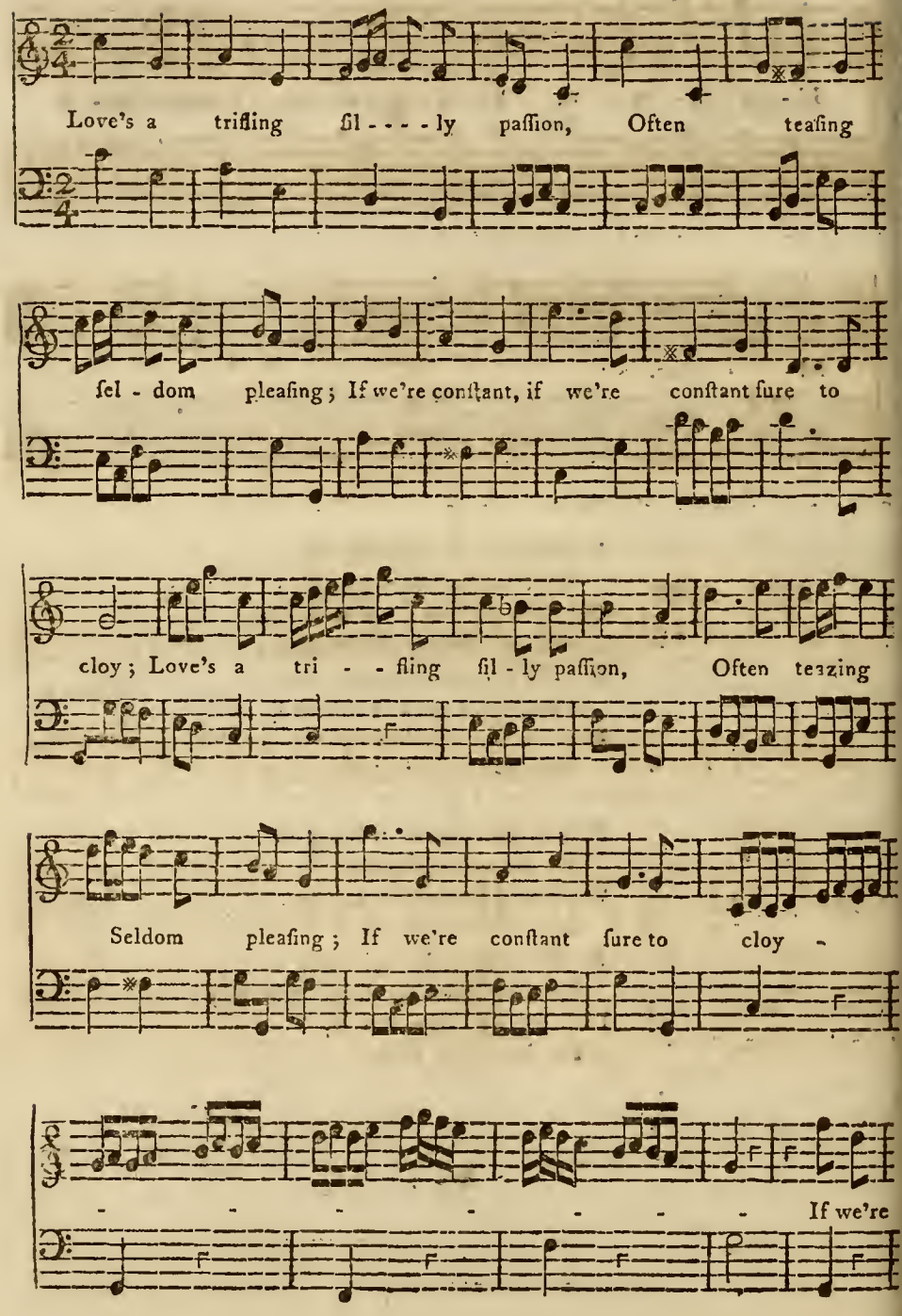
In the camp at night ſhe lies,
Wind and weather ſcorning;
Only griev'd her Love muſt riſe,
And quit her in the morning;
But the doubtful ſkirmiſh done,
Blithe ſhe ſings at ſet of ſun,
Lira lira la, Lira lira la,
With her jolly ſoldier.

3

Should the Captain of her dear
Uſe his vain endeavour,
Whiſp'ring nonſenſe in her ear,
Two fond hearts to ſever;
At his paſſion ſhe will ſcoff,
Laughing thus ſhe'll put him off;
Lira lira la, Lira lira la,
For her jolly ſoldier.

SONG CIV.

LOVE'S A TRIFLING SILLY PASSION.



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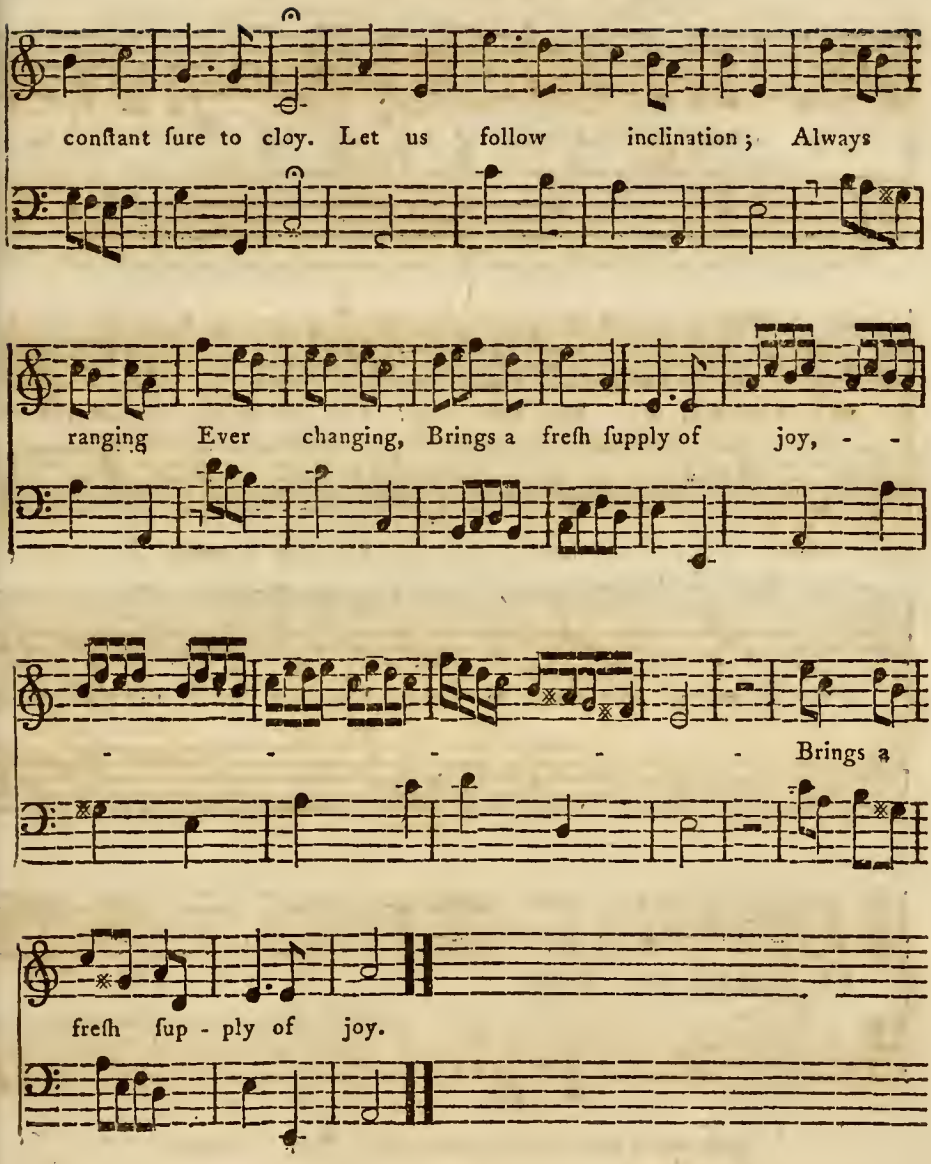
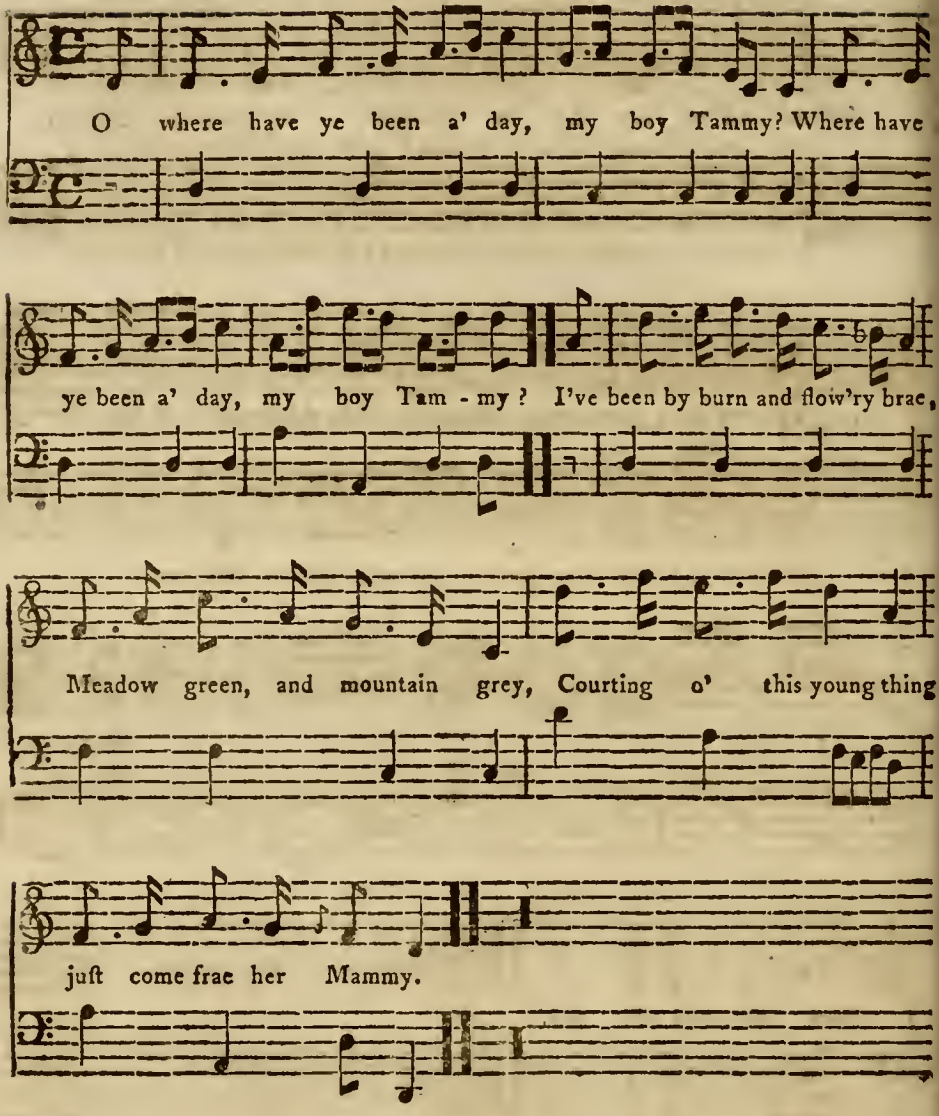

conſtant ſure to cloy. Let us follow inclination; Always
ranging Ever changing, Brings a freſh ſupply of joy, - -
- - - - - Brings a
freſh ſup - ply of joy.

SONG CV.

O WHERE HAVE YE BEEN A' DAY.



And where gat ye that young thing? my boy Tammy.
I gat her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomy knowe,
Herding a wee lamb and ewe for her poor Mammy.

What ſaid ye to that young thing? my boy Tammy.
I praiſ'd her een ſae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou;
I pree'd it aft, as ye may true, ſhe ſaid ſhe'd tell her Mammy

I held her to my beating heart; "My young, my ſmiling Lammy,
"I hae a houſe, it coſt me dear,
"I've walth o' pleniſhin and geer,
"Ye'ſe get it a' war't ten times mair, gin ye will leave your Mammy.

The ſmile gade aff her bonny face; "I manna leave my Mammy;
"She's gi'en me meat, ſhe's gi'en me claiſe,
"She's been my comfort a' my days,
"My father's death brought mony waes; I canna leave my Mammy."

"We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind hearted Lammy,
"We'll gie her meat; we'll gie her claiſe;
"We'll be her comfort a' her days;"
The wee thing gi'es her hand and ſays, "There! gang and aſk my Mammy

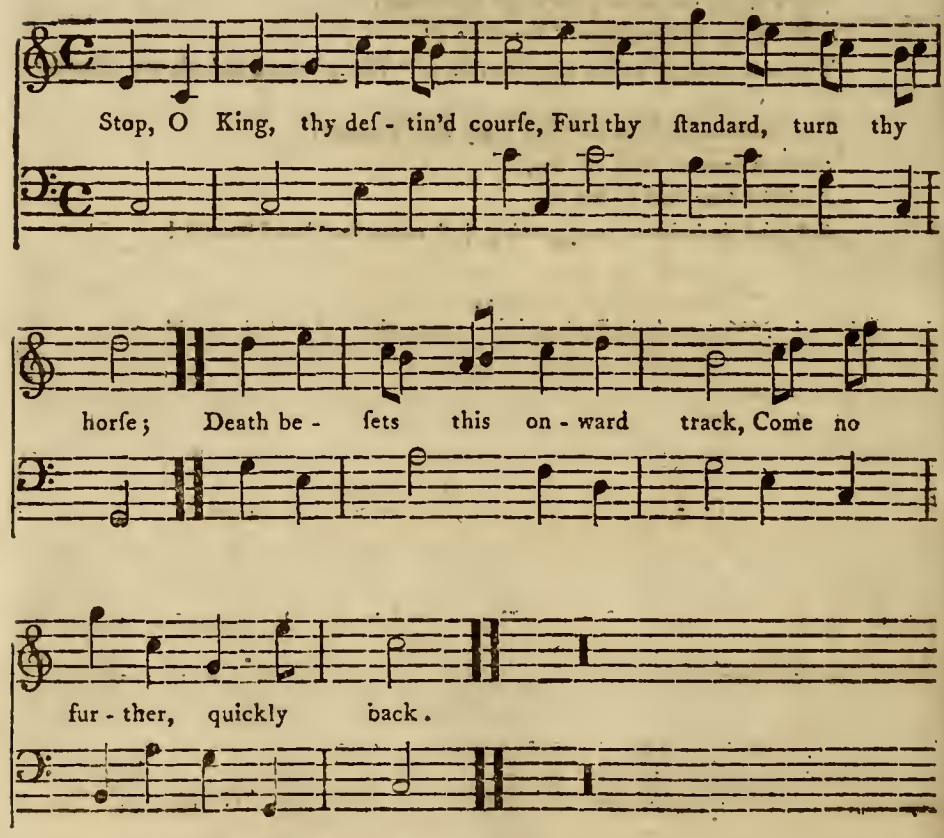
Has ſhe been to kirk wi' thee? my boy Tammy,
She has been to kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee,
But oh! ſhe's but a young thing, juſt come frae her Mammy!

SONG CVI.

DUNCAN'S WARNING.

RECITATIVE.

As o'er the heath, amid his ſteel-clad Thanes,
The royal Duncan rode in martial pride,
Where, full to view, high topp'd with glitt'ring vanes,
Macbeth's ſtrong tow'rs o'er-hung the mountain's ſide;
In duſky mantle wrapp'd, a griſly form
Ruſh'd with a giant ſtride acroſs the way;
And thus, while howl'd around the riſing ſtorm,
In hollow thund'ring accents pour'd diſmay.



Hear'ſt thou not the raven's croak?
See'ſt thou not the blaſted oak?
Feel'ſt thou not the loaded ſky?
Read thy danger, king, and fly.

Lo! yon caſtle banners glare
Bloody thro' the troubled air,
Lo! what ſpectres on the roof,
Frowning bid thee ſtand aloof.

Murder, like an eagle, waits
Perch'd above the gloomy gates,
Juſt in act to pounce his prey,
Come not near — away, away.

Let not plighted faith beguile
Honour's ſemblance, beauty's ſmile;
Fierce ambition's venom'd dart
Rankles in the feſt'ring heart.

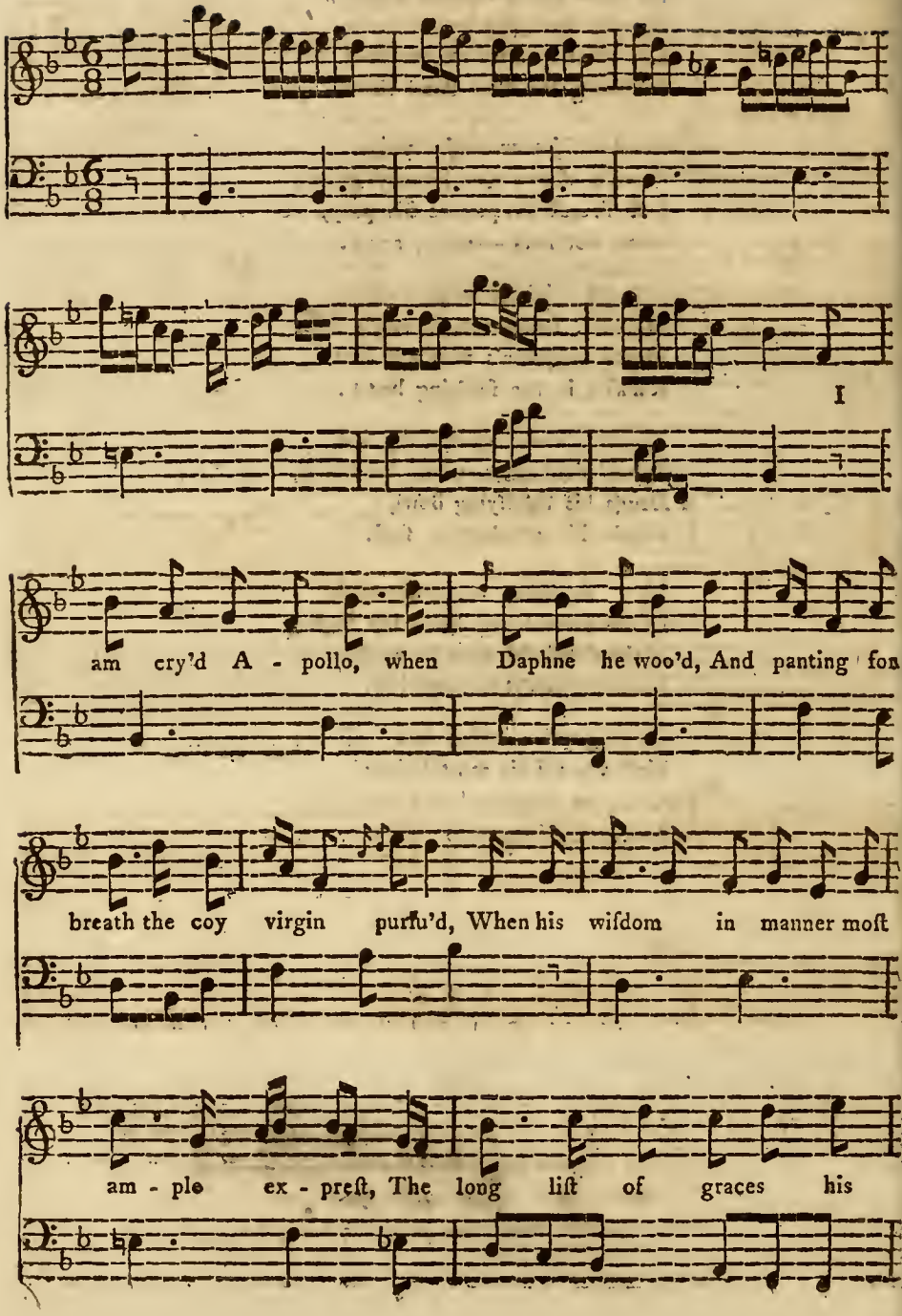
Treaſon, arm'd againſt thy life,
Points his dagger, whets his knife,
Drugs his ſtupifying bowl,
Steels his unrelenting ſoul.

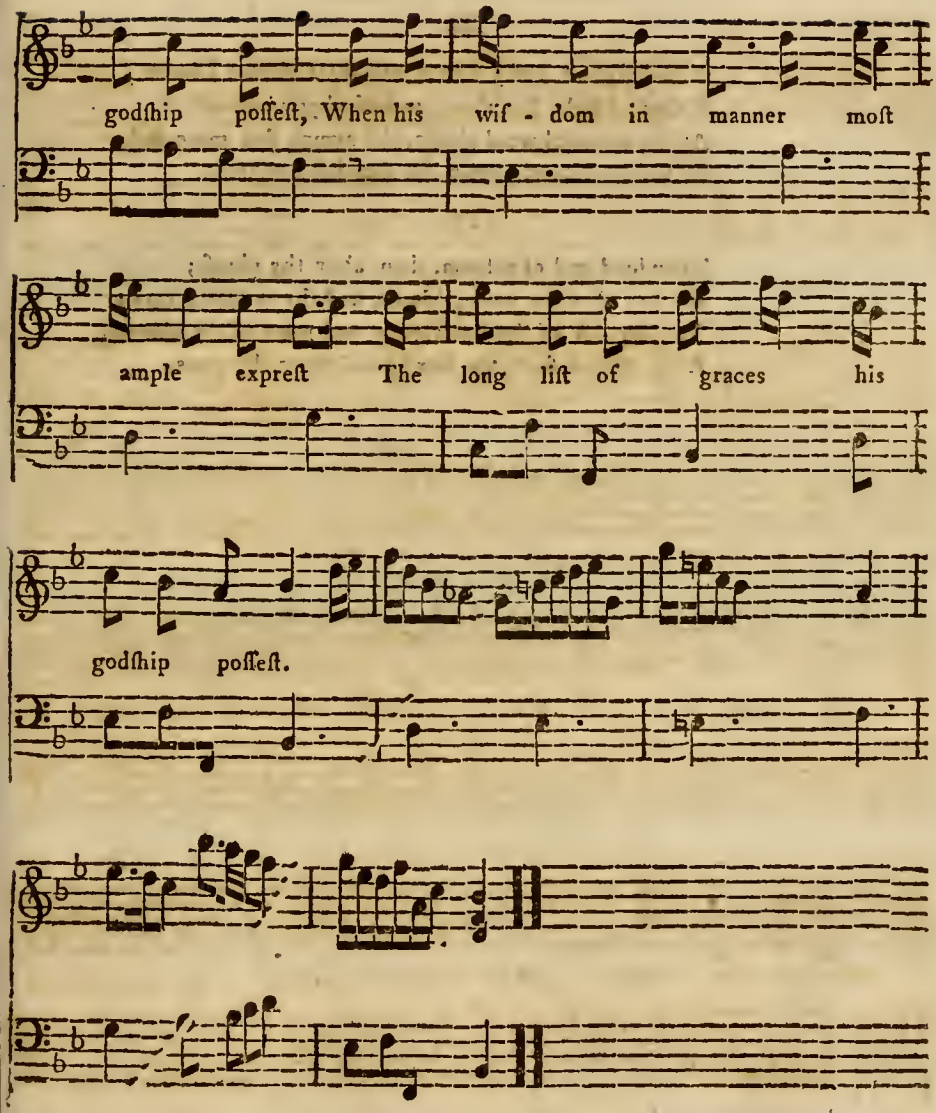
Now 'tis time; ere griſly night
Cloſes round thee, ſpeed thy flight;
If the threſhold once be croſt,
Duncan, thou'rt for ever loſt.

On he goes! reſiſtleſs fate
Haſtes to fill his mortal date:
Ceaſe, ye warnings! vain tho' true,
Murder'd king, adieu! adieu!

SONG CVII.

I AM, SAID APOLLO.





II.

" I'm the god of ſweet ſong and inſpirer of lays."
Nor for lays nor ſweet ſong the fair fugitive ſtays.
" I'm the god of the harp—ſtop my faireſt." In vain;
Nor the harp nor the harper could bring her again.

III.

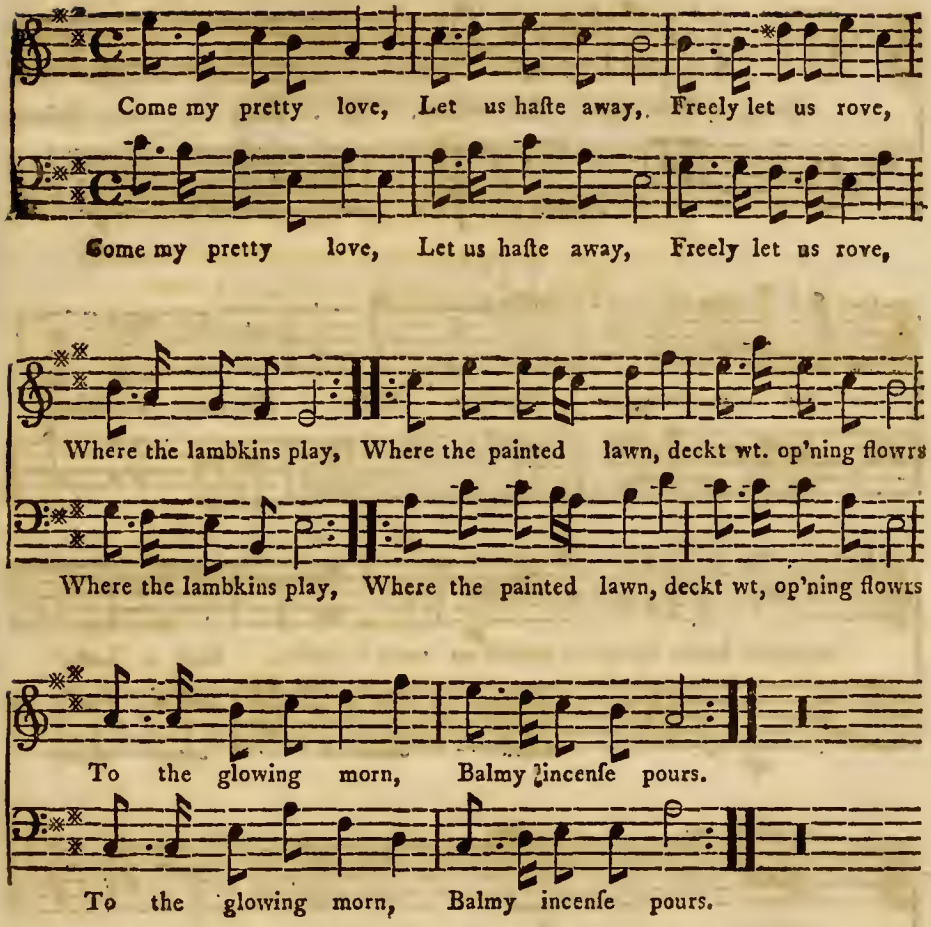
" Ev'ry plant, ev'ry flow'r, and their virtues I know ;
" God of light I'm above, and of physic below."
At the dreadful word phyſic, the nymph fled more faſt,
At the fatal word phyſic, ſhe doubled her haſte.

IV.

Thou fond god of wiſdom, then, alter thy phraſe;
Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy raviſhing rays ;
Tell her leſs of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
And, my life for't, the damſel will fly to thy arms.

SONG CVIII.

COME MY PRETTY LOVE.

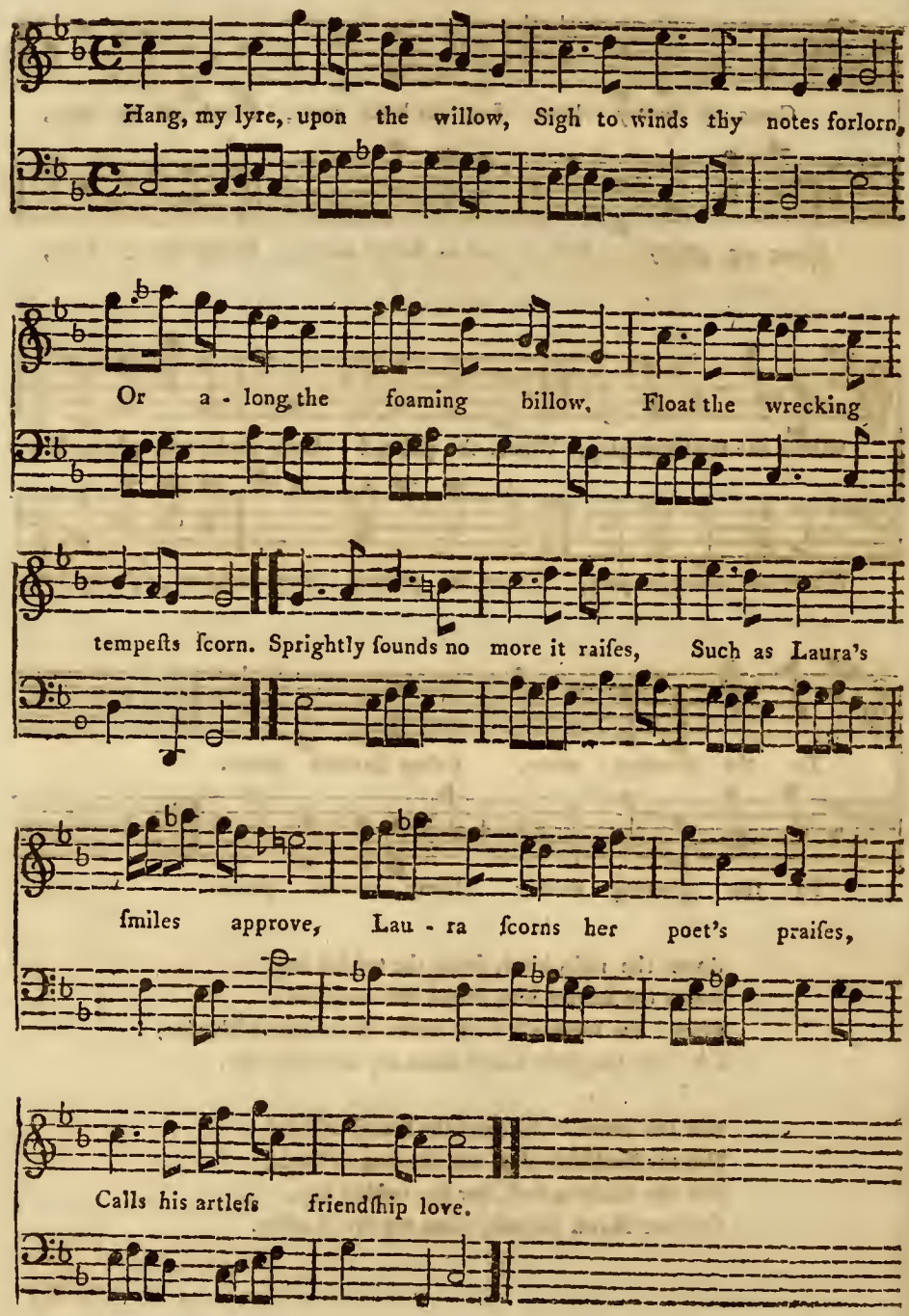


Sweet the roſes blow, ſweet the tedded hay,
Sweet the heifers low, round the dewy lee ;
Hark ! the feather'd train chant their ſongs with glee,
Oh ! the ſprightly ſtrain! come my love with me.

Not the dawn of day, not the breath of herds,
Not the lambkins play, nor the ſong of birds,
Not the bluſhing roſe, nor the tedded hay,
Can one charm diſcloſe, when my love's away.

SONG CIX.

HANG, MY LYRE, UPON THE WILLOW.



Calls it love, that ſpurning duty,
Spurning nature's chaſteſt ties,
Mocks thy tears, dejected beauty,
Sports at fallen virtue's ſighs.

Call it love, no more profaning,
Truth with dark ſuſpicion's wound:
Or, my fair, the term retaining,
Change the ſenſe, preſerve the ſound.

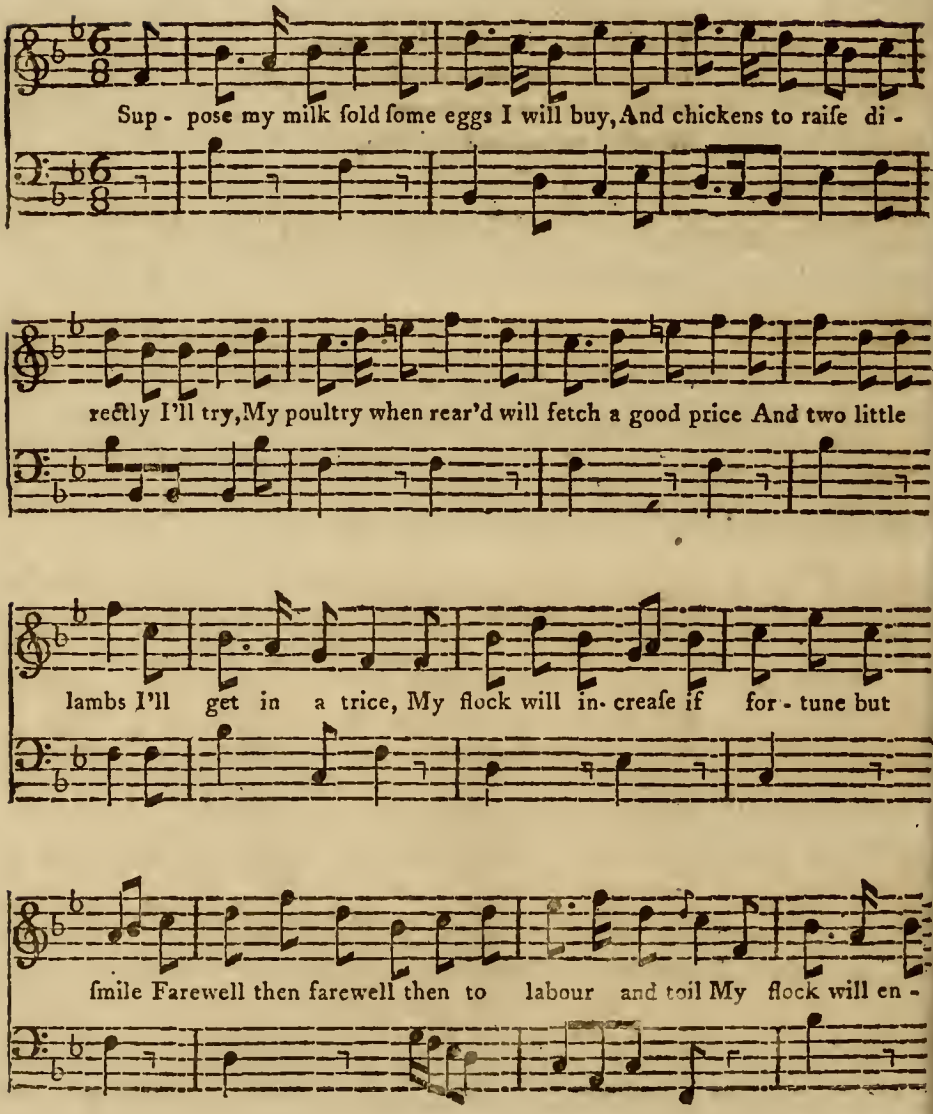
Yes, 'tis love, that name is given,
Angels to your pureſt flames,
Such a love as merits heaven
Heav'n's divineſt image claims.

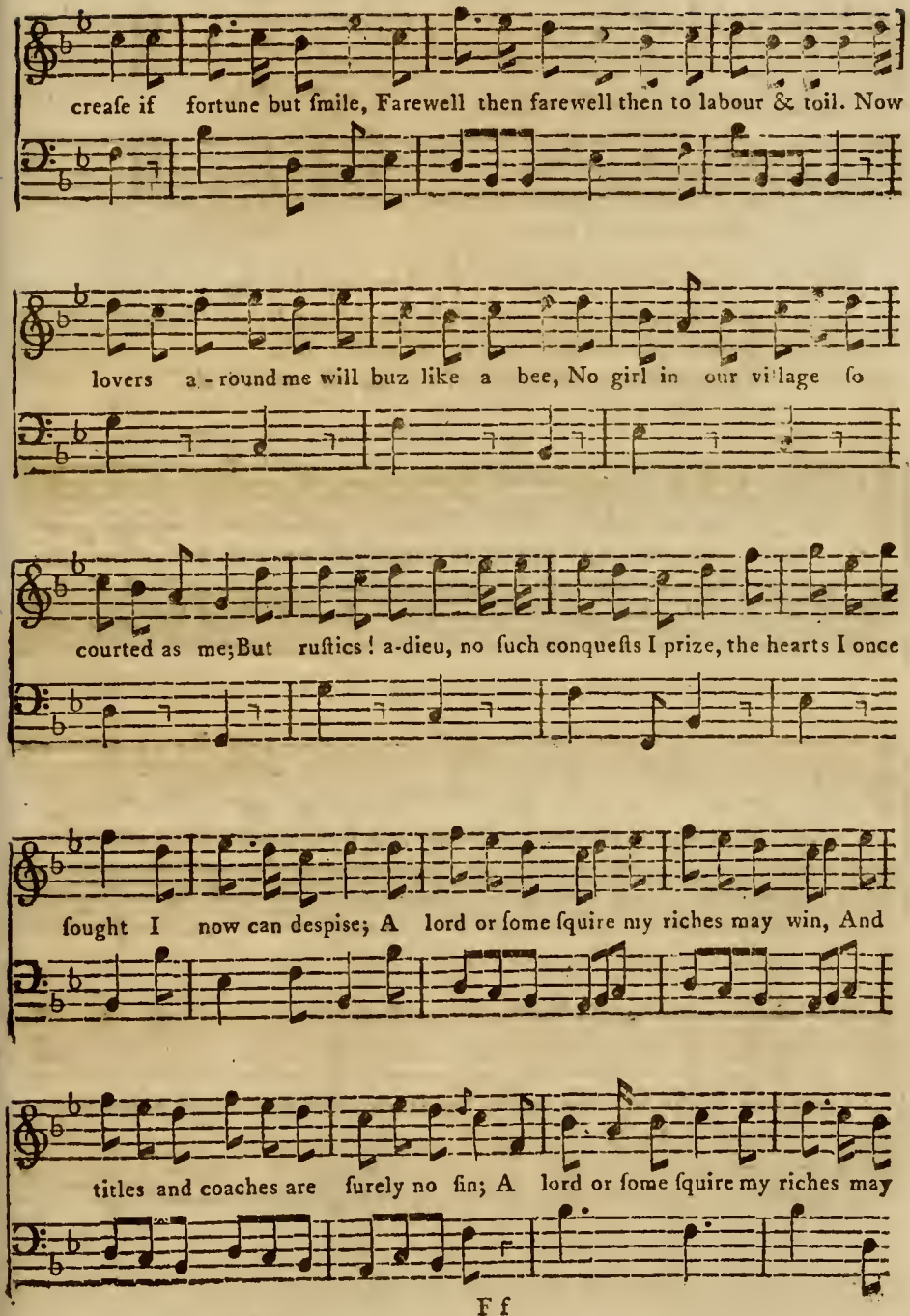
SONG CX.

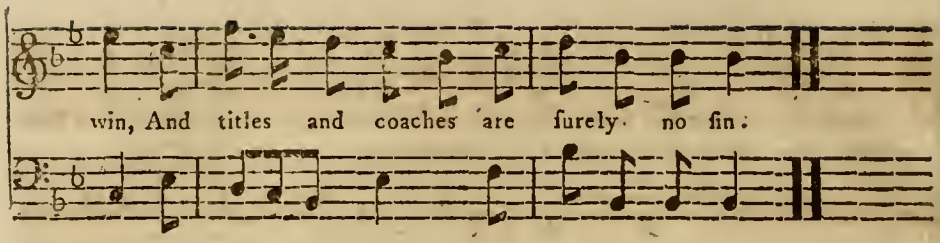
THE MILKMAID. A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

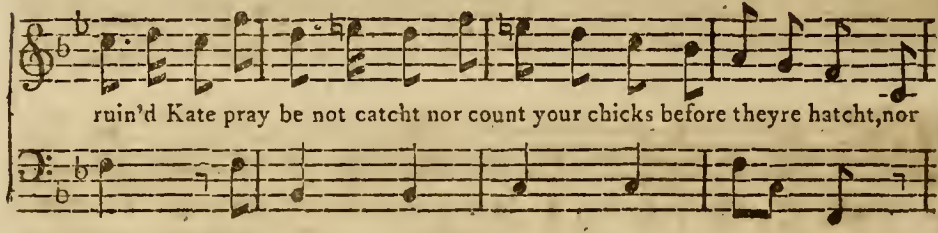
As Kate one morn, with milk-pail on her head,
Was trudging homeward thro' the verdant mead;
Her mind revolving on ten thouſand ways
To fix a lover and her fortune raiſe;
Bright hope at once beam'd on her flutt'ring breaſt,
And as ſhe went ſhe thus herſelf addreſs'd:

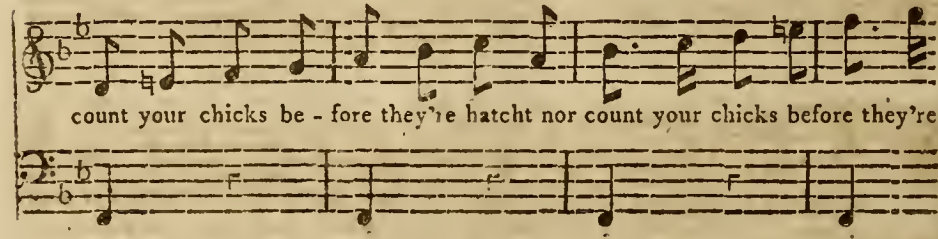


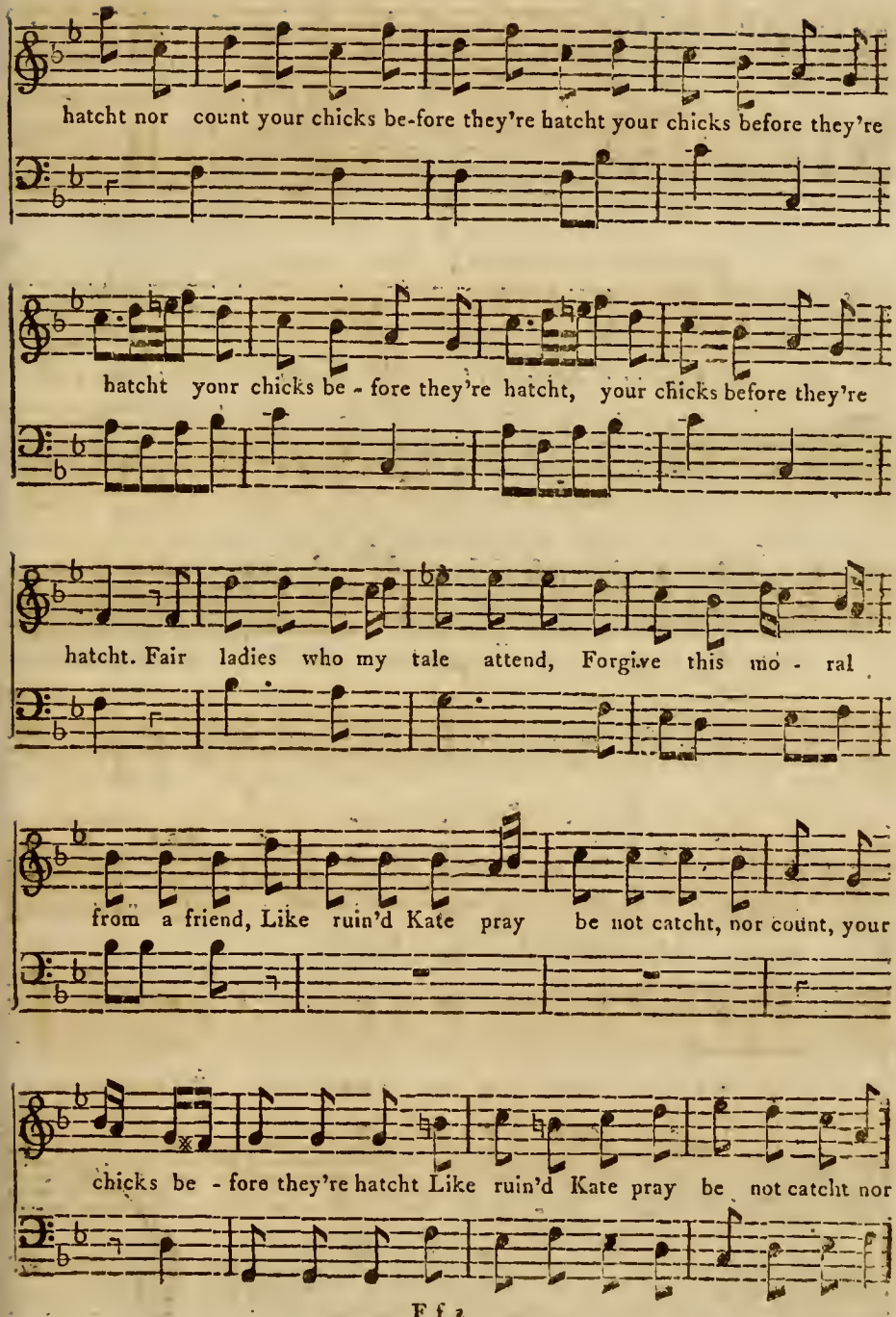

creaſe if fortune but ſmile, Farewell then farewell then to labour & toil. Now
lovers a-round me will buz like a bee, No girl in our village ſo
courted as me; But ruſtics! a-dieu, no ſuch conqueſts I prize, the hearts I once
ſought I now can deſpise; A lord or ſome ſquire my riches may win, And
titles and coaches are ſurely no ſin; A lord or ſome ſquire my riches may

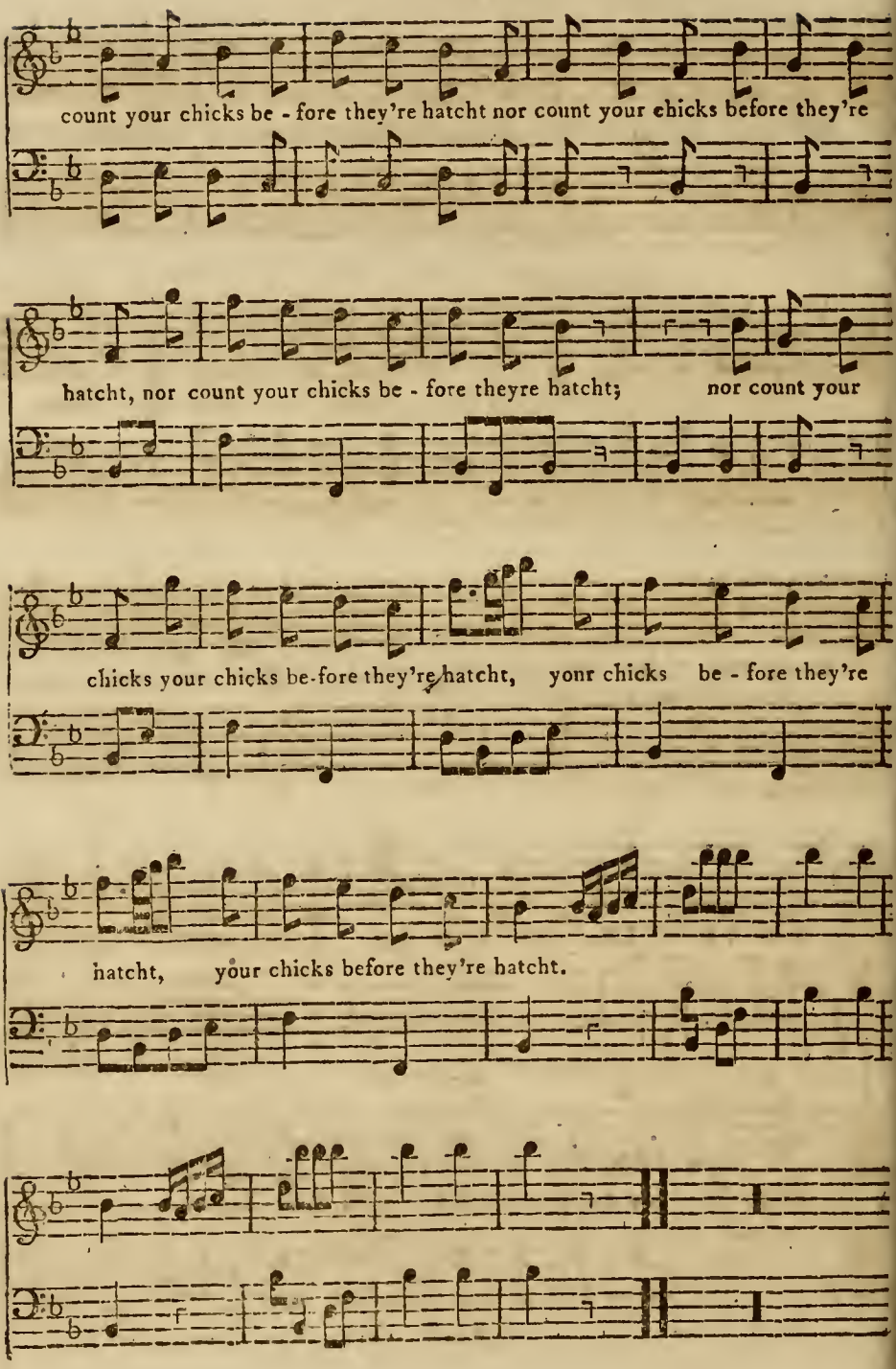


REC. Struck with the fancied bliſs, Kate leapt for joy,
Ah! fickle fortune! why her hopes deſtroy?
Down came the pail, and in the mighty fall,
Eggs, chickens, lambs, lords, ſquires, are vaniſh'd all!



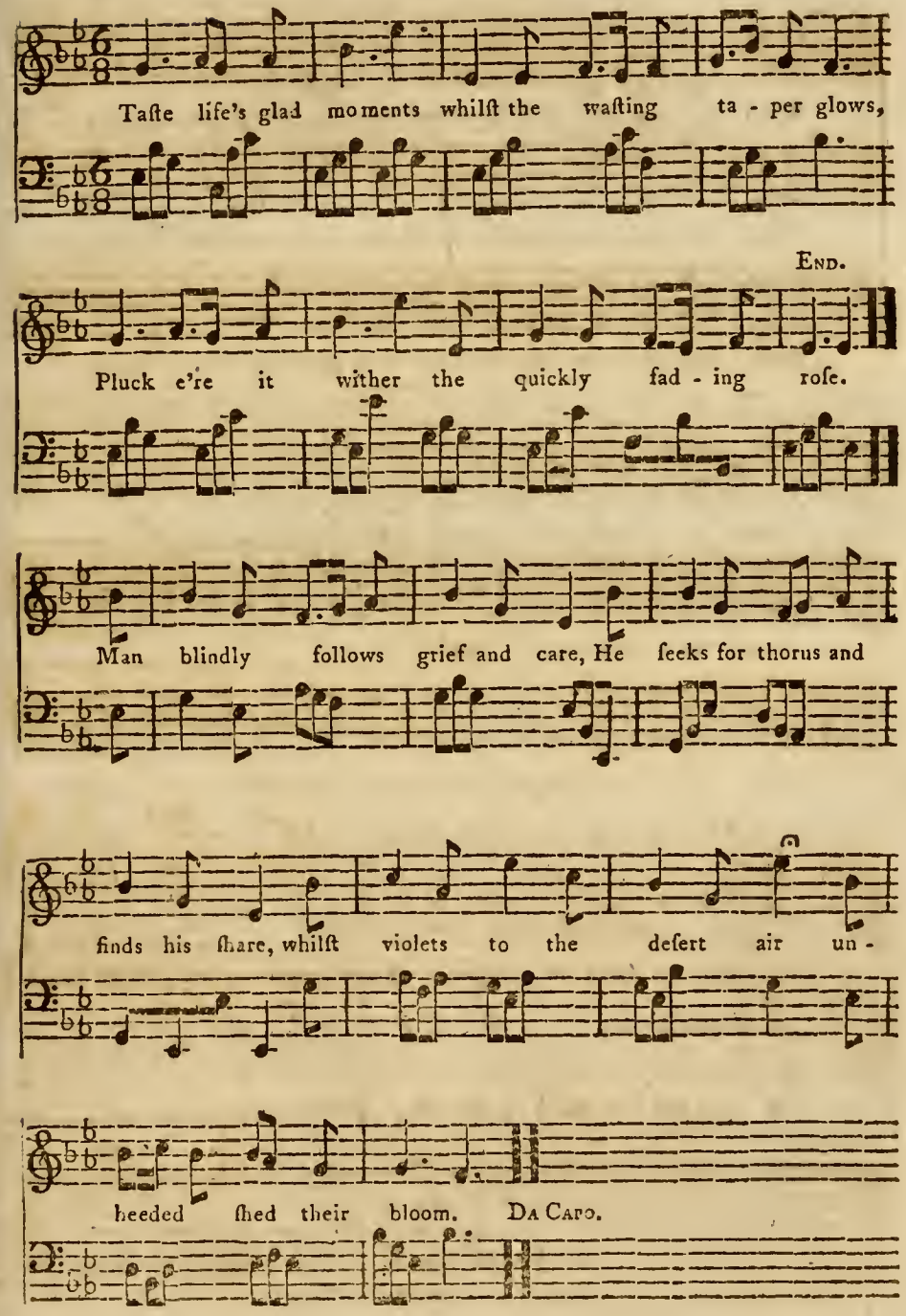



hatcht nor count your chicks be-fore they're hatcht your chicks before they're
hatcht yonr chicks be - fore they're hatcht, your chicks before they're
hatcht. Fair ladies who my tale attend, Forgive this mo - ral
from a friend, Like ruin'd Kate pray be not catcht, nor count, your
chicks be - fore they're hatcht Like ruin'd Kate pray be not catcht nor


count your chicks be - fore they're hatcht nor count your chicks before they're
hatcht, nor count your chicks be - fore theyre hatcht; nor count your
chicks your chicks be-fore they're hatcht, yonr chicks be - fore they're
hatcht, your chicks before they're hatcht.

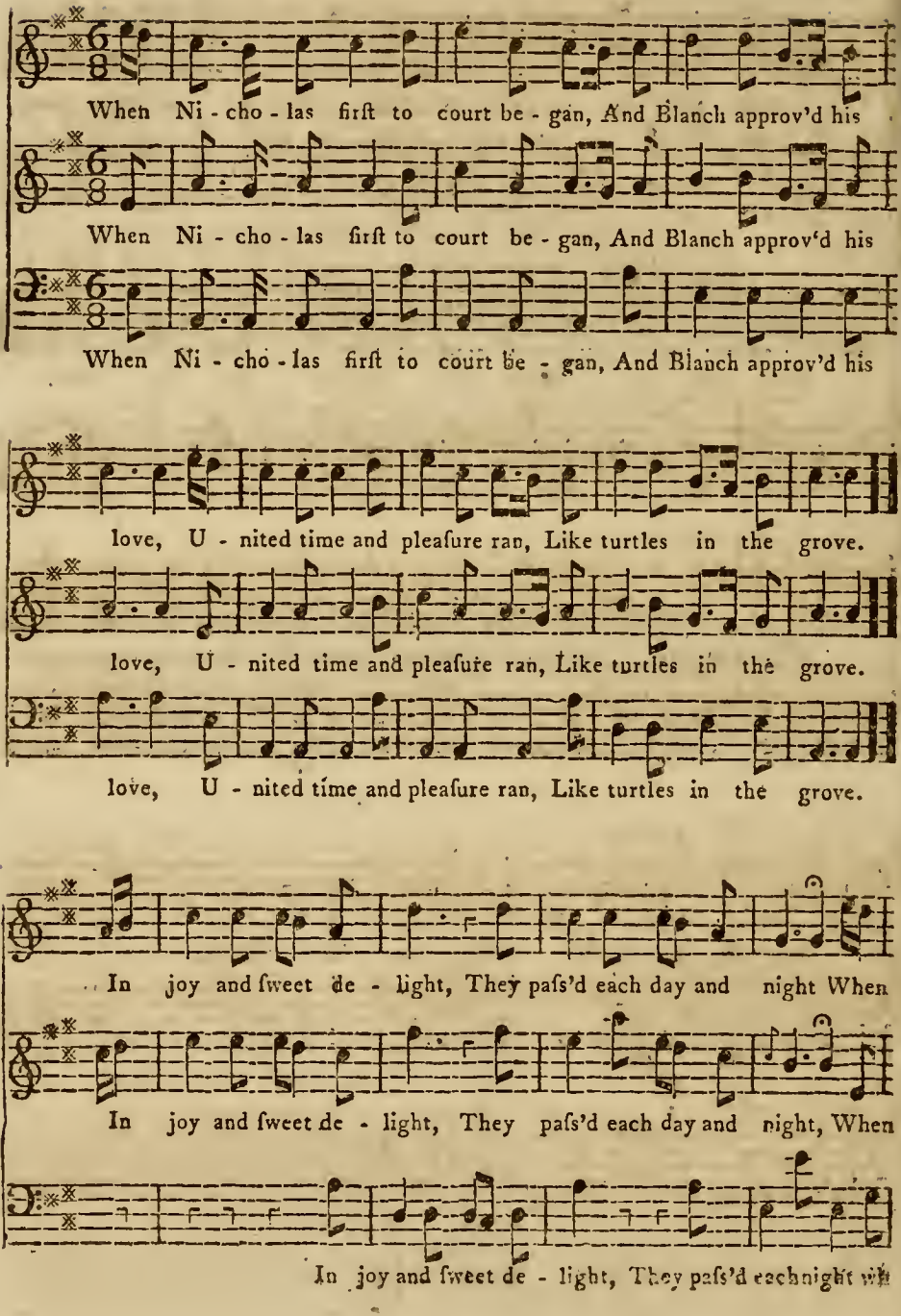
SONG CXI.

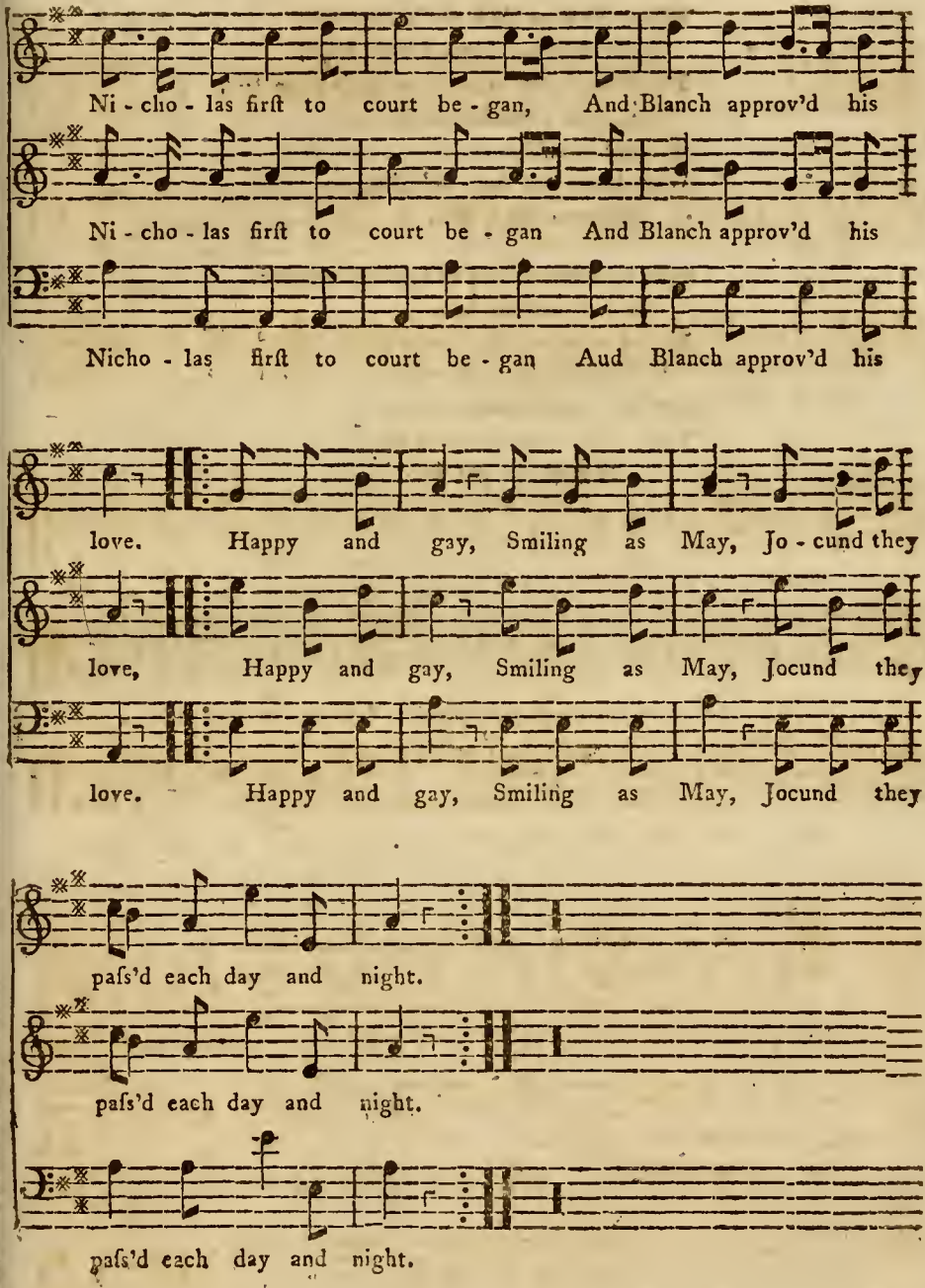
TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.



SONG CXII.

WHEN NICHOLAS FIRST TO COURT BEGAN.

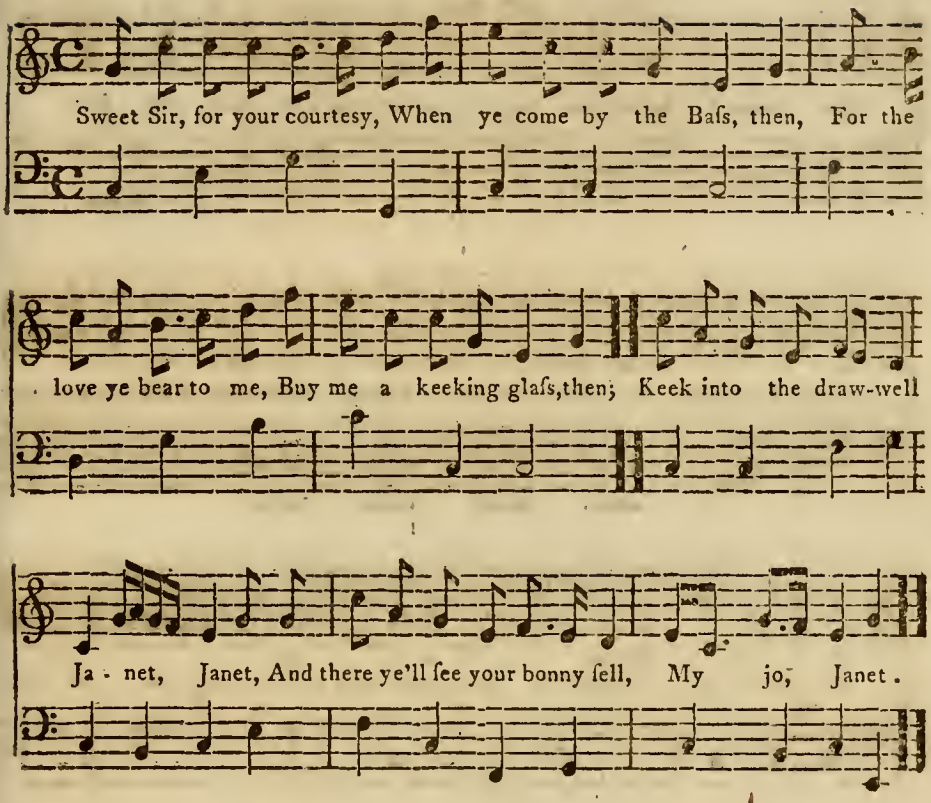



Ni - cho - las firſt to court be - gan, And Blanch approv'd his
Ni - cho - las firſt to court be - gan And Blanch approv'd his
Nicho - las firſt to court be - gan Aud Blanch approv'd his
love. Happy and gay, Smiling as May, Jo - cund they
love, Happy and gay, Smiling as May, Jocund they
love. Happy and gay, Smiling as May, Jocund they
paſs'd each day and night.
paſs'd each day and night.
paſs'd each day and night.

When children bleſt the loving pair,
Kind Heav'n increas'd their ſtore,
Their boys were brave, their girls were fair,
And each a portion bore,
Of rural induſtry,
With dance and ſong and glee,
Happy and gay &c.

Tho' age their heads with ſilver crown'd.
Affection did increaſe,
Diſſention ne'er their hearts could wound,
Nor jealouſy their peace;
And ſtill remembrance ſweet,
Their placid minds would greet.
Happy and gay &c.

MY JO JANET.



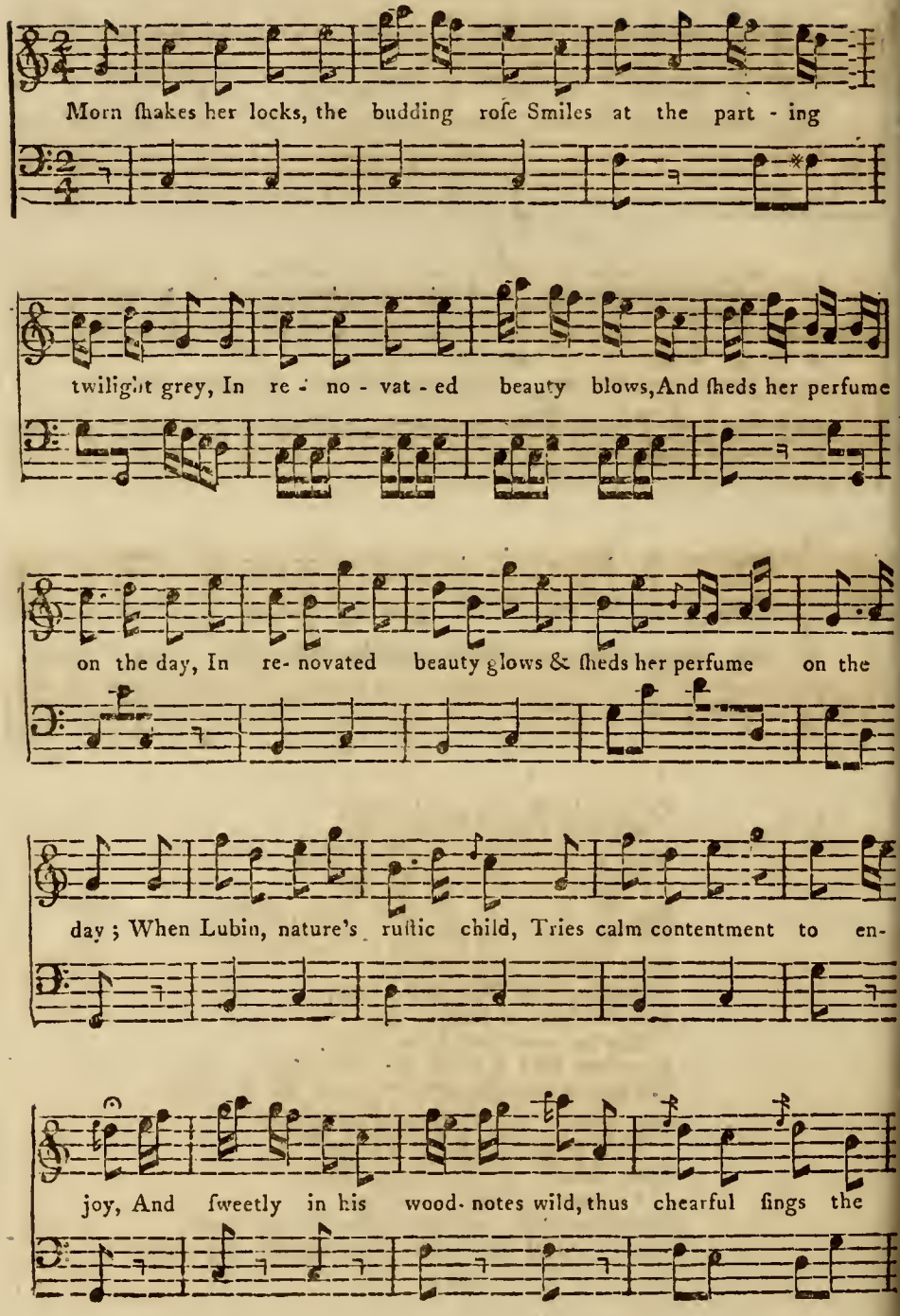
Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I ſhou'd fa' in, Sir?
Then a' my kin will ſay and ſwear
I drown'd myſell for ſin, Sir.
Had the better by the brae, Janet, Janet;
Had the better by the brae, My jo, Janet

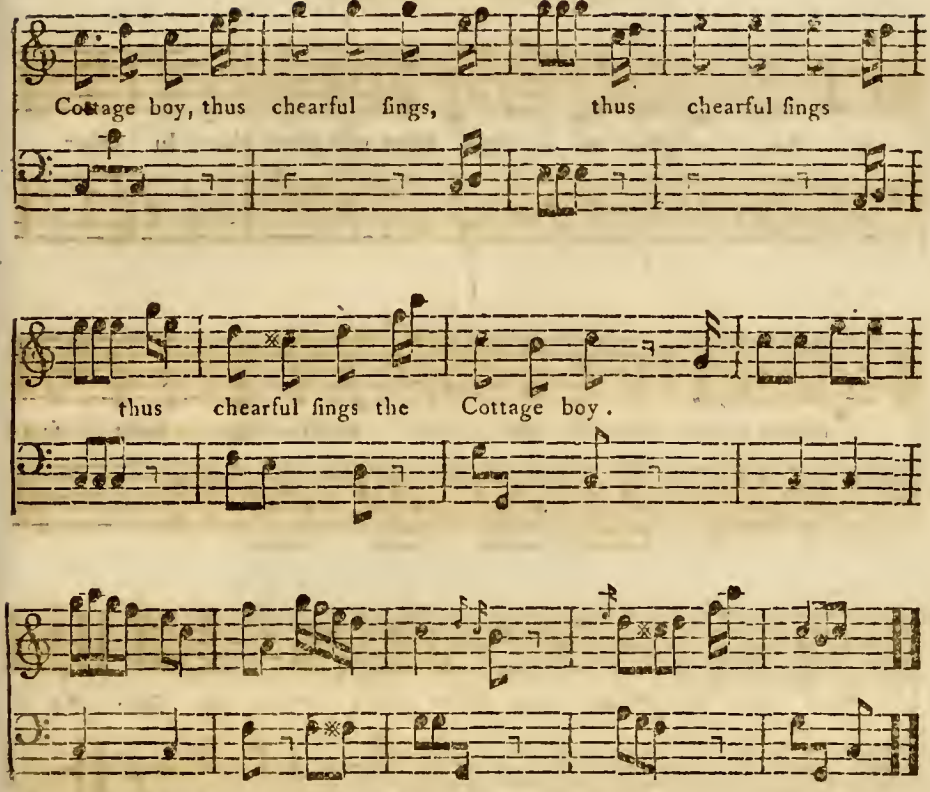
Kind Sir, for your courteſy,
Coming thro' Aberdeen, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of ſheen, then.
Clout the auld the new are dear, Janet, Janet,
Ae pair may gain ye half-a year, My jo, Janet.

But what if dancing on on the green,
And ſkipping like a maukin,
Folk ſhou'd ſee my clouted ſheen,
Of me they will be talking;
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en, Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their fau'ts will no be ſeen, My jo, Janet.

SONG CXIV.

THE COTTAGE BOY.



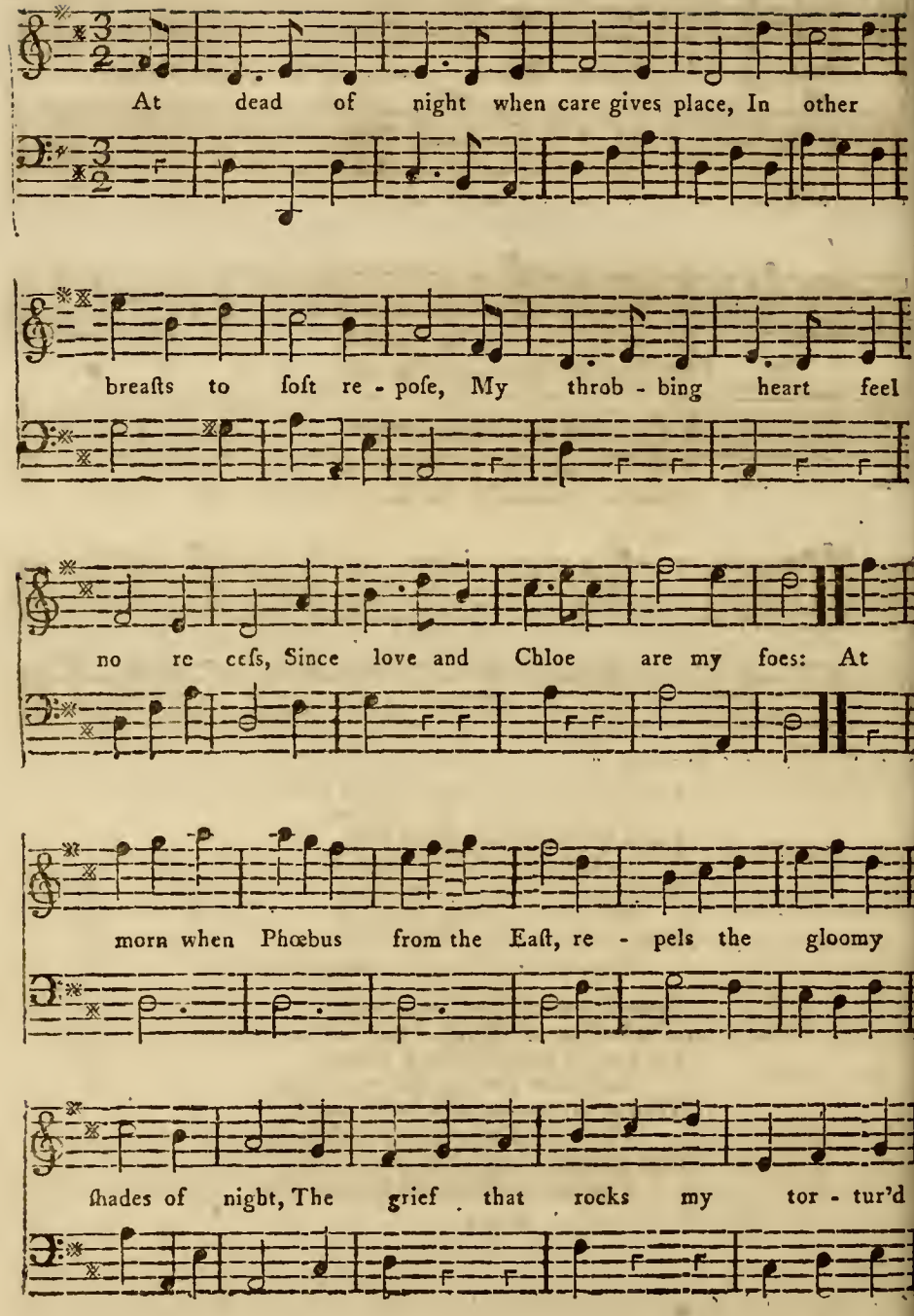


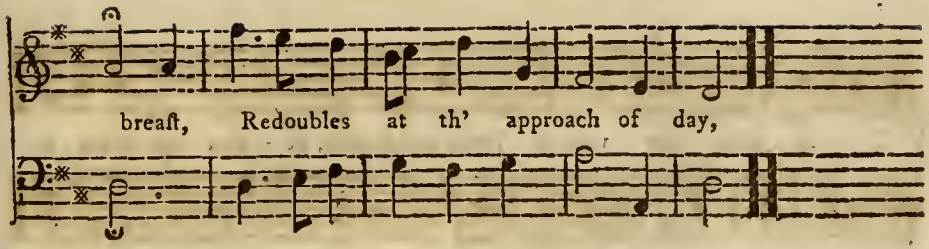
How bleſt my days ſince Sylvia's kind!
No other joy I wiſh to know,
For in her ſmiles ſoft bliſs I find,
In her all gentle virtues glow;
The ſlaves of fortune let me ſhun,
My humble cottage to enjoy,
When toil and labour's o'er and done,
Thus chearful ſung the Cottage Boy.

Returning at mild ev'ning's hour,
Perhaps my Sylvia I may meet,
For her I'll pull the chiceſt flower,
And ſtrew it at my fair one's feet.
Then as it drooping dies 'twill prove,
That time e'en beauty will deſtroy,
How tranſient then is youthful Love!
Thus chearful ſung the Cottage Boy.

SONG CXV.

AT DEAD OF NIGHT.



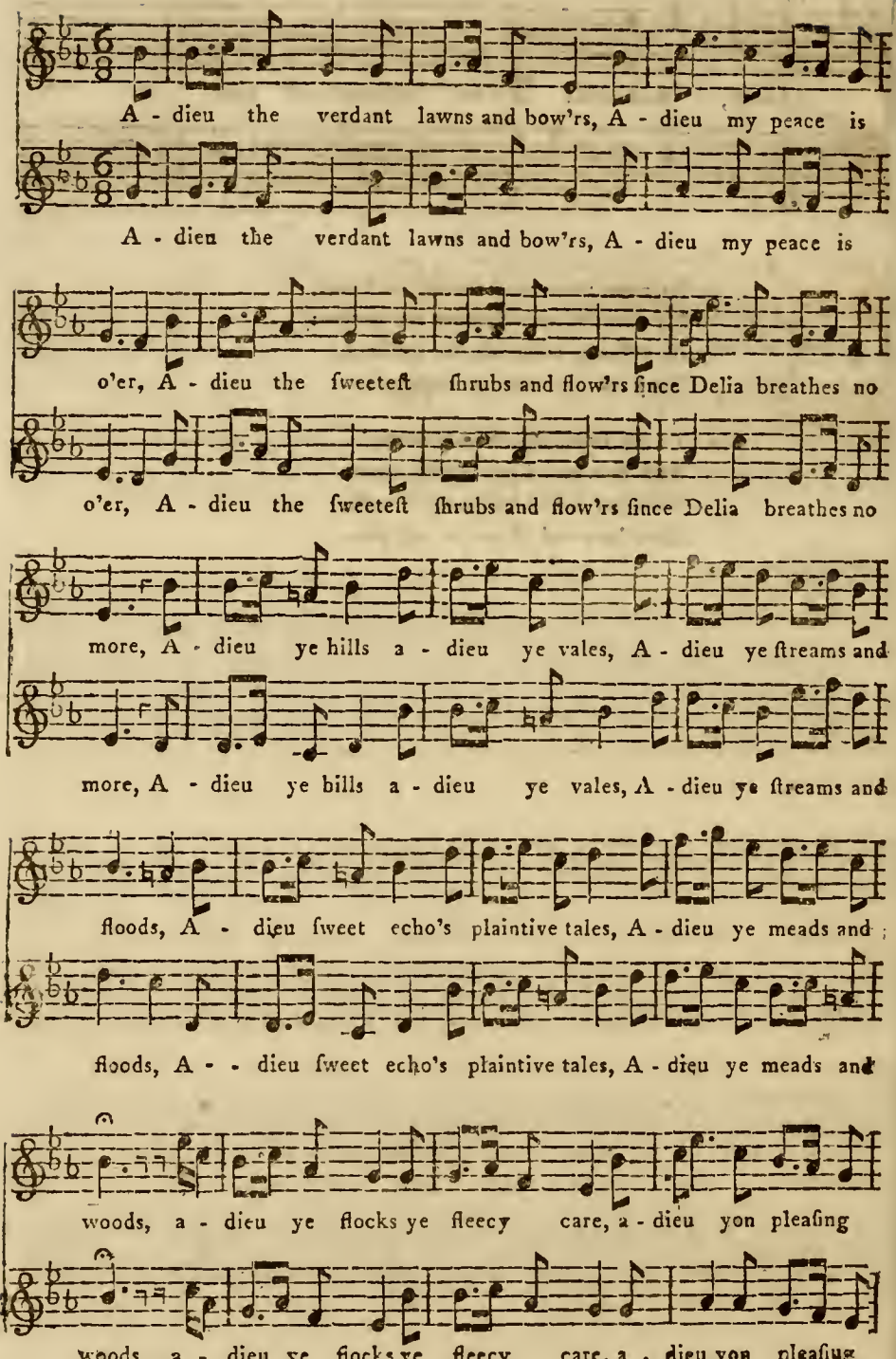


At noon when moſt intenſe he ſhines,
My ſorrows more intense are grown;
At ev'ning, when the ſun declines,
They ſet not with the ſetting ſun.

To my relief then haſten death!
And eaſe me of my reſtleſs woes;
With joy I will reſign my breath,
Since love and Chloe are my foes.

SONG CXVI.

ADIEU THE VERDANT LAWNS AND BOW'RS.



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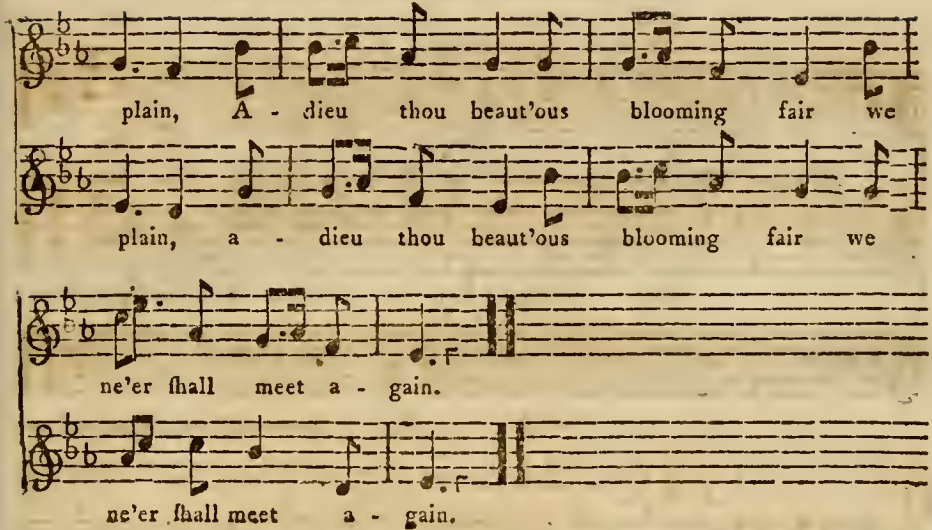
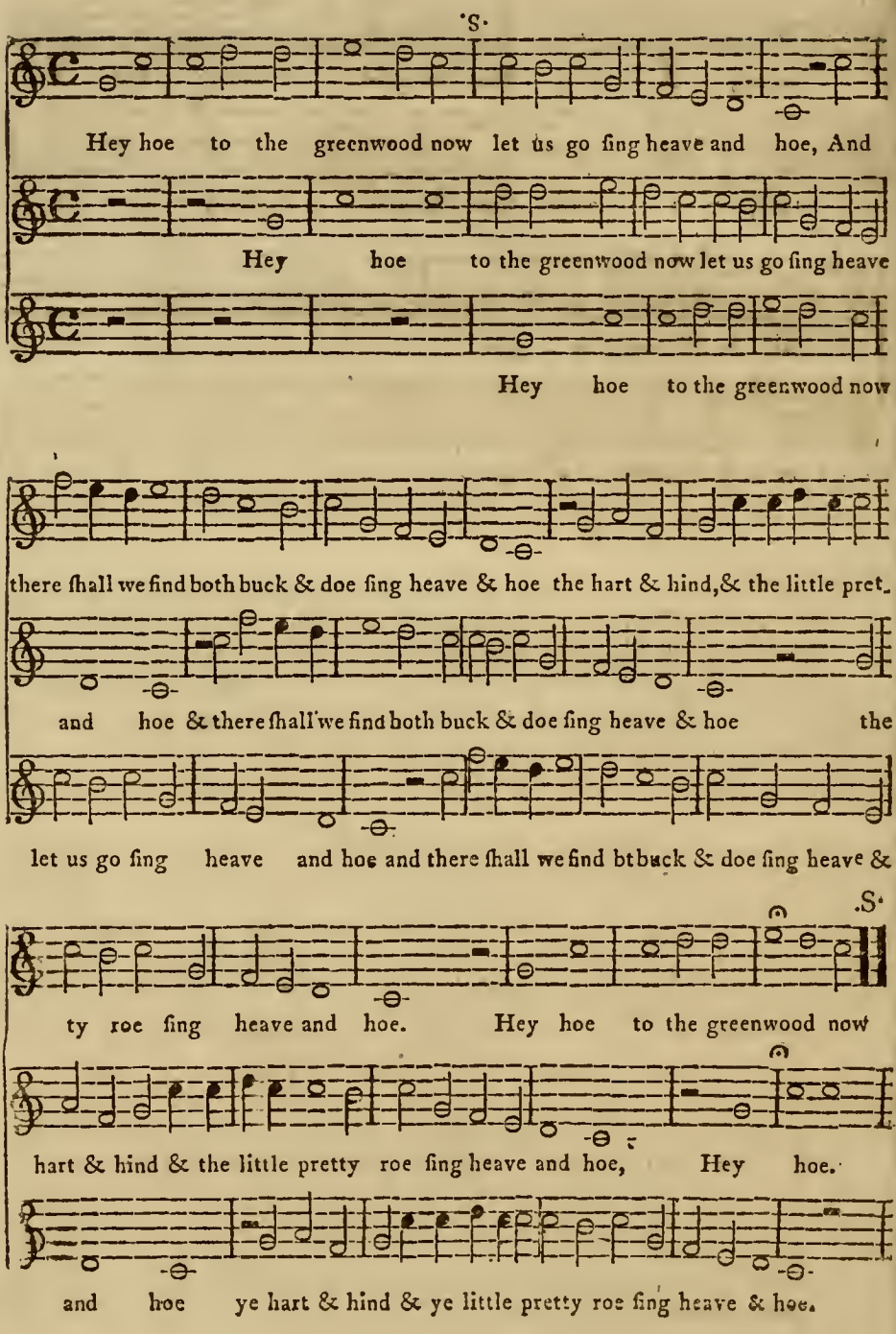

plain, A - dieu thou beaut'ous blooming fair we
plain, a - dieu thou beaut'ous blooming fair we
ne'er ſhall meet a - gain.
ne'er ſhall meet a - gain.

SONG CXVII.

HEY HOE TO THE GREENWOOD.



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